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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

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THE

WORLD WE LIVE IN

OR

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT

BY

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NEW YORK

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TO

THE HONORABLE

JOHN MARSHALL GEST

THIS TOKEN

OF A

LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP

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PREFACE

It is a fair question how dry a man has a right to be when he is writing upon a subject which ought to be of interest to every thoughtful man. The world in which we find ourselves is the common property of the learned and the unlearned. The problem of its nature and of our own adjustment to it stares us all in the face, if we think at all.

Hence, I make no apology for having written in a very plain and straightforward way. A truth simply stated is none the less a truth. An error stated in obscure and technical language is given a breastplate which may shield an unworthy life.

I hope no one will be deterred from reading my book by the rather formidable collection of notes appended to it. They are intended chiefly for my professional colleagues, and not for the general reader. The argument of the book is supposed to stand upon its own feet, and can be judged without reference to them. My program is contained in the first chapter. He to whom this makes no appeal need not read further, for my problem and its solution will not interest him.

That I am wholly in the right, or that I have said what I have meant to say as clearly and well as it should be said, I do not for a moment suppose. He who regards himself as infallible in philosophy, or who speaks with authority, stands revealed as lacking in a sense of humor. Did I suppose it would be of service, I should indicate the chapters which seem to me most in need of emendation by some one more acute; but doubtless the critic will prefer selecting these for himself.

However, the work is intended, in part, for those who are not first of all critics, but who read with the desire to discover something, even if it be inadequately expressed, that may prove helpful to them. I earnestly hope that such may not go away empty-handed.

The man who stands quite alone may well ask himself whether he is standing just where he should. In offering the fruit of my reflections to others, I am encouraged by the thought that I am not standing alone, but that what has seemed to me a reasonable attitude toward the world has seemed reasonable also to many other men, both learned and unlearned, who are not devoid of judgment. I am willing to stand, with the reservations indicated in my book, as the champion of Everybody's World, — the world of common experience and of science, — maintaining that our first duty toward it is to accept it, and our second to try to understand it. I claim without hesitation that we may not properly be said to understand it, but rather to do it violence, if we, as philosophers, feel free to perform such operations upon it that it emerges from our hands robbed of its familiar and rather unmistakable features. We wrong it, if we dissolve it in the acrid vapors of a general skepticism; we wrong it, if we thrust it out of sight and call it unknowable; we wrong it, if we evoke a magic formula and substitute a shining apparition for homely Mother Earth.

The philosophic reader will recognize that I have felt it necessary to follow a path which leads in the same general direction as that chosen by a goodly number of contemporary writers. These modern realists are men of keen mind who appear to be impressed with the necessity of doing full justice to our experience of the world as it presents itself in the actual body of human knowledge. I may mention the names of Woodbridge, McGilvary, Miller, Holt, Marvin, Montague, Perry, Pitkin, Spaulding, and Kemp-Smith, in America; of Stout, Russell, and Moore, in Great Britain; and of Külpe,

in Germany. They do not in all respects agree with each other, and certainly I do not expect them to approve all the opinions which I express. But they appear to me to be pressing on, each as he best can, toward the same goal. If I understand them aright, it is that which I have set before myself — the working out of a sober realism, which will not refuse to accept suggestions from the idealist where such seem helpful, but which will take pains not to be misled into doing injustice to the unmistakably real world given in experience.

GEORGE STUART FULLERTON.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
January, 1912.

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THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

CHAPTER I

EVERYBODY'S WORLD

I SIT down at this desk to write, betraying in the very act my conviction that there are such things as pen, ink, and paper, a desk, a room, a world beyond it which I do not now perceive, persons in it who will read my reflections and understand or misunderstand them.

I know well that if I sit here dreaming and do not write, I shall not be printed, shall not be read, and shall neither convince, nor arouse opposition. I have said, "sit here dreaming," and the words mark my recognition of the fact that before me is a real desk in a real room, a something very carefully to be distinguished from those second-hand existences, those evanescent imitations, those reflections and echoes, that people the realms of dream and imagination.

"I shall not convince any one" — to whom do these words refer? I am not concerned to convince the men in my dream; or those phantom adversaries whom I can, by a free play of fancy, call into an unreal being, and hold them there long enough to secure myself the idle gratification of their phantom discomfiture, of their pretended rout and confusion in the face of the irresistible thrust of my argument. These men are shadows cast by my hands, my creations, puppets on my own private and insignificant stage. If I persuade them of the truth of my utterances, I am only reassuring myself; if I scatter them in flight, it is my right hand overcoming my left, and the triumph brings with it small cause for gratulation.

I am concerned to convince men who have bodies as real as this desk, this chair, this room lined with books, men who belong to the same world with these things. Men who could sit down here and write — who may now be writing elsewhere — who are quite able to hold their own against me, answering thrust with thrust, and surprising me by the skill with which they parry. Such men reveal an independence little flattering to my pride; they may give me suggestions as to how I should hold my blade, or even criticize adversely the costume in which I see fit to walk abroad, indicating that I might have learnt to drape myself in a decent obscurity had I sat longer at the feet of Hegel. He who lays aside his cloak takes the risk of exhibiting before the world evidences of poverty which the self-respecting prefer to keep for their own contemplation.

These my real neighbors, my friends or my foes, are not fugitive existences, irresponsible vagrants, that appear for a moment and then vanish, leaving no trace. They have a domicile and are to be accounted for. All of them are men of ancient lineage. Their ancestors, unknown to me, and imperfectly known to them, have from time immemorial had their place in the material world. They themselves now hold such a place. Some day they will be dissolved into their elements, which elements will not fade into the nothingness which awaits such stuff as dreams are made of, but will endure and go their ceaseless round in ever new combinations and dissolutions.

I write, then, for real men in a real world. It is permissible in poetry to say all the world's a stage; but to confound the players who strut and fret their parts upon this stage with the shadowy personages who act for me alone, and who consent to annihilation when I begin to yawn, is not permissible in prose. I must take my neighbor more seriously than this. He is independent, disputatious, not in the least inclined to admit that I am the Master of the Show, and not greatly impressed

with my philosophy. I must at him again! And I must take care not to underrate him.

My neighbor is a man of sense, and is not to be treated as a heathen and a publican. In the very act of revolving in my mind various clever assaults upon his philosophical faith, I am checked by the reflection that we have much in common. We long ago hit upon a *modus vivendi*, and the ordinary commerce of life has been, and is, carried on satisfactorily. We live in the same town, if not in the same street. We speak the same language, save when the fine frenzy of speculation betrays us into utterances out of the common. Our actions seem to give the lie to those verbal extravagances which alarm the timid, but which do not really portend a disastrous outbreak of hostilities and the severance of all cordial relations.

All of which means that, whatever our theories, however original and startling, however fine-spun, dazzling, and iridescent, we actually find ourselves in a world, and pay to it the substantial tribute of involuntary recognition. It is the world of the man in the street, it is true, but it is by no means his peculiar property. From it the scholar must set out, if he will discover other worlds; to it he must come back, if he will persuade any one that he has really discovered anything.

This world, the world of common experience and of scientific knowledge, is the very ground beneath our feet; we cannot so much as leave it, without depending upon its aid. With it the philosopher has never been wholly satisfied, and for good reason. It is imperfectly illuminated; we see but a small part of it from any given point upon it; it is easy to misconceive what we do see, and we are brought constantly to a realization of our ignorance and error. What are we to think of the world as a whole? What should be our attitude towards it? Some men never raise such questions. The philosophers do; and they seem to them among the most important questions that can be raised.

But there are philosophers and philosophers. To some, Everybody's World is little better than the City of Destruction, a place to leave in haste. Its streets and byways are half forgotten, its laws and usages allowed to slip out of mind. When such men come back to Everybody's World, and try to hold converse with their fellows, their utterances sound arbitrary and fantastic. What they say of golden streets leads us to believe they have been dreaming and inspires curiosity rather than respect. Others treat our common home with more consideration. They are unwilling to take our account of it, which they find more or less inarticulate, and they claim that the landscape before them is veiled in mist. Everybody's World is not to them precisely *the world;* but it is a view of the world, the view of the world which is vouchsafed to us all to begin with. It marks the direction in which we must look with straining eyes, if we will attain to something better. He who turns his back upon it will not find a world at all. If he is ingenious, he can people empty space with ghosts, but he cannot do more.

I have said that the philosopher is not wholly satisfied with Everybody's World, and distrusts our accounts of it. He may well complain, not merely of the indefiniteness and inconsistency of our utterances, but also of our reticences. There is much that we do not tell, for the very good reason that there is much that we do not see — much even that appears to the more clear-sighted to be spread out before our very eyes. Like Monsieur Jourdain, we talk prose without knowing it. Nevertheless, it would be going too far to say that there is not a very general consensus of opinion as to the broader features presented by Everybody's World. He who would have us believe that they are delusive appearances, and that the world, properly so called, is to be conceived as without them, totters under a burden of proof of quite overwhelming proportions. We may leave him for the present, and sketch those features

in barest outline. The sketch will be recognized as true to life, I think, by an overwhelming majority of those who have so far succeeded in dispensing with artificial aids to vision.

To begin with, let me set down the system of physical things to which this desk, this room, my body, and the indefinite beyond in which they have their insignificant place, indubitably belong. I cannot begin elsewhere, if I would. At no time within my memory has any feature of my experience been more insistent and persistent. This system of things we admit as common property, however we may dispute touching the meaning of that ambiguous expression. My house and your house are in the same street; you can visit me, look at my books, handle my pen, take up this paper and shake your head over it. We may in moments of irritation deny our neighbor a mind; but to deny our neighbor a body is to deny him *in toto*, to snuff him out, to extrude him from existence. It is not so much as an exit in the direction of the fourth dimension; it is not an exit at all; it is black annihilation.

In the second place, I must sketch in the stage puppets which made their appearance a few pages back. Everybody knows that he imagines things, and that he is visited by dreams. But he is perfectly aware of the fact that neither the gate of horn nor the gate of ivory are real entrances to the house of life. They give admission to the abode of shades. In a given instance a man may not feel sure whether he has to do with a shade or with that which casts a shadow; but when the point is once determined, everybody — I do not include the idiots, infants, and some savages, referred to by Locke — everybody resolutely condemns the shade to remain in its own place. There can be no doubt that men generally distinguish with a good deal of sharpness between things and mere imaginings.

Nor are they wholly ignorant of the distinction between things perceived and the appearances of things. Certainly they make use of the distinction every day. When they grow a

trifle scientific they are apt to call the appearances, as such, percepts, and they say that some percepts give more satisfactory information about things than do others. The fact itself, however, is not a modern discovery. It was known to prehistoric man, who crawled up to the moving figure in the distance to discover whether it should be welcomed as a friend or attacked as an enemy. In the same general class with things dreamt, things imaginary, and the percepts of things, belong other experiences regarded by the psychologist as falling within his special province, and referred by the man who is not a psychologist somewhat vaguely to his "mind." Thus, everybody knows that sensations, emotions, and volitions are not physical things and must be excluded from the realm of such.

To return to the physical things. In Everybody's World it is assumed that they exist continuously and go through various changes independently of our perception of them. The world was here before we came into it; it will roll on after we are gone. We do not stop the cosmic clock when we nod, nor does only so much of it exist and function as falls within the illuminated circle of our field of vision. For us, things appear or disappear; in the world, they exist or they do not exist. The distinction is clearly marked in human speech, and is observed when men discourse with one another. Any form of expression which seems to slur it over arouses suspicion and antagonism in the natural man, nor does it meet with a hospitable reception until the ground is prepared for it.

And the physical things thus given an independent and a continuous existence are assumed to belong to the one world, to form some sort of a system. Let the man who doubts this try to persuade his simpler neighbor of the existence of a planet at no distance and in no direction from any other planet, of the existence of a man who has at no time been anywhere. Such a man, he exclaims, is no man; such existence is nonexistence.

Or, if you please, such a man is a man in your mind, of whom you are talking incoherently. A real man must be an historical character, however humble the part he plays in history. A real planet must have its appointed path in a space continuous with ours. The most independent of the unlearned hesitate to carry their pluralism so far as to assign to a thing that is no thing a place that is no place, and to apply to this spectral bit of property the inappropriate name of real estate.

We should not allow ourselves to be seduced by an ancient tradition into thinking too lightly of this physical system. In Everybody's World it fulfills a most important function which some have overlooked. It has been said that mental phenomena of all sorts are, by men generally, excluded from the realm of physical things. I may add that mental phenomena are not, by men generally, accorded a continuous and independent existence, and given a place in a single system analogous to the material system. This does not mean that they are simply left at loose ends, treated as outlaws, relegated to a chaos beyond the confines of our ordered universe. They are gathered up and put into minds, which minds are referred to bodies with their definite place in the system of things.

In their account of these minds, and in their suggestions as to the nature of this reference, most men are highly unsatisfactory, if, indeed, they have anything to say at all. This is one of the dark places in Everybody's World, and few pretend to see clearly. Nevertheless, is it not everywhere accepted that every thought must be thought by somebody, that every dream must be somebody's dream? A sensation at large has no more right to exist than a planet at large. How shall we determine whose thought, whose dream, whose sensation? How answer the insistent questions: When? Where? By turning to the world of physical things, whose "when's" and whose "where's" are spread out before us. It gives into our hands map and calendar.

It seems scarcely necessary to point out that, having distinguished as they do between ideas and things, and having referred certain ideas to certain bodies existing at certain times, men generally are in little danger of confusing their ideas of things with the things, unless it be in an occasional instance, and through some blunder. Cæsar's dream of a triumphal entry into Rome is not a triumphal entry into Rome. My thought of Cæsar is not Cæsar, nor is my thought of his dream his dream. That we can think of things physical and mental is accepted without question in Everybody's World. Let the learned decide how this is possible. But woe be to the scholar, be he learned as Rabelais, who would persuade us that the thoughts of things are not different from the things, and that to the things must be assigned the same place in the universe that we have assigned to the thoughts! This is anarchy! This brings down our world about our ears in a moment; the fair structure crumbles into a shapeless ruin, and the dust of it blinds and chokes us.

So much for the most striking features of the world which we all accept to begin with; which we make our point of departure when we set out to find another. It has been shrewdly pointed out that it is hardly enough of a world to be called a world from the point of view of theory,[1] though it is a very good world to move about in. Thus, it is possible for a man to object: "Physical things? Of course I accept them. But what are physical things? In what sense is the external world external?" "Independent of me? Of course the things I see and feel are, in a sense, independent of me. They are not my dreams. But are they not, after all, *the things I see and feel?*" "Things and appearances? Keep the distinction, if you will — and then try to describe to me things apart from appearances." "Minds referred to bodies? You have indicated that things mental are of so peculiar a nature that they cannot be looked for in, on, under, or in the neighborhood of any body. Your

'reference' is no better than a pillar of cloud by night. You have presented us with a word lighted up by no ray of significance."

In other words, a man may accept and object in the same breath; accept the outline, complain that, until more lines are added, the character of the figure cannot even be guessed. Nevertheless, it is no small thing to have even an outline, a patch of common ground, a spot on which we may meet and agree to separate. And it should never be forgotten that Everybody's World is really enough of a world to move about in, to carry on the ordinary business of life in. It is quite possible for us there to adjust ourselves to the present and to make provision against the future.

This means that it has a constitution with which it is wise for us to acquaint ourselves. A dawning suspicion of this glimmers in the mind of the infant that decides that one insertion of the finger into the candle flame is enough. With advancing years it is impressed upon us in a thousand ways that it is prudent to find out about things and to adapt ourselves to our surroundings. We repeat with approbation the aphorism of Bacon: "Man, the servant and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or to the mind, permit him, and he neither knows nor is capable of more."

It is matter of common experience that the world is a very big world, and that we are a very little part of it. It is a world in which, on the whole, a man must keep his eyes open, if he will not come to grief. To be sure, some are so situated in it that they may close their eyes to much, and, nevertheless, survive. All ignorances are not equally fatal to all persons. And there can be no doubt that we really play a part, that we have some control. Over the figures on my own private stage, over my thoughts and imaginings, I seem to exercise, if not an absolute, at least a powerful, sway. Over other things I cannot exercise

the same authority, but I am not without some influence. I can move my little body about, and can cause some changes in material things. Of the limitations both of my knowledge and of my power I may remain ignorant as long as I am not put to the test. Where, in the ordinary course of nature, the test is a thing to be expected, and is palpable and undeniable, men learn to conduct themselves with modesty and to speak with caution.

The recognition of our somewhat humble place in the system of things may fairly be included among the features of Everybody's World. Men do not attempt to control the stars in their courses, or to call spirits from the vasty deep, being well aware that the attempt would be futile. It is everybody's secret that the little sphere of the known is bounded by the limitless unknown. And both in common life and in the sciences there is a restless activity, the aim of which is to increase our knowledge and to add to our power.

I expressly include the sciences because the man of science lives in the same world with the rest of us. We should have the grace to see in him an honored inhabitant of that world, and we should listen to his utterances with respect. But if we have clear vision, it must be plain to us that, whether he is giving us an account of the past history of our solar system, is predicting the return of a comet, is indicating the presence in space of planets not as yet revealed to any human eye, or is setting up a theory touching the imperceptible constituents of the bodies which surround us, he is, nevertheless, describing our world, or guessing at its contents. It is always possible for him to do his work without raising the special questions which have been dwelt upon above. When he has done it, we may treat the things of which he speaks as we have treated the objects that knock every day at our doors. Planet, or atom, or electron — is the thing real and physical? What does it mean to be a physical thing? Is the thing in space, and re-

lated to other objects in space? How does the object differ from my idea of it? Such questions the man who gives us information about the thing is bound neither to ask nor to answer. His world is Everybody's World; he should know it well, but it is not his duty to leave it and to seek another.

That it is a matter of practical importance to us all to increase our information is a commonplace. If we are to get what we want, we must be able to see what we want. Time spent in extolling the merits of science is, in our day, time lost. As well enter upon an argument to prove to men that we cannot orient ourselves satisfactorily so long as the shades of night envelop us, and that we walk most securely by daylight. Nevertheless, it is a good thing to bear in mind what the sciences do for us and what they do not do. They give us a fuller and better revelation of the world of our common experience, informing us as to what has been, showing us what is, and giving us hints as to what we are to expect under given circumstances. But science, unless it passes over to something which men have usually called by another name, does not exhibit the world under a different light from that to which we are accustomed; and to the reflective this light has always seemed in certain respects an insufficient illumination.

There are those who are inspired by a lively curiosity to see the world otherwise than through the eyes of the average man, even the average man of broad information. What the latter takes for granted strikes them as problematic; what he jolts over with indifference, scarcely feeling the shock, impresses them as intolerable inconsistency. Must one, they protest, ever remain on the surface of things? Are we to be such spectators as sit, open-eyed and attentive, to be sure, watching the shifting scenes which succeed one another and recording the lines pronounced by the actors, but never asking themselves whether the play is comedy, tragedy, or melodrama, is consistent in its several parts, is well put together, has a moral purpose

or is intended only to amuse? Nor is an intellectual curiosity the only spur to reflection upon the world and its meaning. Men burn to attain to some sort of a world-vision — to see themselves and the system of things in perspective. They feel that, could they attain to this, it might introduce into life a consistency and harmony lacking in the hand-to-mouth existence of the man of limited horizon and of many maxims. What is wanted is such a view of the world as may make possible an attitude towards it, as may suggest a rule of life. To many, some such view is an imperious emotional need.

But must we not admit that even those who think little and read less, the unreflective many, have some sort of an outlook upon the world and an attitude towards it? There is such a thing as a philosophy which is the passive precipitate of tradition, temperament, and past experience of life. Those who accept it are little troubled by problems; obscurity and confusion are familiar elements in their universe, and are taken as a matter of course; an occasional self-contradiction causes no acute discomfort. They can make up their minds about the world and their own place in it, without raising difficult questions and trying to answer them. No problem can plague us, if we will only put it out of our minds and refuse to think about it.

Manifestly, such a philosophy will not satisfy the reflective. It is the philosophy of the man who sees nothing to complain of in Everybody's World; it is an instinctive reaction to environment. The more thoughtful must have something else, and for help in their need they naturally turn to those apostles of reflection, the philosophers. These men, in their pursuit of knowledge, are not supposed to neglect wisdom. They take large views of things. To whom else shall we go, if we wish to see united into a harmonious whole the broken and scattered bits of our experience? Who else can light up for us the dark places of the world of common knowledge and reveal to us *the world?*

I have been careful to say above "the philosophers," not

"philosophy." The former are numerous and much in evidence; the latter — if by philosophy we mean the true and authoritative philosophy — is more difficult to identify, and he who seeks it must grow accustomed to hearing "lo, here!" and "lo, there!" uttered, sometimes in tones of hesitating uncertainty, sometimes with unblushing and blatant assurance. But to the philosophers we can turn, and we may ask them: "How should we think of the world? and what is its significance for us?" It is something to have friends and advisers, even if they be men like ourselves, with no pretentions to infallibility.

The perplexing thing is that there is such a bewildering variety of philosophers. We have a world to begin with; one not wholly satisfactory, but, on the other hand, not wholly bad. There is a body of knowledge which we accept and must accept. This we look to the philosopher to render clearer, more consistent, more significant. But we do not go to him to have him rob us of our world altogether, or to perform upon it such operations that it is no longer recognizable as a world. And some philosophers do appear to attack the problem of the world with an incontinent energy that impresses the sober man as promising nothing less than demolition; while others wave the magic wand of transformation, and, in exchange for homely and familiar Mother Earth, present us with a whole galaxy of shining luminaries, which we accept doubtfully, uncertain that the donor has the right to bestow what we never suspected him of having in his possession.

Thus, there have been those who have been so impressed with the difficulties in the way of giving a satisfactory account of the world, that they have decided to get along without a world. They have counseled a skepticism that leaves the mind empty and the will palsied. There are those who have thrust the real world out of sight, and have fed mankind upon a diet of copies and images. There are those who have made of the world an unreal appearance which rather conceals than reveals the

reality which it is not supposed to resemble, the reality whose muffled footfalls we can faintly hear, but whose form cannot even be guessed, as it lurks forever in the shade.

Others have announced discoveries of a more cheerful nature, but which seem as startling to the common understanding of man as they are flattering to his vanity. Have we not been told that the real things about us, the whole broad world of which we feel ourselves to be such an insignificant part, may be regarded as our idea? The new sense of proprietorship may well overcome the sentiment of shrinking modesty with which most men reflect upon the contrast between their little selves and the universe in which they have heretofore thought they lived. Some authorities inform us that we create our world, and indicate that much comfort is to be derived from that thought. Those who go so far as to tell us that we can, within certain broad limits, make it what we please, encourage us to embrace an optimism in comparison with which that of Candide becomes a vanishing quantity.

The philosophers speak, thus, a varied language. Where shall we look to find a check upon their utterances? Shall we incline to follow those who consign us to bottomless ignorance and dark despair, those who cheer us with roseate dreams, or those who walk soberly and say little that is startling? If we are wise, we shall listen to every suggestion, be thankful for every hint. Left quite to our own devices we are comparatively helpless, for no human being, however fertile his genius, could begin to imagine all the solutions of the world-problem which have been begotten of the collective ingenuity of mankind. But adopt every suggestion we cannot; they are too many and too diverse. We must choose between them. On what principle shall we choose?

I suggest, as a tentative principle, that, in taking the measure of new worlds, it is not wise to let the old world, in which we have all lived, slip quite out of view. That it is not a very good world for all purposes, I have frankly admitted. It is,

however, at least a world, and the others have yet to prove their right to the title. My suggestion is not gratuitous and superfluous, as will, I hope, be made plain in the chapters to follow. It is possible for a philosopher, in his eager pursuit of new truth, to lose sight of this or that rather undeniable feature of the world of common knowledge. He who thus gives the rein to his invention offers us, in place of what seems to be palpable, if imperfectly apprehended, truth, what does not easily differentiate itself from romance.

One objection to my suggestion will, I am sure, at once arise in the minds of some persons. To sweep and to garnish the house one lives in is a commonplace business; to enter the enchanted palace is to thrill with emotion. How can one take those exciting aërial flights in the company of the philosopher, if one is perpetually to be feeling for the ground with one's foot? The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air has a fascination which some are not willing to deny themselves. Such will complain: If you really have no intention of revealing to us a new heaven and a new earth, why write? What have you to say that can interest us?

To this I answer: Tastes differ. There are men who eagerly desire to see clearly, to come to a better understanding of the world and of their own position in it, but who have no little fear of becoming the victims of illusion. Such men are possessed of the conservative instinct that leads them to distrust prophetic utterances, acute surprises, sudden transformations, detonations, and showers of colored stars. They regard the world of our common experience as ground on which even the philosopher should build — of course, after sounding it and making sure of his foundation. They ask him to light his lamp, not to rub it. Such men will not be offended at my suggestion that, in our voyages of discovery, it may be prudent to keep in mind the distance and direction of the place from which we started, and to which we hope some day to return.

CHAPTER II

THE PROBLEM OF EVERYBODY'S WORLD

We have seen in the last chapter that one of the most striking features of our world is a system of physical things independent, in some sense, of our percepts and ideas, but not unrelated to them. This physical system seems to be the very backbone of the universe presented in our experience. If we refuse to acknowledge it, what significance remains to our words when we say: My present percept of this desk? Your memory of the same bit of furniture? The honor of the man who died o' Wednesday? Nebuchadnezzar's dream? Abstract space and time are checks, not specie. Unless there be spaces and times — places and dates of things and their changes — those checks are so much waste paper.

We have all been at some time ignorant of the world-order; we have grown up, and we find ourselves in an orderly world. How have we discovered that physical system of things which relegates even dreams and fancies to their proper place and makes it possible to identify them as dreams and fancies? How does each of us recognize it now, in the midst of the bewildering variety of experiences that come to him, many of which experiences he sets aside as not physical, but mental?

I speak of the desk in my room, of the apple that happens to be lying upon it, of the clanging bell in the street. If asked to do so, I do not hesitate to describe the things of which I speak. This should indicate that I know something about them. In Everybody's World it is assumed that I do know something about them, and am not talking at random. How do I know? I can see, touch, hear, smell, and taste. The things present

themselves either directly, or through certain proxies. Thus, I can describe the desk because I see and touch it; I can infer what sort of a bell is distracting the street because I hear the strident sounds.

But the simplicity of this explanation is too great to make it satisfactory to one who is capable of the least reflection. The desk and the apple do present themselves, it is true; they appear in my experience. But they appear under such varying guises that it implies quite an education on my part to recognize that I am in each case concerned with my desk and my apple. Like every one else, I early made the discovery that I cannot perceive things except through my sense organs, and it is very evident that a thing tricks itself out in a different costume for presentation at the court of each sense. Things do not feel colored, smell hard, or taste sonorous. Moreover, they keep changing their clothes as they approach the throne — a desk seen at a distance and a desk seen close at hand may be the same desk, but it must be confessed that they do not look the same; the clangor of the bell may be deafening, but it is so to the man in the belfry, not to me, here in my study and behind closed windows.

In the absence of all experiences of a thing, I certainly do not get the thing at all — I perceive nothing. On the other hand, we say that things present themselves, we speak of ourselves as perceiving them, when we have, now one experience, now another, now a third; indeed, when we have any one of an indefinite number of experiences each of which differs from each other, and some of which seem so different from some others that they scarcely appear to have a common measure. He who reflects upon these facts cannot avoid making some distinction between a thing and its appearances. He begins to ask himself anxiously: Does the thing really present itself? and if so, in what sense? Stripped of appearances, the thing eludes us altogether; it is not distinguishable from nothing.

On the other hand, what appearance may be accepted as giving us the thing? Is not every appearance rather the cloak than the man, and does not the man change his cloak to suit all weathers? These questions do not become the less insistent as we increase our scientific knowledge; they call the more loudly for an answer. He who tells me that the pen between my fingers consists of groups of atoms, and the atoms, perhaps, of something even more elusive and difficult to apprehend, does not allay my discontent with the simple and apparently truthful statement that things present themselves. I am impelled to torment myself with the query: *What is really out there, existing and functioning? What is it like?*

Very early in the history of speculative thought men began to plague themselves with such reflections. Their material lay immediately before their eyes, and they could not overlook it. The plainest of plain men knows that some appearances are unsatisfactory. If he can make no distinction between appearances and appearances, and cannot base his action upon a wise selection, he is not fit to be at large. And it is not unknown, either to the childhood of the individual, or to that of the race, that the senses have to do with appearances. The beginnings of a philosophy of knowledge are, thus, in the very hand of every man not too heedless to be capable of attention or too ingrained a dogmatist to tolerate a doubt.

As early as the fifth century before Christ, Parmenides of Elea is inspired with a contempt for appearances, and treats with severity the men who are so misguided as to trust to the illusory reports of the senses. Between Being, the really existent, and the empty semblance which displays itself before the sense, he draws a sharp distinction. Things seem to us manifold and changing, but these manifold and changing things belong to the deceptive world of appearance. True being is one and changeless, and can be known only by thought. Zeno steps nimbly to the side of Parmenides, and deals our

faltering faith in the things that seem to be a crushing blow with ingenious arguments, now for many centuries the delight of those who love puzzles and paradoxes — the point that cannot move in infinitely divisible space, because it cannot find, in such, any space small enough to begin with; Achilles, vainly endeavoring to find the end of the endless series of diminishing distances that separate him from the slowly moving tortoise.

Whatever we may have to say as to the cogency of the arguments of Zeno, their moral is plain. If the world of appearances is so bad that things and their motions annihilate themselves by sheer force of their own inconceivability, then, by all means, let us withdraw our respect from such a world, and let us set our affections on another.

These Eleatics seem, however, to have overshot their mark. The problem set for mankind is to find a world in or through appearances. The philosopher who throws away all appearances, and who presents us with a world out of his own head, suggests to us the conjurer, who covers his table with incredible things drawn from a hat. He who goes so far as to say that the senses always deceive us gives us no shadow of a reason why some appearances should be, as they manifestly are, preferred before others. He does not explain to us the difference between perceiving things well, perceiving them ill, and not perceiving them at all. The "real existence," which he venerates, simply hibernates in some secret recess of its own; it does not lift its finger to present us with this appearance or with that. The universe of those who thus deal with being is a split pea, the halves of which have lost each other. That is to say, it is not a universe.

From Parmenides on, there is a stately procession of those who have felt impelled to try a fall with the problem of appearance and reality. Some have taken the matter lightly, some with desperate seriousness. Granted a lively sense of the need of drawing the distinction, and granted also a somewhat higher

respect for the facts revealed in our common experience than was possessed by the devotees of abstract thought criticized above, it was inevitable that another theory should emerge. Empedocles set up his hypothesis of "effluxes" from objects entering into "pores" adapted to them, and giving rise to our sensations. We have here in a crude form the common sense doctrine that physical things act upon us and we know them. This common sense doctrine has, on the whole, held its own through the ages, and it is accepted by the man who touches us with his elbow to-day. It has been criticized in past centuries very much as it is still criticized in our philosophical journals; but men have gone on believing it in spite of criticism,which, by the way, seems rarely to be fatal to a philosophical position of any sort.

The doctrine strikes men as, if not wholly satisfactory, at least not without something to recommend it. In the first place, it is vague, and says little, except when taken up and spun out into details by some philosopher. In the second place, it does seem to be a way of accounting for appearances.

To be sure, there are, as has been indicated earlier in this chapter, difficulties enough in the path of the man who cares to consider difficulties. Our common experience suggests that our senses have their limitations. We are not surprised to find Anaxagoras teaching that they are too weak to discern the ultimate constituents of things; nor to hear the Atomists, who elaborated the theory of material images emitted by objects and reaching the mind, admit that perception is not wholly veracious. If a man goes as far as this, how can he, in good conscience, refuse to go to the end of the road with the Sophist? Things are not appearances; we have only appearances, never the things; the appearances are related to our senses and hence constitute a truth all our own. This *is* our truth, our world; let the unknown and hypothetical beyond shift for itself; to us, it is nothing.

Man, said Protagoras, is the measure of all things. Since his day, others have walled themselves up in this same thought, dying to the world logically, if not actually. That *enfant terrible*, Gorgias, with his, "nothing exists; if anything did exist, we could not know it," and the rest, seems furiously determined to reject every universe that he cannot wholly possess and break in pieces at his pleasure. The world of his seemings is enough for him — in his professional capacity, of course. Aristippus, a more reasonable creature, cautiously asserts that we can know only our sensations, not what causes them.

If we take this turning, we are reduced to appearances; we have lost the things, and with them the explanation of appearances that they are supposed to furnish. To say things are, but we can never know what they are, is as bad as saying that they are not. They are lost to us, in any case; they mean nothing. One cannot base a theory of the hereditary transmission of mental and physical traits on the vague information that everybody has parents but nobody's ancestors can be identified. It has not pleased men generally to take this turning.

It did not please Plato, who, while maintaining the existence of the supersensuous world of higher realities with which we associate his name, nevertheless thought fit to accept a physical world of things acting upon the senses and giving rise to appearances. The knowledge of such things he regards as "opinion" rather than knowledge; but he could not repudiate it altogether, and he stands as one of the champions of the Empedoclean doctrine.[1]

Nor did that wonderful man, Aristotle, incline to follow the seductive lead of the Sophist. He was too much the man of science for that — too conscious that there is a world which we know and the insistent features of which we are not at liberty to deny. To him, the thing existed before it made an impression on the organ of sense; it set in motion this or that medium and,

through it, stimulated the organ to a reaction; with this reaction there arose sensation. How did he distinguish between the sensation and its object? Not precisely as did those who preceded him. That which is and that which is perceived are, in a sense, one, and yet they are distinguishable; the object communicates to the sense organ its "form," not its "matter," and thus comes to be perceived as it is.[2]

In centuries to follow the authority of Aristotle was to play a rôle of enormous importance. So penetrated was he with the conviction that physical motions exist and are to be regarded as the antecedents of sensation, that he could not seriously ask, with Protagoras, whether our knowledge is not determined by the character of our sense organs and limited to what is given in the sense. He shrewdly points out that, if everything is sensation, nothing is sensation, for there is no such thing as an organ of sense; and he dismisses the doubt of the skeptic to the company of such idle questions as whether we are now asleep or awake.[3]

Nevertheless, with all his acuteness, Aristotle did not really furnish a solution of the difficulties which had teased men before. After his time, men came back to them. The Stoic distinguished sharply between the thing and the mental impression made by the thing. He affirmed dogmatically that percepts testify to the existence of their objects, but even he was forced to admit that the testimony of this or that psychical witness might be called in question.[4] Epicurus, with easy-going good nature, declared true even the hallucinations of the insane, and dreams, on the ground that they produce an impression, which the nonexistent could not do.[5] Such a generous treatment of appearances, if uncorrected, can only embarrass the man who is in search of external realities to explain appearances.

Then there come the schools of the Skeptics, of the men to whom the problem of the world does not seem to find its satisfactory solution in dogmatic affirmation. Appearances they

are willing to admit; the realities that correspond to them they seek in vain. Are not different creatures, they argue, endowed with different kinds of sense organs? The resulting impressions made by objects must be different. Who will venture to say what an object is really like? And men differ from each other, and the various senses of man differ from one another. Where is our reliable witness, and by what mark is he known?[6]

The naïve references made by the ancient skeptic to the peculiarities of the Arabian Phœnix, of worms, of the hungry goat, of the steward of Alexander, and of Andron the Argive, who did not drink, may elicit a smile. All sorts of considerations are poured upon us, as might be expected from men rather unsystematically supporting the thesis of the relativity of all knowledge. But quite enough is said to make us realize that we are in the presence of a real problem, and a very modern one. We do not furnish a solution of that problem in pointing out, as did Aristotle, that the skeptic is inconsistent.

Of course the skeptic is inconsistent, whether he be Protagoras or Pyrrho, Aristippus or Agrippa. He is inconsistent in theory, and he is inconsistent in practice. He has no right to talk of objects, sense organs, and resulting impressions, as if they existed and were open to inspection, and then to deny a knowledge of all save impressions. And having told us that we know nothing, he has no right to conduct himself with propriety and prudence, as though he knew a great deal. The Pyrrhonic abstension from judgment is a bit of pompous pretense, an attitude to be taken in the pulpit, and to be abandoned incontinently when one appears in the street.

But it is one thing to point out that the skeptic is inconsistent and another to point out what may reasonably be substituted for his philosophy of negation. If we content ourselves with the conviction that we know things "somehow" through our sensations and ideas, we have parted company with the philosophers. We are again placid citizens of Everybody's

World, for whom problems do not exist, simply because they are ignored.

Truly, it seems as though, for the thinker, the misfortune of having a body is second only to that of having none. He who has a body has senses; he rises every morning to his game of hide and seek with the things that conceal themselves in appearances or behind them; the distinction of subjective and objective, psychical and physical, haunts him like an unpaid debt.

Even an unpaid debt, however, becomes not intolerable to the man who has more serious concerns to occupy him. With the passing of the pagan schools, the philosopher became first of all a theologian. He was inclined, in so far as he doubted at all, to doubt, "without sin, of things to be believed," as did Augustine. To men of this temper, the problem of Everybody's World becomes a less absorbing one. Augustine knew very well what might be said in favor of skepticism; he gave the preference to the psychical, making material things objects of faith. But he did not seriously doubt what he seemed to perceive about him.[7] And during the centuries in which the medieval church philosophy was growing and ripening, a period the philosophical thinking of which was largely controlled by Aristotelian conceptions, men were content with the doctrine of "forms" impressed by objects upon the senses — representatives testifying to the things which give rise to them.[8]

But in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there arose a bolder spirit of criticism. Thus, William of Occam maintains that our internal states are more certain than sense-perception. Percepts he regards as signs of things rather than copies, as smoke may be a sign of fire without resembling it.[9] We cannot, suggests Pierre d'Ailly, be deceived as to our own existence, but it is conceivable that our belief in external objects is erroneous. Could not God, by his almighty power, give us the same sensations if there were no external objects?[10]

One is tempted to ask this champion of the superior cer-

tainty of our internal states what becomes of the inside of a hat when the outside has, by almighty power, been annihilated? Is it still the inside of a hat? And what can I mean by my sensations, if I deny senses and objects affecting them? What marks a sensation as such? Where does it get its name? The skeptic manifestly does not take away enough. He robs a man of his wealth, and leaves him still rich, or, at any rate, possessed of unlimited credit. If he will avoid inconsistency, let him take away all or none; this eating cake and keeping it is no proper occupation for a philosopher. Nevertheless, it has busied the skeptic from a very early time, and there are those who are not willing to desist even in our day.

We have seen how our problem has come down through the ages to the modern man. Something seems to be lacking in the solutions offered us. Everybody's World appears, it always has appeared, to the man in the street, to be a world directly revealed in perception. Are we not all the man in the street, when we leave our study or our lecture room? We live in a world; we do not merely speculate about it. By the philosophers this world has been pushed away, thrust out of sight, made a party to correspond with through a medium, not an acquaintance whom we meet face to face. What is granted us is not a vision, but a reflection; not a voice, but an echo — and there is always the haunting suspicion that behind the reflection, the echo, there may be nothing at all or nothing that means anything to us.

Some problems cease to be such with the increase of human knowledge in the field of the special sciences. For their solution or their dismissal what we need is information. Thus, the question, whether the Skiopodes, who occasioned theological perplexities to Augustine, are or are not to be accounted as men, falls of itself when it is discovered that those one-legged eccentricities never existed. But the problem of reflection with which we have been concerned does not belong to this class.

In the seventeenth century more was known of the significance of brain and nerves than was known earlier. Nevertheless, that acute and original genius Descartes stood just where Pierre d'Ailly had stood two centuries before. He could put the soul into the pineal gland, and could explain the mechanism of the body by which the impressions made by external things are conducted to the brain. But this is physiological knowledge, and assumes the existence of an outer world which still remains to him problematic. He followed an ancient tradition and shut himself up to images, copies, ideas; how prove that anything exists beyond this barrier, impenetrable to him? The skeptic might talk to him precisely as he might have talked to Empedocles, and the advance of science could not put into his hand a single weapon to help him to repel the attack. He is reduced to maintaining that God helps those who cannot possibly help themselves, and, as He is benevolently unwilling to deceive us into thinking that there is an external world when there is none, one must really exist.[11] Thus, Descartes assumes a duplicate world, a world unseen, unfelt, present to the mind only by proxy; a world which we have never had, and never can have, in itself; a world cut off from observation and verification, the doubtful conclusion, as it seems to us now, of a dubious bit of deductive reasoning from absurd premises. John Locke, to whom the British philosophy owes so much, felt the push of the same tradition. He, too, shut himself up to ideas, and put the things represented by them at one remove. He is, however, less of a scholastic than Descartes, and his robust common sense carries with it a flavor of the ancient dogmatism.[12]

It would be absurd to maintain that two such sensible men as Descartes and Locke fully realized how completely they had banished the material world, how absolutely they had lost it. They were influenced, on the one hand, by a venerable tradition, according to which things psychical are known more immediately and more intimately than are other things. But

they were influenced no less by the perennial problem which confronts us all, the problem of finding a world of things in appearances, and, thus, of assigning to appearances their place in the world. If, under the former influence, they were betrayed into seeking their things rather behind appearances than in them; yet, under the latter, they were induced to retrace their steps, and to recognize the things we see and touch to be originals and not mere copies. There is abundant evidence in their works to prove that they were saved by this conservative instinct from shipwreck upon the rock of consistency.[13]

Since their time it has been so much the fashion in philosophic circles to assume that things psychical are known with a peculiar intimacy and immediacy, that one feels almost compelled to apologize for defending any other form of doctrine. Some have not fallen in with the fashion, it is true; but, among philosophers by profession, these may be regarded as, on the whole, exceptions. Certain writers who profess not to follow the fashion can be seen, when we scan attentively the cut of their garments, to have been more affected by it than they suppose. Many have accepted the duplicate world, the world at one remove. To what are such men committed?

Remember that, to those who take their doctrine seriously, there is no peep-hole in the curtain. Whether the duplicate world exists at all or is a mere fiction cannot be decided by an appeal to direct inspection. Nor may we anywhere have recourse to observation, to immediate observation, when we address ourselves to the task of telling what the things in the duplicate world are like. Everywhere we are shut up to an inference from appearances.

Shall we assume that the things inferred are precisely like the things we perceive? that the latter are true copies? But the things we perceive appear, as we have seen, under a variety of guises. Which one of these can be proved to be the true copy of the original and only external thing? As early as

the fifth century before Christ men felt impelled to conclude that things cannot be precisely like what seem to present themselves as things. Like Locke, they granted the things only certain of the properties given in our experience, and made the rest subjective effects of what is external, signs, if you please, but not copies.[14] To stop with this seems arbitrary. If what is really not colored can cause me to perceive color, how can I be sure that what is not extended may not cause me to perceive extended things? He who asks such questions makes a very grave assault upon the duplicate world, and I turn a deaf ear to him for the moment. Let us first ask something else that does not seem impertinent to the problem of the duplicate world, still recognizable as a world, if a washed-out one.

Remember that there is no peep-hole in the curtain. How, then, shall we answer one who asks us: *Where* are the things in this duplicate world? What is their distance and direction from the things that we seem to perceive? Can we point to a single one of them and feel sure that we are pointing in the right direction? The finger with which we point, the direction in which we point, belong to the world of our perceptions, not to its double. And *when* do occurrences take place in this realm of the merely inferred? Dates, to be dates, must have a meaning; and I cannot find any meaning for my "when," if I abandon the world of my experience for an unknown. How in the world is anything in this duplicate world related to the things I see, or hear, or touch? How can it beget such experiences? To such questions no answer appears to be forthcoming.

It has seemed to some that we make less troublesome such perplexing questions as these, if we muffle the voice that asks them, to such a degree that it becomes no longer recognizable as a voice asking a definite question. How easy to describe a landscape which has melted, with the shades of night, into the invisible. And how easy to satisfy the questioner who is content to be put off with a murmur which need bear no semblance

to articulate speech. The train of reflection that led men to maintain that the real things without us are not precisely like what we perceive need only be carried a little farther to dissolve our collection of duplicates into a something or nothing that has lost all semblance to a world of any sort.

If the whole world of our experience is a vain show, is a veil that divides us from reality, how can we, admitting that there is such a reality, ever know even remotely what it is like, what it does, how it does it? The only logical answer seems to be that we cannot know, and that it is a mistake to conceive of this reality as a world of things at all. If we can persuade ourselves, as did Herbert Spencer, that there is a certain impiety in wanting to know anything about it, so much the better for our peace of mind — we are enabled to lay a soothing plaster over the ache of our ignorance. Those who treat the duplicate world in this way demolish it, it is true; but they preserve its shadow. They retain a something which is supposed to fulfill some of the functions that the natural man attributes to a world of things. Their featureless surrogate for an external world proclaims them with its half-obliterated tongue to be of the party of the ancient skeptics.

I shall not criticize at length this ghost of a duplicate world, which so many of our countrymen associate with the name of the remarkable man mentioned just above. I shall merely remind my reader that what is vague enough to serve as an answer to every question is really an answer to no question. With what emotions should we contemplate the man who coupled every definite answer to a definite question with the wearisome refrain, "but the Unknowable is the ultimate cause of the transaction." After a few repetitions, we should exclaim, "Spare us the refrain; give us only the first half of the answer."

The last half is manifestly a survival, without functional significance; an appendix, which can do nothing for us, but may cause embarrassment, and were better amputated. Histori-

cally it is interesting. It is a by-product of the very natural attempt which men have made to explain appearances by having recourse to things. The turn taken by the argument has resulted in the loss of the things sought for, and hence in the shipwreck of this particular attempt at explanation.

Having referred to Spencer, it seems only just that I should make a passing reference to Kant, from whom Spencer indirectly got his doctrine. The German philosopher applied to his Unknowable the somewhat unhappy expression "things-in-themselves," which would suggest to us that the duplicate world was retained, in its most general features, at least. But the suggestion is misleading. Kant's "things-in-themselves" are not in space; they are not in time; they bear no conceivable relation to what we perceive or can perceive; they cannot do anything; they cannot, in any intelligible sense of the words, even *be* anything. Kant's immediate successors made haste to repudiate them; and many of his warmest admirers have labored to prove that he himself set no store by them, after all.

Nevertheless, the "thing-in-itself" is a child of Kant. It is an illegitimate child; and when Kant is, as I think, at his best, he seems ashamed of the paternity, treating the creature as a mere negative conception, a something as good as nothing. Yet we must admit that this reluctantly acknowledged brat was the Cordelia on whom he depended for the comforts of his old age — God, Freedom, and Immortality. These he got, in his "Critique of the Practical Reason," by granting his theoretical nonentity enough of a practical being to exist and to have some significance. The proper place, however, for "things-in-themselves" is evidently not a duplicate world, but the desert left by its demolition. They are treated with extreme rigor, being denied every single property by which a thing can be known as a thing.

It is with some diffidence that I speak of Kant, for the Kantian literature is piled up mountains high, and a cough can dis-

lodge an avalanche. But I intend to come back to this wonderful man later; and I hope to show that, in spite of the burden of tradition that weighted his sturdy little shoulders, he hit with remarkable sagacity upon the path which we must follow if we would arrive at a reasonable solution of the problem of Everybody's World. He did not follow that path up to the end, nor did he prevent our wandering from it, by setting up guide posts at every parting of the ways. Still, he made it possible for us to set our faces in the right direction.

We have had recently in our philosophical journals a good deal of sharp criticism directed against the "copy" theory of truth. The history of speculative thought seems to show that such criticism is abundantly justified. The problem of the world of common knowledge demands some better solution. It is well to bear in mind, however, that, if it is a misfortune to make shipwreck on the Scylla of a duplicate world which we can never know, it is no less a misfortune to be engulfed in the Charybdis of no real world at all, to sink in the chaos of appearances. The problem of Everybody's World is not how to get two worlds; it is not how to dispense with any; it is how to find our world in the appearances in which it is evident that men really do somehow lay hold of it.

CHAPTER III

THE WORLD AS IDEA

We do a grievous wrong to the independent genius of that most original thinker Berkeley, if we confuse his bold solution of the world-problem with the efforts of any of his predecessors. The problem which confronted him was, of course, the same as that which stared them in the face. It is the same that challenges our curiosity and enchains our interest. Everybody's World existed for the ancient Greek and for the medieval Churchman as it exists for the modern American or European. There it stood with all its seeming inconsistency, as it stands now; unmistakably there, but enshrouded in obscurity, half-revealed, making a mock of men's efforts at reflection, beckoning them on to draw aside the veil and to shed the light of day upon the mystery of its being.

Spontaneous generation has yet to be established by the man of science. Of the spontaneous generation of the philosopher we need take no account at all. A Kant or a Hegel who should start up unannounced on the banks of the Congo or on the uplands of Thibet would be a *lusus naturæ*, a philosophic monstrosity; either a thing to dismiss at once with those whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, or a creature to be recognized as a clever fraud. There are no Melchisedecs in philosophy. This does not mean that there is no such thing as originality; but it does mean that philosophical systems have some relation to the culture of their time; they are the natural fruit of some particular tree, and no theory of mutation justifies us in planting thistle seeds if we seek to have figs.

But the acute realization of this truth may lead us into error.

Every thinking man has his world-problem laid before him by his own experience, and he has whatever suggestions toward its solution he may gather from his contemporaries or his predecessors. It is of the utmost importance to distinguish what really has been his contribution to speculative thought, and to estimate its significance in the light of the influences which are known to have surrounded him. If, however, we scan anxiously the pages of the history of philosophy, and finding somewhere in it some doctrine that bears a remote analogy to the utterances of our philosopher, or, worse yet, some doctrine which, though very different, has by an historical accident had attached to it the same or a similar name — if, I say, happening upon such, we thereby regard ourselves as on the track of an affinity and an important explanation, we betray a dullness of comprehension that cannot be redeemed by learning.

I say all this because certain persons, who use the word "idealism" with a generous vagueness that makes it almost useless as the designation of anything in particular, are very apt to hark back from Berkeley to Plato, to connect the doctrines of the two men, and to rob Berkeley of his just due.

It is quite true that Plato discoursed of a world of "Ideas," of certain supersensible realities which suggest to one the patterns shown to Moses in the mount. But those who know Plato best [1] recognize that this realm of "Ideas" bears a much closer resemblance to the Parmenidean "Being," cut off, as we have seen in the last chapter, from the sphere of our perceptions, than it does to what Berkeley calls ideas. The Platonic "Ideas" are nothing psychical; they are not in the human mind; they are not in the Divine Mind; they are something which we can here leave out of account.[1]

In his later life, and when he wrote his curious book on the Virtues of Tar-water, that universal remedy which the world had so long sought, Berkeley was influenced, I think, to his

detriment, by Plato. But when his youthful genius first spread its daring wing, and broke with a long tradition, it began its flight precisely where it found itself at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Had Berkeley done no more than serve up to us a warmed-over dish of broken meats taken from the upper shelves of the Platonic or Neo-Platonic cupboard, he would never have held in the history of philosophy the honorable place which is his own to-day.

The world — the world as distinguished from our perceptions of the world—had been pushed out of sight and as good as lost. It was represented in experience only by certain proxies, by *ideas*. The word "idea" John Locke had defined [2] as "whatsoever is the object of the understanding when a man thinks." Taken literally, this would imply that a man cannot even think about things as distinguished from ideas, but Locke was no extremist. To him the ideas alone were known immediately, but some ideas represented things. The things were the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth; the ideas were in the mind, copies or indications of things, conveyed through the portals of sense. It was upon this food that Berkeley's early years were nourished.

It is the prerogative of the man of genius to see what lies plainly before us all and yet remains invisible. Berkeley was not overburdened by learning and he was not a slave to tradition. He simply opened his eyes and saw what men might have seen long before, namely, that a duplicate world of any sort so wholly cut off from observation cannot possibly be a world for us. It is no more than the shadow cast upon the void by the world we have. It is a hypothetical shadow, a preposterous shadow, one which cannot be proved to exist, and which must be assumed without a shade of a reason.

Accordingly, he threw away this duplicate world. He did not merely blur it, rob it of light and color, obliterate its contours, and blow sentimental sighs with the skeptic over the fact that

we cannot know what it is. He cheerfully tossed it away, and then told men that he had thrown away nothing at all, as there really had been nothing to throw. Appearances remained; appearances, which he had been taught to call ideas. In these he claimed to have the only world that there had ever been. To be sure, these appearances, to exist at all, must exist in some mind. Where else than in a mind can an idea exist?

"It is indeed an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men," he writes,[3] "that houses, mountains, rivers, and in a word all sensible objects, have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. But, with how great an assurance and acquiescence soever this principle may be entertained in the world, yet whoever shall find in his heart to call it in question may, if I mistake not, perceive it to involve a manifest contradiction. For, what are the forementioned objects but the things we perceive by sense? and what do we perceive besides our own ideas or sensations? and is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these, or any combination of them, should exist unperceived?"

The doctrine was a lightning flash, an electric shock, a revolution. The dwellers on the slopes of Vesuvius were not the less surprised at the catastrophe which made of Herculaneum and Pompeii a pillar of salt, from the fact that the mountain had already given them warnings. Men can go about indefinitely with premises in their heads, and, nevertheless, avoid precipitating the conclusion which they hold in solution. But some day there comes a jar, and the thing is done; we stand open-mouthed before the consequences of our own thought.

Had not the world admitted for centuries that the things we directly and immediately perceive are sensations, mental images, forms, something which, in the lump, the modern man would call psychical and designate as subjective? Had not all else become the doubtful result of a questionable infer-

ence? Did it ever occur to any one that sensations or ideas could walk off and set up for themselves independently of the mind in which they sprang into being? What becomes of a pain when no one feels it? What becomes of a percept when no one is perceiving? As well abstract the cat and keep the smile, as grant to ideas such an existence as men had hitherto misguidedly attributed to houses, mountains, and rivers!

Berkeley met the men of his day on their own ground, and seemed to leave them without such weapons as a philosopher may deign to use. Dogmatic affirmation, misconception, and ridicule are for the vulgar; though it must be confessed that the learned have been known to handle such bludgeons. The dogmatist continued to affirm that the duplicate world hung suspended in the meaningless "beyond." The chorus raised its protesting voice: Was ever the like heard of? do we eat and drink ideas? do we draw them on, and button them up, when we rise from our beds? Bless the mark! why not walk through a locked door, if it is only an idea?

The coolness with which Berkeley takes it for granted that other men should deal as remorselessly with tradition as did he is perfectly delicious. It is a great thing to be young, and to be possessed of that genius that gazes upon its own vision undeterred by the apprehensions of those who hoard maxims and bow down before the wisdom of the fathers. "Some truths there are," he tells us,[4] "so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, namely, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind, that their *being* is to be perceived or known; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit — it being perfectly unin-

telligible . . . to attribute to any single part of them an existence independent of a spirit."

Thus, according to the new doctrine, nothing can be said to exist save spirits and the ideas of those spirits. The step which had been taken was really the next step in philosophy. The only *knowable* world had already been turned into a world of spirits and of ideas; nothing remained save to recognize that *the knowable world is the world.*

One may be at liberty to reject both Berkeley's premises and his conclusion, but one is not at liberty, at this late date, to fall into the gross misunderstandings of which he has so constantly been the victim. He was preëminently a man of sense; a man to discriminate most carefully between appearances and appearances, giving the preference to those which the experience of mankind and the progress of knowledge have decided to hold in honor. His world of ideas is not a chaos.

Whatever his right to do so, he accepts and emphasizes the common distinction between what is given in the sense and what is merely imagined. This distinction is one of the most striking features of Everybody's World. It is recognized by men of many schools and by men of none; no man can consistently ignore it and survive. Berkeley finds two kinds of ideas within the circle of his experiences.[5] He can excite certain ideas in his mind at his pleasure: "it is no more than willing, and straightway this or that idea arises in my fancy; and by the same power it is obliterated and makes way for another." But he realizes that the ideas "actually perceived by Sense" have not a like dependence on his will: "When in broad daylight I open my eyes, it is not in my power to choose whether I shall see or no, or to determine what particular objects shall present themselves to my view; and so likewise as to the hearing and other senses, the ideas imprinted on them are not creatures of my will. There is therefore some *other* Will or Spirit that produces them."

To Berkeley both things imagined and things perceived are ideas, but it is clear that he recognizes different orders of ideas. The ideas of sense are strong, lively, distinct, and have a steadiness, order, and coherence lacking in the others. They are referred to organs of sense. We are told that they may properly be called *real things*, and ideas of imagination may, by contrast, be termed *ideas or images of things*. The established methods by which the Divine Mind excites the former in us are the *laws of nature*.

But this is not all. Berkeley makes room in his philosophy for a further distinction which is also a most important feature of Everybody's World.

I hear a faint and indistinguishable noise; I see upon the horizon a dim and indefinite speck. I do not, in the one case, know what the noise means; nor do I know, in the other, what kind of an object I am looking at. Both the Berkeleyan and the man who has no theory may feel sure that I am concerned here with sense and not with imagination. They may both say that I am having an experience of "things." But had I no better experience of things than this, my world would not be a world — things, definitely recognized to be such, would not exist for me.

A coach comes rattling by, and I now know what was meant by that sound. The dimly discerned speck moves and changes, and I see a man with all his members. If I am asked to tell something about my world, to describe it, to what experiences shall I have recourse? Do they all stand upon the same level? Berkeley would never have become a bishop had he been capable of saying: "Set a human being so far away from me that he becomes indistinguishable from an ant hill, and I will tell you what he is like." Our philosopher worked out with much ingenuity a doctrine of the relative values of appearances, pointing out which should be taken as signs or indications, and which should be accounted as that which is signified by those signs;

nor did he overlook the fact that some signs are not as satisfactory as others.[6]

So far, then, Berkeley appears to have been very desirous of retaining those striking features of Everybody's World that seem vouched for by the common experience of man. Although he called all sorts of things ideas, he did not confuse a man imagined with a man seen, nor did he regard any and every sense-impression as an equally satisfactory presentation of a thing. How, then, did his new idealistic philosophy differ from the belief of all the world — I will not say, from the belief of the philosopher urging his scholastic doctrine of mental images and unperceived duplicate originals — but from the belief of men generally, including this same philosopher in his moments of relaxation and grown human? Was Berkeley's idealism but a name?

The man himself thought that he was obliterating no feature of Everybody's World.[7] He did not mean to be "a setter-up of new notions." His object was "to unite, and place in a clearer light, that truth which was before shared between the vulgar and the philosophers." According to him, the former believe that those things they immediately perceive are the real things, and the latter maintain that the things immediately perceived are ideas, which exist only in the mind. Put these opinions together, and you have the whole truth. "The same Principles," we read, at the end of those charming dialogues in which the materialist is brought to change his heart of stone for an idea — "the same Principles, which, at first view, lead to Skepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to Common Sense."

Common Sense! Never! The plain man is no more a Berkeleyan than he is the Dalai-lama. Berkeley's orthodoxy reminds me of that of the learned German Orientalist who posed as the champion of old-fashioned theological conservatism. He shook his head over the free treatment accorded to

the patriarchs by many of his colleagues. "They wish to prove," he complained to me, "that Abraham was little better than a fetish-worshiper. Now, I have proved conclusively that he was a worshiper of the sun and moon; that is, an idolater of a really high order."

There is a third feature of Everybody's World, one of no small importance, that Berkeley felt impelled to deny. Men generally had attributed, as they still attribute, to physical things a certain continuous, independent, existence. No workman thinks that his tools are annihilated when he turns his back, or that they are preserved merely by the grace of God, and because the Divine Eye is upon them. I cannot believe that my garret and my cellar spring into being alternately as I travel up and down the stair; nor can I be persuaded that, to have a whole house at once, I must either turn theist, or distribute my family in the various rooms and beg my neighbors to watch the external walls and the chimneys.

Should one here raise the protest that it is unbecoming to make sport of a man of undoubted genius and of noble character, I answer: I am not making sport of Berkeley, in the least. I love the man; but I think it my duty to point out so clearly that there can be no misunderstanding in the matter the truth that his doctrine is not in harmony with common sense, and is not the doctrine of the man of science, except in a few instances in which the man of science has elected to try his luck as a metaphysician. For Berkeley the independence of the physical system of things does not exist — that system would be snuffed out with the last percipient, as the picture on the screen vanishes, when the light in the lantern is extinguished.

How widely Berkeley's world differs from Everybody's World will appear more clearly in the next chapter. Here I wish to dwell upon certain momentous consequences which follow in the train of the new doctrine.

Men are not influenced merely by the dry light of reason.

We all have a tendency to believe what we like; recently, there has been an exacerbation of activity among those who would persuade us that it is our pleasant duty to believe what we like. The doctrine of the World as Idea seemed to open up enchanting vistas. Idealism in its later as well as in its earlier forms has always appealed to the emotions quite as much as to the intellect; the very name attracts us, and tends to disarm suspicion.

Literally for thousands of years men had been interested in the question of the existence and attributes of God, and in the problem of His relation to the world. Men had offered demonstrations of the existence of God, which convinced some persons for a while, but which became a stone of stumbling to others. There had been much talk of potentiality and Actuality, of contingent being and Necessary Being, of that whose essence does not imply existence, and of that whose very Nature includes Existence. The mass of mankind had paid little attention to such subtleties, but believed in God, moved by early training, religious feeling, and the one argument which impressed man long before Socrates and long after Berkeley — the argument which finds in the system of things as a whole something analogous to the evidences of mind revealed by human beings.

In the passing of the old order, is the new philosophy compelled to content itself with the commonplace probable evidence which has always appealed to men generally? Can it do no more than hope, trust, and search anxiously for evidences of mind in the universe? No! it has found an irresistible weapon, a magic lance, which can unhorse at one thrust the grisly phantom of doubt. Is it not clear that nothing exists or can exist save spirits and their ideas? To be at all, an idea must have its being in some spirit. As sure, then, as my papers exist when I have laid them away; as sure as my chair stands here at midnight, God exists.[8] He *must* exist, or nothing would have any continuous existence; and do we not all know that things

do have a continuous existence? It would be too absurd to believe the contrary. What would become of Nature?

Nor is this all. Ideas are only ideas; minds can beget them and obliterate them; the ideas themselves can do nothing. They passively appear and disappear, as they are ordered up and dismissed. If, then, any change whatever takes place in ideas, it is due to the action of some mind. In most instances such changes cannot be attributed to the finite minds which we all unhesitatingly accept. We may, therefore, take the laws of nature, the orderly succession of the ideas of sense, to be the voice of God. We think His thoughts; we share with Him the imagery in His Mind.[9]

It only remains to cap the edifice of the idealistic philosophy with the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul.[10] Whatever a spirit may be, it is not an idea, nor is it composed of such. Hence, the destruction of the body does not affect it.

Berkeley's vision is gorgeous. To those feeling their way anxiously in a world foreign to them and full of uncertainties a light is gone up. Their dead and doubtful world has been transformed into a revelation of God; and a revelation so immediate, implying a communion so intimate, that doubt and fear are banished — the restless soul finds itself at home, and is at rest.

The vision is gorgeous. It seems a sunset splendor on which to feast the eyes. Can it last? or must it fade? Does it really rest upon the earth? or will it tremble for a while before us, and then slowly pale into common cloud? If we turn with our questions to the philosopher of our day, it is likely that he will say: "What you saw, when in the company of Berkeley, is not real just as you saw it." But he may add: "When it fades, however, we are not left to the contemplation of common cloud; follow the lead of the modern idealist to yonder height, and look again."

Berkeley has few faithful followers to-day, but the idealists

are many. It may be asked why, in depicting the World as Idea, I have turned to him rather than to some one of those now living.

The reason is, that his doctrine is really and unequivocally idealism. In his writings the word "idea" has not yet been disinfected, deodorized, freed from that unmistakable flavor of the subjective which gives its significance to the distinction drawn by the common man and the man of science between "ideas" and "things." For many centuries the philosophers had recognized the distinction and accepted both; Berkeley had kept the ideas and thrown away the things, but ideas meant to him much the same that they had meant to his predecessors. It was precisely the fact that they did retain this meaning that led him to deny certain characteristics of Everybody's World, and to conjure up the vision that stirs us to doubt and that compels our admiration.

In many later idealists the sharp outlines of the doctrine have been rubbed away; contrasts have been rendered less striking. It is even possible to dispute over the question whether certain writers are idealists at all, and we refuse to be guided in our judgment by the name which it has pleased them to assume. Their idealism has grown old and stricken in words, and appears almost ready to be gathered to its fathers. It is true that even here we are apt to find something of the old emotional uplift, a trace of the enthusiasm which arises from the feeling that one is fighting in a good cause and is upholding the spirituality of things. But to the critical reader the ground for such an enthusiasm is not always apparent. The light has been fading from the enchanted palace; much of the glow has left it. The mist of words and phrases through which we descry with difficulty the outlines of the dying splendor cannot prevent us from having occasional glimpses which lead us to believe that we are, after all, standing before common cloud.

To the new idealism I shall return later in this book. Here

we are concerned with the world-problem and its solution through the assumption that the World is Idea. We best further our aim by considering the aspect that our world takes on if we regard it as quite unequivocally idea. To Berkeley it was such more indisputably than to many of those who came after him. It is just, then, to begin with Berkeley.

CHAPTER IV

THE UNREALITY OF THE WORLD AS IDEA

It is giving the physical world a bad name to call it Idea. If we mean nothing at all by the word, it is stupid to use it, for we only embarrass thereby our intercourse with our fellows. If we mean what general usage since the middle of the sixteenth century justifies us in meaning, we talk about the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth in a way that sensible men both learned and unlearned must regard as ill-advised and irresponsible.

When we speak to-day, in the street, of sensations and ideas, we are not supposed to be making insignificant noises. It is assumed that we mean something, and if our words are used inappropriately, men are impelled to protest. Thus, he who would talk of eating and drinking ideas, taking sensations out of his purse, inserting an emotion into a keyhole, or heaping a platter with ripe reflections, would be regarded as either unseasonably merry or the victim of nervous disorder.

Passing from the street into the psychological laboratory, we find that reckless speech is frowned upon in just the same way. Certain things we may say about sensations and ideas, and certain things we may not say. It is accepted on all hands that we may not speak of things psychical as we naturally speak of things physical. The student ordered to set up the idea of his apparatus, and fetch from the shelf the percepts of colored disks, might not unnaturally expect his next task to be the gathering up with a dustbrush of valuable hints dropped by his professor during the last lecture.

Now, it is not a whit less inappropriate to treat physical

things as psychical than it is to treat what is psychical as physical. If, on the street, I give a man a gold piece and tell him to put it away carefully in his mind, he assumes that I have presented him with both a coin and a jest. If, in the laboratory, I say: close your eyes, and turn that dynamometer into a memory-image; put this speck under the microscope, and convert it into an insect; that cork is too large, stand farther back from it and reduce its size; — if I ramble on in this fashion, it will be suspected that I have dined generously. Neither in common life nor in the sciences is it permissible to name things arbitrarily and to talk of them incoherently.

To the philosopher more latitude is granted. So much of what he says is incomprehensible to most persons in any case, and the difficulties of reflective thought are admittedly so great, that men are, on the whole, disposed to excuse him for utterances which do not seem in harmony with good sense. He leads us into a new and unfamiliar world; we hesitate to apply to what we find there the standard weights and measures to which we are accustomed.

And yet, it does seem a doubtful compliment to the philosopher to set him apart from other men, and to treat him as irresponsible, even out of deep respect. The old saying, "The king can do no wrong," carries with it a sting. It does not maintain that the king does right; it makes of him a venerable and privileged outlaw. Since Berkeley's time, many philosophers have taken the liberty of talking as though houses, rivers, and mountains were something psychical; and, as we have all gotten used to the doctrine, there is no great outcry against them, though the plain man goes on believing that they are not psychical, the man of science never dreams of treating them as though they were psychical, and an occasional philosopher raises his voice in protest.

It may be objected that I wrong Berkeley and his successors in classing them with those who confuse physical and psy-

chical after the fashion illustrated above. There are those who assert strenuously that Berkeley meant by his ideas of sense precisely what men generally mean by physical things. I think enough has been said in the preceding chapter to prove that this is not the case, but the point is one of such importance that it is worth while to dwell upon it at some length.

Let us, then, consider what sense-ideas did and did not mean to Berkeley. It is quite certain, to begin with, that he did not think of the things revealed to sight and touch as being little images in his head. To him the table on which he wrote was the table in his study; it was in front of his body, not in it. His body was an idea, like the table; and he would as soon have thought of putting his body into the table as of putting that bit of furniture into his body. The things he saw and felt did not shrivel up and change their places as soon as they were baptized "idea."

Nevertheless, something did happen to them. They did not remain the "things" of common thought and of science. They were seen under a new aspect, revealed in a novel character. It was not mere accident that they were called ideas. The name was given to them because Berkeley believed that he had made a discovery of no small significance touching their real nature. The traditional sense of such words as "idea" and "sensation" makes them subjective phenomena, a something referred to this or that disposition of our body; a spark struck out when our body is acted on by other bodies, or the after-image, so to speak, of such a spark — a something intermittent, coming and going as it is begotten of the passing moment or annihilated with it. It was believed in Berkeley's day, as it is believed in ours, that our bodies and the other bodies which act upon it stand in sharp contrast to such fugitive and merely representative existences.

Berkeley obliterates this distinction. He does not turn ideas into things, but he does turn things into ideas; that is to

say, he thinks and speaks of the physical as though it were something psychical. The houses, mountains, and rivers that he calls ideas he conceives to be "imprinted on the sense." [1]

Would any man in the street, would any man in the laboratory, ever speak of a mountain as "imprinted on the sense"? He might speak of it as imprinting something, but surely he would not think of it as the impression. Berkeley has given up the time-honored attempt to explain appearances by the action of objects upon the organ of sense, and the coming into being of corresponding ideas; but he has not given it up utterly and wholly. If he had done so, he would not have talked of "impressions" at all, and he would not have called material things "ideas." His material things are transformed; they really have the ear-marks of old-fashioned ideas.

We see this clearly in the denial of the independent existence of physical things discussed in the last chapter. It is argued that such objects are only ideas, and, hence, their very existence must depend on their being perceived. How seriously Berkeley took this appears from his answer to the objection that, on his principles, things are at every moment annihilated and created anew.[2] Had he not unequivocally turned things into ideas, and robbed them of the character attributed to them by his predecessors and by most of us at the present day, it would have been easy for him to say: "Things are not annihilated and created anew; they *disappear* when we close our eyes, and when we open them, they *appear* again. There is all the difference in the world between disappearance and annihilation." He could then have tried to make clear what is meant by the existence of a physical thing as distinguished from its being perceived, and to show in what sense things are independent of perception. This cannot be a hopeless task, for men draw the distinction every day, and both in common life and in science profitable use is made of it.

But Berkeley could not do this. He is reduced to bom-

barding his opponent with a curious assortment of answers better calculated to silence him than to convince him. Thus, the objector is informed that, since to exist has no other meaning than to be perceived, it is not reasonable for him "to stand up in defense of he knows not what." He is told that even those who believe in a world of things distinct from ideas admit that light and colors, and, hence, what is immediately perceived by sight, can only exist so long as the sensations are perceived. It is pointed out that the Schoolmen, who accepted a material world, made it so dependent on God, that they conceived of its existence as a continual creation. It is insisted that even the "materialists" do not believe that what exists outside the mind is identical with what we immediately perceive, and ought, therefore, to admit that what we perceive by sense exists only in the mind. So far, the conclusion indicated seems to be, that it would be nothing to make a coil about even if things were constantly annihilated and re-created.

This is clever. We are reduced to a condition of becoming humility, and brought to that frame of mind in which we would gladly accept a continuously existent world of any sort. When he has us on our knees, Berkeley offers us one. "Wherever bodies are said to have no existence without the mind," he explains to us, "I would not be understood to mean this or that particular mind, but all minds whatsoever. It does not therefore follow from the foregoing principles that bodies are annihilated and created every moment, or exist not at all during the intervals between our perception of them."

The enormity of Berkeley's offense against the external world impresses us more and more as we reflect upon it. What a beggarly continuity of existence is that which he offers us! The first shock experienced upon hearing that physical things are ideas, a shock from which we had begun to recover on being assured that nothing real is banished out of nature, is

followed by a second quite as severe, when we realize that he means by bodies nothing more than the percepts existing in some mind or other, or the copies of such in the imagination.

Let us put the matter to the test in a concrete instance. I am sitting at my table, and my friend is seated in the easy-chair on the other side of it. I have occasion to go into the next room to get a book. Is it sober good sense to believe that he can hold my table down for me, during my absence, and can give it a continuous existence? Remember that, by hypothesis, the table, as distinct from his percept and mine, and the percepts of other possible sentient beings, does not exist. What is "imprinted on the sense," in his case, is not identical with what is "imprinted on the sense" so far as I am concerned. He may hold on to his percept, but he never had mine, and he cannot hold on to that. In common speech we say "the table" as though there were no difference between his experience and mine; but that is because we accept the distinction current in Everybody's World between the table and our percepts or ideas of the table. Let us drop the distinction, in the spirit of the new philosophy, and let us consistently keep to ideas. Are we to assume that *any* percept of a table enjoyed by any single percipient creature can give continuous existence of some sort to *all* conceivable experiences of a table which may be enjoyed by all possible animated beings? This seems arbitrary in the extreme. Moreover, what is this talk of handing ideas about, as if they were specie taken out of one pocket and dropped into another? Is it not abhorrent to nature to speak of committing my ideas to the safekeeping of an acquaintance when I am too much occupied to keep an eye on them myself?

We are not concerned only with a question of verbal usage. The popular outcry against Berkeley was not without its relative justification. No man seriously believes that the continuous existence of my table is assured, if I will but induce my friend to remain in my room until I return to it. We are

convinced that his seeing the table adds nothing to its real existence; we feel sure that his closing his eyes detracts nothing from it. We mean by the table and its real existence something else than the sporadic appearance, in this or that mind, of this or that percept, and the continued existence, in one consciousness, of an idea, when some corresponding idea has disappeared from another.

But what aspect does the problem take on when we bring in the notion of a Divine Mind? It seems a simple matter to say that "the things of sense" exist in the mind of God during the intervals of our perception of them, and, thus, may come back again into our experience. This appears to be doing no more than finding a place for the external world as the plain man conceives the external world. When, however, we bear in mind that sensible things are supposed to be nothing else than sensations or ideas, we are impelled to ask ourselves: Do all the sensations or ideas which any sentient creature has ever had in connection with this table exist actually and continuously in some Infinite Mind? and is it the permanent existence of this frightful thicket of inconsistent experiences that we mean by the continued existence of the table, and that we regard as the explanation of our seeing the table again when we open our eyes? Surely, when I say: "I believe my table is still in the next room," I do not mean that God has an idea, or a collection of such, any more than I mean that a particular man has an idea. On returning to the room, I do not perceive the other man's impression or idea; I infer that he has one, because I see him and the table. And if by ideas we really mean ideas, and by God's Mind we really mean a mind in any unequivocal sense of the word, it is as absurd to say that the table which I now see is an idea in the Divine Mind as to say that it is an idea in that of some other man. Both the plain man and the psychologist know very well that the contents of other minds are not thus directly revealed to us at all. One must be far gone

in metaphysics, and an adept at the art of loose and vague expression, to conceive of the things that we see and feel as being someone's else impressions or ideas, and to succeed in persuading others that such a belief is reasonable. As to the literal transfer of ideas from an infinite mind to a finite, it is neither more nor less absurd than the literal transfer of one man's sensations to another man.

No, the continuous existence which Berkeley attributes to physical things is a beggarly existence — a patchwork psychical existence. How are we to explain his contenting himself with this? We can only explain it by holding clearly in mind two things: First, that, in accordance with tradition, he felt compelled to assume that everything we can perceive directly is Idea; and, second, that he was a sensible man and was well aware that he had no right to mutilate Everybody's World beyond recognition.

In Everybody's World, in common life and in science, it is taken for granted that, although ideas are fugitive existences and come and go in ways which have to be accounted for, nevertheless physical things exist continuously and go through their changes whether we do or do not perceive them. Berkeley was not uninfluenced by this feature of Everybody's World. He assumed, as a natural conviction, the permanence of sensible things, and he then set himself to work to give, within the frame furnished by the notion that the things we see and feel are ideas and nothing else, some intelligible account of it. In the second of the "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," he says that men commonly believe that all things are perceived by God, because they believe in the existence of God. He, on his part, infers the existence of God, because all sensible things must be perceived by Him.

Thus, the permanence of the things perceived by sense comes first. It is simply assumed. And, as it is further assumed that the things in question are ideas, it seems to follow

that, to exist, they must exist in some mind. It appears, then, that our idealist could not help accepting "things" very much as we all do, but he was forced to view these "things" under a new and a strange light. They became to him ideas, continuously existing, but in no sense independent; real things that were not quite real, or quite capable of constituting a real physical world; things that had to board around, like a country schoolmaster in the days of our fathers, passing their time now in this mind, now in that; passive things, unable to act and react among themselves, never physical causes and effects; things of too little consideration to be set up as gods by the enlightened idolater, as Berkeley, in his theological zeal, takes the trouble expressly to point out.[3]

There can be no question that things have lost by passing through Berkeley's hands. They are no longer the things of common thought and of science. The vision in the cloud has been bought dear — it has cost us a real physical world, and has substituted for it something unreal and fantastic, a something whose stability and permanence is of a highly questionable kind. Berkeley thinks and speaks of physical things as it is not permissible to think and speak of them on the street and in the laboratory. If we enter no objection, it is because, he being a philosopher, we do not care much what he says, and we do not judge him as we judge other men.

Can the doctrine of the World as Idea be made more reasonable without being wholly done away with? It really does seem too absurd to say that, when I step out of my room, I leave behind the sensations which I had while there, that these continue to exist, and that I can pick them up again on my return. But may I not, while holding to Berkeley's fundamental thesis that all existence must be psychical existence, try to avoid this unnatural preservation of sensations or ideas, and their incomprehensible transfer from mind to mind? In a pregnant sentence, the significance of which Berkeley

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himself appears little to have realized, he says: "The table I write on I say exists, that is, I see and feel it; and if I were out of my study I should say it existed — meaning thereby that if I was in my study I might perceive it, or that some other spirit actually does perceive it."[4]

It seems, then, that I may speak of a thing as existing either when I actually perceive it, or when I know that, under certain conditions, I can perceive it. In the mind of John Stuart Mill this thought developed into the theory that material things are "permanent possibilities of sensation."[5] According to this doctrine, in saying that furniture exists in the next room although no one is there, I do not mean that sensations exist; I mean that permanent possibilities of sensation exist.

To the man discontented with Berkeley's doctrine this may seem, at first sight, something of an improvement. The common sense distinction between sensations and things appears to be retained, and sensations are regarded as fugitive, while things are treated as continuously existing. But a little careful scrutiny reveals, in the first place, that any plausibility which attaches to Mill's view arises out of the fact that he has made it easier for himself and for us to slip unawares into the common sense doctrine, accepting a world of physical things as do the plain man and the man of science; and reveals, in the second place, that Mill has not at all given us information as to what things are — he has merely pointed out to us what may be expected to happen if things do exist. I must dilate for a moment upon these two points.

As for the first. Let us go back to the philosophers discussed in Chapter II, and let us ask whether there would be anything unnatural in their describing things as possibilities of sensation. Empedocles, Democritus, Plato, Aristotle, the Schoolmen, Locke, and the rest, might very well have spoken thus. Even the Skeptic could have called things unknown possibilities of sensation. Was there not supposed to be

something to which sensations could be attributed? Some believed that they knew a good deal about this something, and some believed that they knew very little, but all accepted it, and referred sensations to it in one way or in another. To be sure, a good many of these thinkers would have maintained, if questioned, that, in saying that things give rise to sensations, we have not said about them all that we are justified in saying. But they could have agreed in saying so much, and in calling the things permanent as compared with the sensations.

Now, Berkeley threw away these things, as we have seen, and tried to make his world out of sensations. Mill made a feint of throwing them away, but he really brought them back again under another name. It is a very instructive fact that in his famous "System of Logic," where he is not quarreling with Sir William Hamilton, but is trying to give a serious and scientific account of the world we live in, he finds it necessary to give the following enumeration of all Namable Things:[6]—

1. Feelings, or States of Consciousness.

2. The Minds which experience those feelings.

3. The Bodies, or external objects, which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them.

4. The Successions and Coexistences, the Likenesses and Unlikenesses, between feelings.

Mill apologizes, it is true, for the introduction of the third class, and calls it a concession to common opinion. But I affirm without hesitation that his book could not have been written if he had consistently excluded it. His main interest was not psychological, but lay in the attempt to investigate the methods by which the laws of nature are discovered. He could not dispense with a system of nature, and he does not even try to do so.

Let us, however, pretend that he is a serious follower of Berkeley, and that, when he says that something exists in the next room, he really means only that he could have had sensa-

tions which he has not had, and that he may have sensations which he has not. He is sitting and writing. He hears a clock strike. How shall he account for what he hears? There is no clock in the room. May he say, "The law of causality demands that I assume 'the fact that I might have had, or may have, certain sensations' to be the cause of the sensations which I actually have"?

What sort of a world is this? What becomes of the clock situated in space at a certain distance from Mill's body, with its wheels revolving, its hammer striking? What becomes of the sound waves supposed to set an actually existent sense-organ in motion and, thus, to give rise to sensation? The whole apparatus disappears. We cannot construct a world out of "might have been's" and "may be's"; and a physical world constructed out of psychical "might have been's" and "may be's," *i.e.* out of possible sensations, is as absurd as a complex of sensations made up of physical possibilities. Mill's world is even more unreal than Berkeley's; but, as it is so easy to slip from it into the world of common sense, turning "possibilities of sensation" into things, one confuses the two, and one does not realize how poor and unreal a thing it is.

And now for the second point. It is the common opinion of mankind that, if a given physical thing exists, it can, under appropriate conditions, be perceived by beings that have the proper organs of sense. But it is held with equal conviction that it may enter into a multitude of other and very different relations. Thus, a potato can be perceived. A potato that cannot conceivably be perceived is no potato; that is, it does not exist. A potato, however, may also be buried in the ground, or may be boiled. A potato that cannot conceivably be buried or boiled is just as certainly no potato; it does not exist.

We have seen that Mill distinguished between sensations and things somewhat as other men do, and that he regarded the

sensations as fugitive and the things as permanent. But, in making the being of things to be nothing else than "possibility of sensation," he departs enormously from the treatment accorded to things in common thought and in science, and ignores everything save the one relation. Why did he cling to "possibility of sensation" rather than to "possibility of being buried" or "possibility of being boiled"? Are such physical relations not equally essential?

The explanation of his attitude — the explanation of the attitude of every subjectivist, whatever his particular shade of opinion — is to be found in the development of thought recorded in the two chapters preceding. Men attempt to account for appearances by distinguishing between appearances and things; they conceive of things as transmitting to the mind copies or representatives of themselves; they conclude that the representatives are more directly known than the things; they doubt whether there really are such things as men have supposed, and they decide to repudiate them; they find on their hands sensations or ideas and nothing else.

The physical things of common thought and of science disappear under such treatment, and physical relations proper disappear with them. Perhaps I had better say, physical things *would* disappear, if they had the least self-respect. If, in spite of the fact that they are refused recognition, they come creeping back and peep in at the door, it is little wonder that they disguise themselves as possibilities of sensation. Their only hope of admission lies in their having it supposed that they can establish some sort of a relationship to a family accepted as of good standing. It should not be overlooked, however, that, in coming back in their capacity as relatives merely, they have lost all their usefulness as physical things which may serve as an explanation of appearances. When I send for the plumber, I have a right to be disappointed if he presents himself only in his capacity as a father.

It is quite as important in our day as it was in the days of Berkeley and in the days of Mill to dwell upon the unreality of the World as Idea. Men still talk of the physical as though it were something psychical, and they sublimate their material world into a mere phantasm. It is true that neither on the street nor in the laboratory do men permit themselves such liberties. But there are scientists who manage to enjoy a Jekyll-Hyde existence, and who, during their irruptions into philosophy, feel free to throw off all restraint.

Thus, it is to be presumed that Professor Mach, who was once a physicist, was accustomed to treat the apparatus in his laboratory as physical and talk about it as did his colleagues. Becoming a philosopher, he tells us that physical things are composed of sensations.[7] And Professor Pearson, whose special field is mechanics, informs us,[8] when he philosophizes, that external things are sense-impressions, really inside ourselves, but which we "project" without. Shade of Aristotle, remind us again that, if everything is sensation, there can be no such thing as sensation, for there is really no such thing as sense. Can any conceivable thing be, even to a philosopher, composed wholly of "inside"? How real is a world composed of sense-impressions which we throw out, and yet do not precisely throw out, since they remain within? Let us, without more ado, all sit upon our right; and let every post consist wholly of its own upper end!

"But," I think I hear it insisted, "such crudities of expression are not usually to be attributed to those who have entered the philosophic fold through the door. May a man not hold that the World is Idea, in some sense, and yet not demolish the world?" I answer: if by sensation one does not precisely mean sensation; if by idea one does not precisely mean idea; if these words are made to cover something really external, not conceived of as the content of any mind, not a "possibility," not a "projection" — then, of course, one may call the world

sensation or idea without treating it as those have done whom I have discussed in this chapter. But it does not seem unfair to ask those who like to use such words in a sense contrary to the common one, and who call themselves idealists, while departing widely from the views of Berkeley and Mill, whether there does not lurk a danger in the very diction that they employ? Certainly there is some danger of misleading others; it is not inconceivable that they deceive themselves. May it not be that they have become realists of a certain kind — let us say, enlightened realists? or, perhaps, enlightened realists with an idealistic emotional tinge? I leave the question for the present, merely stating that the World as Idea is an unreal and phantom world, if we take the word "idea" in its traditional and usual sense. The right of the philosopher to create out of common words a language of his own seems fairly open to dispute.[9]

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD AS IDEA AND THE RELUCTANT WITNESS

When a man attains to a certain degree of eminence, everything concerning him becomes of importance to a vast number of persons. Along with what is really valuable in the writings of Goethe and Schiller, we treasure casual remarks and trite aphorisms to which we should pay small attention were they not coupled with a great name; we collect them into little books bound in vellum, and we present them to our friends at the turning of the year. Napoleon's insignificant comment on the tower of the Antwerp cathedral finds its way into the guidebooks. The problem whether a given Elizabethan dramatist did or did not dine with another notable person of a June day in some year of our Lord or other is thought a proper subject for scientific research. We treasure scraps of letters, often of no ascertainable importance either to literature or to science, provided they are traceable to a famous pen; and our comment upon their contents is inspired by a lively interest and colored with a genial good will. And when what a man of established fame says really is of some importance, his utterance carries with it a weight of authority out of all proportion to the groundwork of argument upon which it is based.

I do not criticize this very human weakness. I merely note it and remark that it would give me great pleasure to be able to show that Immanuel Kant, who stands upon an imposing pedestal in the philosophic Hall of Fame, consistently disapproved a philosophy which does not strike me as sound, and consistently approved another which seems to me more reasonable and more in accordance with sober good sense.

But it is not easy to claim with a show of reason that Kant is all one's own. He has a perplexing habit of talking now on this side, now on that. The utmost that one can hope to do is to induce men to believe that he, on the whole, wanted to be of a given party, and that he was anxious not to be classed with certain other persons toward whom he shows, in various places, a lively antipathy.

"It is not given to every one," said Kant, "to write with so much acuteness, and at the same time in such an attractive manner, as did David Hume." He might have added: "It is not given to every one to write with such lucidity and consistency that, although critics and commentators may differ as to one's right to hold given opinions, there can be little cause for dispute touching the fact that one has intended to take this or that definite position and no other." Had Kant possessed this gift it would have curtailed enormously the Kantian literature. Why grope one's way about with a lantern in a world already sufficiently illuminated by the blessed sun? But this gift he did not have.

Neither in this brief chapter nor in the two chapters to follow shall I attempt to prove that Kant was consistent. Consistency, or a relative degree of consistency, was a simpler problem for a man like Hume, who took his philosophy lightly and could view the demolition of a world with good-humored cynicism. To say that we are compelled to believe that there is an external world, but can adduce no adequate ground for the belief, was easy for him, and it did no violence to his nature.[1]

Against this genial skepticism the scientific conscience of Kant rebelled. The earnest little man was in a narrow way; he was sore pressed. There were influences at work to drive his unwilling feet along the seductive path that ends in idealism; on the other hand, he felt that he simply must not lose the physical world of common thought and of science, content-

ing himself with so poor a substitute as a world of mere ideas. So he beat about somewhat at random, hitting, I think, upon a thought which could really help him out of his difficulty, but not holding to it very consistently, and not avoiding certain lapses into two types of philosophical doctrine, incompatible with each other, and incompatible with the doctrine in which lay his only hope of salvation, namely, the attaining of a world, the real world of science, and the attaining of it rationally, not by violence, after the fashion of the man who believes for no reason at all, nor by unwitting fraud, after the fashion of him who finds himself reduced to the straits of Pierre d'Ailly and Descartes.

The two ditches into which Kant, as he walked, kept stumbling in spite of himself were unequivocal idealism, on the one side, and the doctrine of a duplicate world, on the other. Should any one care to maintain that either of these doctrines may properly be called the philosophy of Kant, he can undoubtedly find some passages which appear to support his contention. We are many of us in a position to help him by giving references to such. It is worthy of remark, however, that Kant is more often to be found in the second ditch than in the first, for he took much less pains to avoid a slip in that direction; and it is further worthy of remark that from neither ditch can one catch a glimpse of the little wicket gate which was the goal of Kant's endeavor.

I have already touched briefly upon Kant's treatment of "appearances" and "things." * That he did not absolutely let go of the things is plain enough to those who can read him without prejudice. On his own principles, and conceiving of things as he did, he ought to have let go of them, of course. Like a multitude of his predecessors, he distinguished between things as they can appear, and things as they are in themselves. It is the old traditional distinction which, in Descartes

* See Chapter II.

and Locke, appears as that between ideas and the physical causes of ideas. We have seen * that, even in the philosophies of such thinkers, it is hard enough to keep one's hold upon the things, as all connection between the ideas supposed to be immediately given, and the duplicates of such ideas supposed to exist without, seems to be cut. Nevertheless, whether one has a right to assume the existence of the things or not, it is not palpably absurd to talk about the things as if they existed; one's words are not manifestly devoid of meaning.

When, however, Kant takes away from the things every single mark by which a thing of any sort can conceivably be identified as such; when he denies things position in space, existence in time, reality, causal relations, qualities of every description, indeed, absolutely everything that has any significance whatever, — then it is natural that men should begin asking themselves what he has kept in retaining the things, and should raise the question whether he has kept anything whatever. Those who do not want to believe in the things would hail every fresh robbery perpetrated upon them with a sensible pleasure; and they would end by saying: "I told you so! Kant does not really believe that there is anything there at all."

But we must never forget that, when we have said what we think a man ought to be, we have not necessarily said what he is. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, it is quite possible to make things and their existence wholly meaningless, and yet to go on believing in the existence of things. Men did it before Kant's day, and men have done it since. In this chapter I am chiefly concerned with what Kant, in spite of his treatment of things, did not want to be, and what various persons have wanted to make him. *He did not want to be an idealist* — the ditch on his left he would avoid at the risk of any degree of inconsistency, for he believed firmly that he who

* See Chapter II.

stumbles into it loses his world and becomes a shade among shadows.

Before proceeding to consider the evidences of this inclination and conviction on Kant's part, it is worth while to consider under what circumstances one may be assumed to mean what one says. When a man speaks vaguely and his utterances do not harmonize with one another, there may naturally arise disputes as to how seriously he would have this or that expression of opinion taken. Sometimes men say things without fully realizing in what sense they may be understood. Sometimes their utterances are the expression of a passing mood, and do not represent anything like a settled conviction or habit of thought.

But let us suppose that a man in his fifties, one who has all his life been accustomed to critical scientific work, publishes, after at least twelve years of reflection, a bulky volume intended for the learned. Let us suppose that this is reviewed by another scholar, who scents in it, and points out, an affinity to Berkeley's doctrine of the World as Idea. Let us suppose that the author thus reviewed falls into a high state of exasperation, and publishes, two years after the appearance of the book criticized, a very lengthy and elaborate answer, in which he repudiates sharply the supposed relationship to Berkeley, and takes occasion to make various strictures upon him and upon idealists generally. Let us suppose, finally, that six years after the first publication of the book in question, the author publishes a second edition, modifying the work in the spirit of the treatise printed four years before, and incorporating in it a "Refutation of Idealism."[2] Can we, under such circumstances, maintain with any color of reason that the author's antipathy to idealism is a thing to be taken lightly and to be explained away? Surely not. Kant disliked idealism from the bottom of his soul. It threatened to rob him of his real world; and, if he could help it, he would have none of it.

It is no wonder, thought Kant, that "the good Berkeley," holding such views as he did, "degraded bodies to mere illusory appearances." [3] Nor does he regard Berkeley as standing alone in his unfair treatment of the things revealed by sense: "The motto of all genuine idealists," he writes, "from the Eleatic school to Bishop Berkeley, is included in the formula: 'All knowledge through the senses and experience is nothing else than illusory appearance, and only in the ideas of the pure understanding and reason is truth to be found.'" [4]

Kant's strongest point is not the history of philosophy, and one may question the propriety of calling Parmenides an idealist and of classing him under this title with Berkeley. As a matter of fact the former held on to what the latter was most anxious to throw away — a duplicate world beyond appearances. Nevertheless, Kant's sagacity was not at fault in detecting that each did a certain injustice to the world spread out before the senses, revealed in sight and touch and hearing and the rest. Parmenides and his followers deliberately degraded it to the rank of mere appearance, and contrasted it with a world more real. So did many others who help to fill the long stretch of time between the Eleatic and the first great idealist. Berkeley made a brave effort to avoid this blunder, and insisted upon the reality of the things we see and touch. As we have seen in the chapter on the Unreality of the World as Idea, his effort was a comparative failure. Berkeley's "things" were not the real things of common sense and science; in spite of themselves, they have a flavor of the Eleatic unreality; they are not merely appearance, but they come dangerously near to being "mere appearance."

All those who, wittingly or unwittingly, rob of their reality the things given in our experience, Kant is disposed to condemn *en masse*, as guilty of genuine idealism. It is true that he calls his own doctrine idealism, but he does it with many apologies for using the word at all, and he insists that it is the

direct opposite of "that idealism proper" [5] to which he has so strongly objected.

He has used the word, he explains, because in one point he agrees with the idealists: he regards space and time, with all that is contained in them, as belonging to the realm of the appearances of things, not to that of things-in-themselves or the properties of such. He believes, however, that his "so-called" idealism stands alone, in that it regards the world of appearances revealed to us as a world which owes its constitution to the native peculiarities of our sensibility and our capacity for thought. Given the raw material of sensation, we work it up into a world of things, and the nature of our minds prescribes its laws to all possible experience. This strikes Kant as putting into our hands a sure criterion by which truth may be distinguished from illusory appearance.[6]

His own idealism, thus, seems to him to be so different from all other kinds that it keeps a real world, whereas all others revel in unrealities. "Idealism proper," he writes, "has always had an extravagant aim, and can have no other." He will have no confusions; he would like to have given to his own doctrine some other name, for the better avoiding of such, but he compromises by calling it "formal" or "critical" idealism, and he hopes that this may distinguish it from the "dogmatic" idealism of Berkeley, and the "skeptical" idealism of Descartes.[7]

Notwithstanding his apologetic adoption of the name, Kant's resentment against the extravagances of idealism burns within him. The idealist threatens to rob him of his world, and, by the saints! he will not be robbed! In his zeal against unreality, he even seems to forget that he has called himself an idealist of a sort, and he incontinently attacks "idealism" without giving to that objectionable substantive any qualifying adjective. Thus, he writes: "However harmless idealism may be considered as regards the essential ends of metaphysics,

although it really is not harmless, yet it must remain a scandal to philosophy and to the human reason in general to be compelled to assume, merely as an article of faith, the existence of things external to us, from which things we nevertheless get all the materials of knowledge even for the internal sense, and not to be able to refute satisfactorily any one who takes the notion to call it in question." This is from the preface to the second edition of the famous "Critique"; and in the same bit of writing he classes together idealism and skepticism as "dangerous to the schools, but scarcely likely to be taken up by the public."

The same feeling is unmistakably present in the much-discussed refutation of idealism introduced into the second edition of the "Critique." It is true that Kant there distinguishes between different kinds of idealism, but the title "Refutation of Idealism" stares us boldly in the face, the argument is preceded by the statement that "idealism" brings forward a powerful objection to proving indirectly that things exist, and in an appended note we are informed that "the game played by idealism" is, with more justice, turned against itself.

If ever a man was anxious to clear himself of the charge of consorting with Berkeleyans and all such pestilent fellows, it was Kant. He would have a physical world, the world recognized by the sciences, the world of permanent things outside of us, a world quite distinct from mere "presentations," or, as Berkeley would have called them, "ideas." His words are the more emphatic in that he finds it not a little difficult to answer satisfactorily the charge brought against him, and that he thinks it necessary to retain what is to him an offensive name. We are not the less warm in our condemnation of ultra-conviviality, if we feel that we must call ourselves moderate drinkers, and if we learn that our neighbors are inclined to refuse us the compliment of the saving adjective.

I have dwelt especially upon Kant's antipathy to idealism, partly, because of the humorous circumstance that he has the

honor to stand at the head of a long line of idealists, whom, could he have lived and have retained his faculties unchanged, he would undoubtedly have characterized as men of "extravagant" aims; and partly, to bring out clearly the fact that he really was very anxious not to get too far away from Everybody's World, and not to repudiate or mutilate the body of knowledge contained in the special sciences, in the validity of which body of knowledge he had an unwavering faith. The acceptance of "genuine idealism," or of "idealism proper," seemed to him to imply a denial of the real external world, and the reduction of our experience to a realm of mere illusory appearance.

We hear so much of the Kantian idealism, and of the post-Kantian idealism in its development in Germany, England, and America, that we are apt, even when we have some acquaintance with the history of philosophy, to think of the whole movement as more or less dignified by the weight of Kant's authority. But let us not forget the facts. David Hume, seduced thereto by Berkeley, brought the external world into court and put it in jeopardy of its life. Kant felt it his duty to appear and to testify in its favor. His intention was unmistakable; but his testimony was not very clear and it was not wholly coherent, so, to his disgust, he went on record as speaking rather for the plaintiff than for the defendant. It helped him little that he returned more than once to the court, and tried to make it plain that he really was a witness for the other party. Men did not wish to hear this; and there have been those down to our own time who have refused to take seriously what he saw fit to say in emendation of his original statement.[8]

If, then, we decide to regard Kant as a witness in favor of idealism, let us do him the justice to record the fact that he was a reluctant witness. He is willing to be a "so-called" [9] idealist, but he wishes it distinctly understood that his idealism is neither "genuine" nor "proper," and that he is not a man of

"extravagant" aims. No world of illusory appearance for him! He wants real things, really outside of himself, and clearly distinguished from "presentations," or ideas, which, as he expressly tells us, are all fugitive existences, and by no means to be identified with permanently existing external things.[10]

Did Kant get such real things? Did he even point out a way by which they may be gotten? He tried three ways, all of which I shall consider in the next chapter. But I must close this chapter with a few paragraphs to remind us again that those who have traced some kinship between Kant and Berkeley have not been without the color of an excuse. Kant's first visit to the court resulted in the expression of some very doubtful sentiments. Thus, he said: —

"Whatever the source of our presentations,* whether they are due to the influence of external things, or are produced by internal causes; whether they have come into being *a priori*, or empirically as phenomena; nevertheless, being modifications of the mind, they belong to the internal sense." . . .[11]

"All presentations have, as presentations, their object, and they can, in their turn, be the object of other presentations. Phenomena are the only objects which can be immediately given us, and that in them which has immediate relation to the object is called intuition. These phenomena are not, however, things-in-themselves, but are themselves presentations, which, in their turn, have their object, which cannot be given us in intuition, and, hence, may be called the non-empirical or transcendental object, a mere *x*.

"It is the pure concept of this transcendental object — which, indeed, in all our cognitions is always just the same, a mere *x* — that is able to give to all our empirical concepts in general their relation to an object, in other words, to give them objective reality."

In the sentences following this extract, Kant goes on to indi-

* Kant's word is "Vorstellung"; Berkeley would have said "idea."

cate that this "relation to an object" signifies only that our experiences are gathered into a certain unity, and ordered, by a native power of the mind.[12]

Kant speaks a language of his own, but there is no reason why the thoughts which he had in mind, when he wrote such sentences as the above, should not be rendered into good Berkeleyan English. In such a dress they would appear about as follows: Everything that we can represent in the imagination or perceive by sense may justly be called "idea," and regarded as in the mind. The things we perceive we must not suppose to be things existing independently of our minds; they are appearances. These appearances we refer to an object, which, as it can never be given in experience, and must remain to us wholly unknown, we may call the transcendental object, a mere x. It is the relation to this x, this unknown, — which is, by the way, precisely the same thing to us no matter what objects we may be talking about, for it really is simply an unknown — that makes our experience an experience of things and not a mere flow of unrelated ideas. But when we consider this x critically, we perceive that it is not really a something without the mind, but is only a scheme by which the mind groups its experiences and introduces order into them.

I can conceive Berkeley reading Kant's utterances and exclaiming: We are brothers; we are fingers of one hand! Why should we disagree? I am not so sure about the mind's doing all that you say it does; but we are, at least, at one in thinking that we perceive nothing but our ideas; and we are at one in our readiness to throw away the meaningless and useless duplicate external world in which so many of our predecessors interested themselves. Our world, the only world that in any way concerns us, is a world that exists in minds. You are an idealist as unequivocally as I am.

When Kant came back again into the court to explain himself, and to insist that he really did not mean to be a witness for

the plaintiff, he did not speak clearly enough to cancel all that he had said before. People still shook their heads and said, On which side is the man talking? Many decided, and many still think, that the court records prove the Sage of Königsberg to have been a great and a very ingenious idealist — the man of all others who dealt the independent physical external world its death blow.

The situation is exquisitely humorous. Our great witness for idealism is a reluctant and sulky witness, a protesting witness, a witness whose heart is palpably with the plain man and the man of science. Let Parmenides and Plato and Berkeley soar irresponsibly if they will;[13] he wants to keep his feet on mother earth, and when it is pointed out to him that he appears to have reached the region of the clouds himself, he expresses himself with asperity. His children rise up and call him blessed, but he talks bitterly of "extravagance." What was Kant thinking about when he begat such sons as have succeeded him! Could he not, at least, have looked more narrowly to the terms of his will, putting his doctrine, so to speak, in trust, and providing against a reckless dissipation of the principal brought together by his genius and industry? But it is too much to expect even a great philosopher to be also a prophet; just as it is too much to expect of plain human nature to suppose that it will forego the advantage of an appeal to a great name, where such an appeal may be made under any shadow of an excuse. I remind my reader that I have indicated at the beginning of this chapter that I am as sensible as others of the profit to be drawn from an association with the great.

But, seriously, it is very clear what Kant did not want to be. To me it seems equally clear what he did want to be. He wanted to be a scientific man, and to hold unequivocally to the world of which the sciences give an account, a world to which, in his opinion, idealism does scant justice. How he went about his task I shall discuss in what follows.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD AS PHENOMENON

I HAVE said that Immanuel Kant tried three ways of defending the real external world accepted by science and by common sense, but put in jeopardy of its life by David Hume at the instigation of "the good Berkeley." It is a matter of no small moment to a defendant how a defense is conducted. To enter upon three distinct and incompatible lines of defense at the same time may well cause misgivings in the mind of one interested in the outcome of the trial.

Let us suppose it is a question whether John Smith is or is not officially to be declared dead and out of the way forever. Does it seem wise for one defending him to maintain: —

1. That he undoubtedly lives, but in such retirement that he can never be described and identified, and must be represented always and everywhere by a proxy quite unlike him, namely, by the shade which may be seen in the court?

2. That such is the complexion of this something before the court, that it is quite impossible to include it under the category of mere shades, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding?

3. That John does not enjoy a hypothetical and doubtful existence at all, but is a real man, actually present in the court *in propria persona*, and may be as directly known as judge and jury — indeed, has been known by judge and jury ever since they had the sense to know themselves?

It is thus that Kant would save for us the world menaced by Hume. He will, by entering upon the first two lines of defense indicated, gild the refined gold of seemingly palpable fact re-

vealed to us in the third; but his intemperate zeal tarnishes its fair surface. We begin to be suspicious of John, whom we thought we knew very well, when we are informed that he is in himself unknown and unknowable, but, nevertheless, existent. Nor are we reassured when we are encouraged to believe that the John we see before us must be real, since such is the constitution of our faculties that we cannot but make him a real John. Who would dare to talk thus about a man outside of the pages of a philosophical book? Are we really talking about a man?

The fact is that Kant speaks in this eccentric fashion because he is not quite clear in his mind about John. Defend him he must — what would life be without him? But he is sadly hampered in his defense by the traditional doctrine of the duplicate world, not directly known, and its unreal or half-real representative in our minds. The man whose existence is in question seems to resolve himself into two men. One of these is unknown and is palpably not a man at all; the other, who can be inspected, is under suspicion of being no true man. The case is a hard one. Whom are we to defend as existent and as real? Until there is some certainty upon this point, it is impossible that we should speak consistently and coherently.

Berkeley ignored the first man, and did his best to rehabilitate the second. To Kant it appeared that his efforts were unsuccessful, and that the creature for which the Bishop vouched remained still a shade. So Kant kept the duplicate, reduced to the barest ghost of a duplicate, and he begged it to defend him somehow against the assaults of the idealist. At the same time, he insisted that the shade before the court was a very good shade, of settled habits, and by no means a *mere* shade, like Berkeley's disreputable protégé. It was, to be sure, not quite the real thing; but it was next door to it, and it ought to be good enough for anybody.

Upon Kant, the champion of the World as Unknowable

and of the World as Reputable Shade, I must dwell for a little, before I turn to the Kant who frankly accepts the man before the court as he is accepted without hesitation in science and in common life. In other words, I must consider Kant's two unsuccessful attempts to be a realist, before I discuss his discovery of the true path. It would not be fair to him to pass them over in silence.

"Idealism," writes our would-be realist, when smarting under the charge of being an idealist himself,[1] "consists in the assertion that only thinking beings exist, and that the other things which we believe to be directly perceived by us are mere presentations * in minds, to which in reality no object having its existence outside of minds corresponds. I say, as against this: there are things given to our senses as objects existing outside of us, although of what they may be in themselves we know nothing, but know only their appearances, that is, the presentations which they cause in us by acting upon our senses. Hence, I certainly avow that there are bodies outside of us; in other words, there are things which, while they are wholly unknown to us so far as concerns what they may be in themselves, are nevertheless known to us through the presentations procured us by their acting upon our faculty of sense, and which we call by the name 'body.' This word, then, stands for nothing else than the appearance of that, to us unknown, but not on that account less real, object. Can this be called idealism? It is its direct opposite."

According to this, what we see before us in the court is not the man himself, but his apparition, an "Erscheinung." The thing which it represents, and which is doubted by the skeptic and denied by the idealist, is that duplicate world which Kant never quite plucked up the courage to throw away.[2] Of its uselessness and insignificance no one can be more clearly conscious than he appears to be in some passages,[3] but he has not

* Kant's word is "Vorstellung"; Berkeley would have said "idea."

always that consciousness, and this ghost continues to haunt him. It is real, and yet not real, something and yet scarcely something, theoretically impotent and yet capable of dictating his terminology and of coloring his views of what is revealed in experience. He who retains even a trace of superstitious faith in this ghost is compelled to do injustice to the man before the court. That man becomes to him literally an apparition, an echo, a second-hand something, which it is not enough to produce in public, but which must be vouched for by another. He does not merely "appear," but he is turned into "mere appearance."

And yet Kant sees clearly that it will not do to make too unreal the man before the court — the external world as it seems to science and to common sense to be spread out before us for direct inspection. Who can construct a world out of an "I know not what"? Has it any place in the system of things which we are concerned to know? Does any science waste its time in looking for what is, by hypothesis, not to be found? Does any man in private life institute a search for "*x*'s"? Such "*x*'s" are not "bodies." [4] They can be called "objects" only in a secondary and doubtful sense of the word; [5] objects of knowledge they are not, for they cannot be known. They have no place in Nature, for Nature consists of something wholly different.[6]

It is absolutely essential, then, that something be done to rehabilitate the very man before the court — the world that we actually live in. It is the only world that means anything to us, and if that is discredited, we lose all. May we not maintain that, although it is appearance (*Erscheinung*), it is, at least, not illusory appearance (*Schein*)? Can we not discover in it marks that redeem it from the charge of being only a world of ideas, a bad Berkeleyan dream? Admitting that all things must be classified as either *phenomena*, appearances, or *noumena*, the unknown correlates of appearances,[7] and admit-

ting that noumena simply have to be left out of count as unusable material for world-building; why not maintain that in phenomena, in appearances themselves, we have what suffices to make a world, and a very good world at that? Let us put stiffening into appearances; let us encourage them to hold up their heads as though they were something themselves, and not mere shamefaced shadows!

Kant is earnestly desirous of putting stiffening into them. But the ancient tradition which he cannot shake off has already condemned them to the limp and spiritless existence of copies, proxies, mental representatives of an extra-mental reality. He struggles with the old conviction that only mental phenomena can be directly known; and as he is betrayed into making all phenomena mental phenomena, a world unequivocally external threatens to elude him altogether.

"We have in the 'Transcendental Æsthetics' abundantly proved," he writes,[8] "that everything perceived in space or time, hence, all objects of an experience possible to us, are nothing but phenomena, in other words, mere presentations; and these as presented — as extended things or series of changes — have no independent existence outside of our thoughts." And again,[9] "Time and space, and, together with them, all phenomena, are in themselves not things, but are only presentations, and can have no existence whatever outside of our minds."

All phenomena, all appearances whatever, are thus in us; they come perilously near to being what Berkeley calls "ideas." The choir of heaven and furniture of the earth have no existence independent of our thoughts and perceptions. At best, they can only be considered, when we are not actually perceiving them, as the "possibilities of perception" dwelt upon by Mill: "That the moon may have inhabitants, although no man has ever perceived them, must be admitted; but this means only that we could in the possible progress of experi-

ence, discover them; for everything is real that stands in the same context with a percept according to the laws of the progress of experience." [10]

The man before the court is, thus, discredited at the outset. He is a man who exists only in the mind of the spectator, an *internal* man; or, if external, external only in a certain doubtful sense which makes his "externality" difficult to distinguish from "internality." We may refuse to call him "idea"; but to call him "presentation," and then to say that presentations can exist only in the mind, seems no better than a roundabout way of insulting him.

As we have seen in the last chapter, Kant has it called to his attention that he is standing with his arm around the neck of Berkeley, and he is properly horrified at the company he is keeping. He must do something to show that he is not of this party. But, instead of denying unequivocally and at once that the man on trial is an "internal" man, a mental creature, he insists that he is not an "internal" man *of the sort that Berkeley supposes him to be*, an illusory and unreliable idea, but is an "internal" man of a quite peculiar constitution, one whose peculiarities are fixed in advance by the nature of the mind in which he has his being, and one whose behavior can, hence, be predicted.[11]

In commenting upon Kant's procedure in this instance, it is necessary to point out, in the first place, that Berkeley never conceived his external world to be an illusory appearance, but regarded it as a very orderly thing, and as unquestionably real.[12] It is necessary, in the second place, to note that, although Kant maintains that his doctrine of fixed forms, native to the mind and dictating their character to objects experienced, gives us a "sure criterion" for distinguishing truth from illusory appearance; nevertheless, when the question is whether any particular presentation (*Vorstellung*) is to be taken as indicating the presence of a real external thing, or is to be condemned

as illusory, it never occurs to him to fall back upon this criterion, but he distinguishes between real and imaginary just as Berkeley did, and as we all do in common life.[13] Lastly, it is necessary to emphasize the fact that Kant's second line of defense is not a defense of the real external world of science and common thought at all, but is an abandonment of it. It is an attempt to make the best of a desperate situation — to give a fictitious externality to what is admittedly in the mind and nowhere else. Things knowable and unknowable have been classified as phenomena and noumena. Noumena have been as good as thrown away; they have been banished from nature. Phenomena have been put into minds. Where in the world are minds? Logically, they are not in the world at all, and exist at no time.

This is the demolition of Everybody's World. It does not light it up for us, making clear its outlines, showing us what is meant by the distinction of ideas and things, subjective and objective, mere appearance and real existence. It does not justify our confidence in the world in which we live and have lived, but arouses a just suspicion. If nothing better than this can be said for the man before the court, he is surely no true man, and we do well to mistrust him.

It is with relief that I turn from Kant the mouthpiece of ancient metaphysical prejudices to Kant the man of science and of robust common sense. To this Kant, in spite of himself, the external world was as real and as undeniable as it is to the rest of us. We all recognize that we perceive some material things, and that we infer the existence of things unperceived, from what is directly revealed in perception. Here Kant is with us, even in the first edition of the "Critique."

He informs us that, if we are to know real things, we must have *perception*, and, hence, conscious sensation. This does not mean that we must necessarily perceive the object itself, whose existence we are to know. But the object must, at least,

have some connection with a real perception, according to the analogies that represent real connection in an experience. Thus, he tells us, we recognize the existence of a magnetic matter penetrating all bodies, by starting out from the perception of the iron filings attracted by the magnet; and this, notwithstanding the fact that the constitution of our organs makes a direct perception of such matter impossible to us. We know that, were our senses more acute, we should in experience have a direct empirical intuition of what is now beyond the reach of our vision. The coarseness of our senses is not the measure of existence. Our knowledge of the existence of things reaches as far as perception and what may be inferred from perception according to empirical laws.[14]

Kant's illustration of the magnetic matter is taken from the science of the day; but, to the principle which it illustrates, no one can take exception. It is common sense, and it is science. We do not believe that things exist just because we think of them; we do not believe that only that exists which we actually perceive; we believe that things exist if their existence may be inferred from what we perceive according to certain rules vouched for by our actual experience of the connection of things.

Nevertheless, Kant is not satisfied. Have not the philosophers claimed that all these experienced things are only ideas, and nothing external? How shall we refute the philosophers, and save the real external world? He who admits that only the mind and its ideas are immediately known reduces the outer world to the conclusion of a dubious process of reasoning — it is banished from actual experience, and the skeptic who doubts its existence is never actually refuted. What we want is indubitable certainty. External things must be put upon the same footing upon which we stand ourselves. We never think of doubting our own existence; let us treat the world as generously and admit it as unequivocally.

There is, however, only one way of annihilating skeptical doubt and dogmatic denial. That way lies in maintaining that the external world is as immediately experienced as are our mental states; that things are as directly known as are ideas, and are not obtained as the result of an inference from ideas. Into this road Kant struck at last. In the second edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason" he presented the famous "Refutation of Idealism," which is his most serious attempt to rehabilitate the external world — to show that there can be no reasonable doubt touching the existence and the reality of the man actually before the court.

The argument is the elaboration of a thought which is brought forward in the vivacious answer to the charge of being an idealist which he had published four years before. There he writes:[15] "What is intuited as in space is empirically outside of me; and since space, with all phenomena in space, belongs to the presentations whose connection according to the laws of experience proves their objective reality, just as truly as the connection of the phenomena of the internal sense proves the reality of my mind as an object of the internal sense; it follows that I am through external experience just as conscious of the reality of bodies as external phenomena in space, as I am through internal experience of the existence of my mind in time. Even my mind I know only as an object of the internal sense, through phenomena which constitute an internal state; the being in itself that lies at the foundation of these phenomena is unknown to me."

Again: " . . . It is as certain an experience that there exist bodies outside of us, in space, as that I myself exist as presented through the internal sense, in time; for the conception 'outside of us' means nothing but 'existing in space.' However, the 'I,' in the proposition 'I exist,' signifies not merely the object of internal intuition, in time, but also the 'subject' of consciousness; and the word 'body' does not signify only

the external intuition, in space, but also the thing-in-itself that lies at the foundation of this phenomenon. Hence, it can without scruple be denied that bodies, as phenomena of the external sense, exist outside of my thoughts, as bodies, in nature. But it is precisely the same, if I raise the question: whether I myself as phenomenon of the internal sense — the 'soul' of empirical psychology — exist, in time, outside of my presentative faculty; for this must be denied as well."

Descartes had placed the external world among the things that we can doubt; but he had no doubt of the existence of himself and his thoughts. Kant wishes to put the external world upon precisely the same level as the latter. Who knows the mind as a thing-in-itself, outside of experience? Who need know or care to know the external world as a spaceless and unperceivable duplicate of the world revealed by the senses? If the world is as real as we are, the only "we" of which we can know anything whatever, is it not real enough for anybody? We are conscious of ourselves; we are also conscious of bodies; in each case, we have *experience*.

Let us not quarrel with Kant for his not wholly successful struggle with "the internal sense" and "the external sense"; these were inherited difficulties. Let us forbear to ask him in what sense bodies can be "outside of us," and yet exist only in our "thoughts," which are presumably "inside." A light is breaking in upon our philosopher. If it is insufficient to scatter the darkness completely, it is something to be thankful for, nevertheless.

The "Refutation of Idealism" is an exceedingly curious bit of writing. Kant's thought is not very clear to himself, — how could it be, when he was occupying three positions simultaneously? — and his exposition is halting and repetitious. He is himself not satisfied with his argument, and he comes back to a restatement of it in a long footnote in the preface to the second edition of the "Critique." In each instance, he

finds it necessary to insist that we must accept as fact the immediate consciousness of what is really external, and is not mere "presentation" in us, whether we can or cannot understand the possibility of such a consciousness. This means that the external world for which Kant means to enter the lists is not idea, is not presentation, does not exist only in our thoughts, is not internal, but is the independent external world of science and of common sense, which has been threatened by the philosophers.

Of this world we have as direct a knowledge, he insists, as we have of our own ideas. It is most important to remember that the external world of which he is speaking is not the nebulous and chaotic realm of negations to which things-in-themselves have been relegated. We not only do not know that immediately, according to Kant, but we do not know it at all. The world which he declares to be truly external and yet immediately known is Everybody's External World — the choir of heaven and the furniture of the earth, planets seen and unseen, human beings and possible inhabitants of the moon.

The argument of the "Refutation" is as follows:[16] "I am conscious of my existence as determined in time. All determination in time presupposes something *permanent* in perception. But this permanent something cannot be something in me, just because my existence must itself be determined by this permanent something. Hence the perception of this permanent something is made possible only by a *thing* outside of me, and not by the mere presentation * of a thing outside of me. It follows that the determination of my existence in time is only possible through the existence of real things which I perceive outside of me. Now, consciousness in time is necessarily connected with the possibility of this determination in time; and, consequently, it is necessarily connected with the existence of things outside of me, as the

* "Vorstellung," — the word covers just what Berkeley meant by "idea."

condition of determination in time. In other words, the consciousness of my own existence is, at the same time, an immediate consciousness of the existence of other things outside of me."

To this bit of reasoning, which cannot be said to shine with a steady light, Kant appended three main notes and a footnote.

In these he informs us: that idealism assumes that our only immediate experience is internal experience, and that, starting out from this, we must *infer* external things, while here it is proved, not presupposed, but actually proved, that external experience is properly immediate, whether we can conceive the possibility of this or cannot; that, furthermore, all our actual determination of time is in harmony with this, for we cannot determine time except by taking into consideration things and their motions — for example, the motion of the sun with respect to terrestrial objects; and, lastly, that although the existence of external objects is indispensable to a determined consciousness of ourselves, it does not follow that every presentation proves the existence of a real object, for there are such things as dreams and illusions — we must examine our experience in detail and test our presentations before we consent to trust them. In the recapitulation of his argument, in the preface to the second edition of the "Critique," Kant tries to make it very clear that the external and permanent something of which he is conscious in perception is in no sense a presentation in him, for all presentations must be fugitive and changing. It is really and unequivocally external, and is yet immediately known.

I have spared the reader the citation in full of Kant's tangled and patched argument. The original is within the reach of all, and I have given the substance. John Locke deplored, in the preface to his "Essay," that "the endeavors of ingenious and industrious men" had managed to make of philosophy, which

is "nothing but the true knowledge of things," a something "thought unfit or incapable to be brought into well-bred company and polite conversation." Certainly, the terminology and the style of the "Critique of Pure Reason" are not to be commended; and every lover of Kant must regret that he had not the gift of expressing clearly and simply the profound thoughts that occurred to him, no one of which is incapable of being presented in a dress less calculated to conceal its form and features.

Nevertheless, in spite of the tangle of thought and language, two cardinal points stand out unmistakably: first, that the real external world is as immediately known as our own "presentations," which Kant treats as fugitive existences in the mind and contrasts with things; and, second, that what we recognize as our "internal" experiences can only be assigned their place by having recourse to the external order of physical things.

It may seem odd, at first sight, that he should have wished to *prove* what he claims to be immediately known. If the external world is as directly known as are our ideas, why set out from the latter to prove that we must immediately know the former? Is there any more reason for this than there is for setting out from the former to prove that we are conscious of the latter? Again, must it not seem odd, to one who is acquainted with the two philosophers in question, that Kant should detest Berkeley, and have a good word for Descartes? [17] He evidently stands much nearer, in certain important respects, to the great idealist. To Berkeley, the real external things are the very things we see and feel, they are immediately known; to Descartes, they are the hypothetical duplicates of experienced mental things, which latter alone we directly know.

But both of these peculiarities can easily be explained when we realize that Kant could not quite strip off the old prejudice that the mind is shut up to its ideas, and that one must begin

with ideas, wherever one may end. That he retained a flavor of this is clear from his insistence that we must accept an immediate knowledge of external things, even if we cannot conceive how such is possible. The difficulty is one only from the standpoint of a world known at one remove — the Cartesian. If we once admit that things cannot be known except mediately, and by inference from ideas, then, of course, it is hard to understand how we can have an immediate consciousness of things.

On this side, Kant is not wholly out of sympathy with Descartes, although he combats his position. Nor is he out of sympathy with him in a second matter of no little significance. The great French scientist accepted a world indubitably real and permanent; he related ideas to it. To be sure, he thrust this world out of sight, and made it the object of faith, not of direct vision. Nevertheless, his world was such a world as Kant wanted; it was not the iridescent unreality mirrored in a bubble. Kant wanted this world; he wanted it directly, wanted to feel sure of it, as Descartes could not be sure. But he did not want a cheap substitute for it at any price. It was this that Berkeley offered him — the World as Idea.

We quite miss the significance of Kant's "Refutation" if we fail to see that he made an important advance upon Berkeley. He had a right to maintain that, in intention and in principle, at least, he was not in the least a Berkeleyan. At one with Berkeley in holding that things immediately perceived are the real things, he denies flatly the second part of Berkeley's contention, namely, that these real things are *ideas*. To Kant, when Kant is at his best, they are not ideas, not "presentations," not mental things. They are not in the mind, but are really external, in a sense of the word which keeps "external" and "internal" sharply contrasted, as they are sharply contrasted in science and in common thought.

In other words, Kant stood, not for the doctrine of the World as Idea, but for the doctrine of the World as Phenomenon. The difference is far-reaching in its significance. We have seen what consequences Berkeley deduced from his contention that the World is Idea. The idealists from his day to ours have drawn from the same thought conclusions scarcely less momentous, if somewhat different. To none of these "extravagances" does Kant's doctrine of the World as Phenomenon commit him.

It simply cuts off an unknown and unknowable — a meaningless — "beyond," and insists that the real world is the world of ideas and things directly revealed. The World as Idea is the World as Subjective Phenomenon. Kant points out shrewdly that the World as Subjective Phenomenon is a world on one leg, and is incapable of standing alone. His World as Phenomenon has room in it for the subjective and the objective, for internal phenomena and external phenomena, for ideas and things. It is nothing else than the world of experience, Everybody's World, which contains minds and their ideas, to be sure, but which does not consist exclusively of such. The philosopher who accepts it frankly has to mark the distinction between ideas and things, and to point out clearly what these words properly indicate. Kant was too heavily handicapped with tradition to do this satisfactorily. But he should not, on that account, be denied the glory of rediscovering Everybody's World, after the philosophers had played with it and lost it. He saw it dimly, and through the mists of old philosophies — but he saw it unmistakably, and he fell into a age when men tried to filch it from him.

It cannot, then, surprise us that Kant disliked being called idealist. He was only an idealist when an unlucky slip him into the ditch on the left. And he was only a real- old-fashioned type when the doctrine of the duplicate ed him too hard and he went headlong down the

slope to the right, becoming thereby as a sheep in the hands of the skeptic. From the first ditch, he could see nothing but Berkeley's World as Idea, which he repudiated; from the second, he could see no world at all, but must content himself with a shadow cast by the Unknowable. The real world, the world we live in, the world of experience, was only visible when he kept to his true path, the one marked out in the "Refutation."

When on this path, Kant is not an idealist; the thing-in-itself does not exist for him, it is a silly fiction which may be dismissed without more ado. He is concerned only with the ideas and things revealed in experience. In other words, he is a *Modern Realist*, the first great modern realist, the discoverer of the World as Phenomenon — Everybody's World, but Everybody's World seen under a clearer light and with sharper outlines.

Seen under a clearer light, I say, because it is no small thing to recognize explicitly and consciously that things are to be found *in* appearances and not *beyond* or *behind* them; to realize clearly that the fact that we have senses and perceive things does not in the least make it doubtful that things really exist and are perceived. Kant stands with the plain man; but the plain man is inarticulate — he cannot defend his own position. Kant is articulate; or, at least, he makes it possible for us to be so, if we will but learn of him. Things are to be found in appearances, phenomena; and yet some distinction is to be drawn between things and their appearances. In the past, men had dwelt upon the distinction and lost the things; Kant puts us in a position to keep both.

Now, there is nothing to prevent the modern realist, who accepts the ideas and the things of Everybody's World, and who recognizes that both stand on the same level as revealed in experience, from beginning at once with an examination of things as revealed. He may analyze the experience and

show just what it is. Idealism is sufficiently refuted by simply pointing out that we actually have an experience of things, and that the universally accepted characteristics of things are so different from the marks which lead us to call certain experiences ideas, that there is little excuse for confusing the two. Indeed, one may point out that in actual practice the two are seldom confused.

If, however, one has, touching the immediacy of our knowledge of things, secret doubts, or has even those vague misgivings which are the traces left by discredited and disappearing doubts, it is perhaps more natural to attempt the rout of the idealist by a flank movement. One may reassure oneself and others by showing, that he who reduces the world to idea loses his world altogether. He cannot arrange even his ideas in any semblance of order; he cannot identify them as ideas. It is only by bringing in what he denies that he can avoid palpable absurdity.

It is undeniable that we do order our ideas, and do not whirl helpless in a chaos of unrelated experiences. Here I sit at this moment. It is I who sit here, and not another. I can run back in memory over the bygone years and can arrange my experiences in a certain order which represents a life. Once I was in Philadelphia, far from my present place of abode. I had percepts, felt emotions, saw visions and dreamed dreams. The years succeed each other; they stand out from one another. Those experiences really did take place, and did take place at definite times, the intervals between which are measurable with some accuracy. Later I was in New York. Other experiences; other dates. Then I crossed the water. The emotions which accompanied the crossing have their own definite place, and they fall into it with automatic precision. Here I am now.

Is this "now" afloat upon a sea of subjective foam and temporal indeterminateness? Has it no fixed and measurable re-

lation to time and circumstance preceding? I accept it as lying somewhere within the brief span which stretches between my birth and my resignation of this pleasing anxious being. But how far is it from each of the facts recalled to me by memory? Where is my measure? Moreover, the two insignificant occurrences which terminate the brief span alluded to, and which form the extreme limits of the line upon which I can arrange all my subjective facts — these do not constitute the beginning and the end of time. They can, it seems, be dated. But, with reference to what?

No one has recognized more unmistakably than did Kant that striking feature of Everybody's World dwelt upon in Chapter I; namely, that all subjective phenomena are ordered by a reference to the physical system of things. Not by a reference to my ideas of the physical system, mark you; not by a reference to the ideas of some one else. The time of ideas, whether the ideas be mine or another's, must be referred to the hour-glass, to the clock, to the diurnal revolution of the earth, to the changing moon, to our yearly journey around the sun. From time immemorial have men thus measured time. There has been no other way of doing it.

Let one seriously make the attempt to fix the date and the duration of his own dream by keeping strictly and unequivocally to ideas. Let one determine the time of one's percept without fixing a surreptitious eye upon the motions in nature! Kant has done well. He who denies a world truly external has no real time; a fig for his dates — they amount to nothing!

Nevertheless, had Kant not been embarrassed by certain prejudices touching the "internal sense" and time as its "form," he might have followed the lead of his great predecessor Aristotle,* and have approached the question in a broader way. Can all experience be *internal* experience? If there is no world to which I can cling, and in which I can take my place, I am no-

* See Chapter II, p. 22.

body in particular; I am nowhere; I exist at no date. All my ideas are adrift — or, rather, they are not mine, and they are not ideas. Contrasts and meanings are lost in the great catastrophe which overtakes not merely the solid world, but even time, space, and all our ideas of things.

CHAPTER VII

THE REALITY OF THE WORLD AS PHENOMENON

Does any living soul in Everybody's World think the less of things because they appear? Here is my table before me, here is my hand guiding my pen. Table, hand, and pen all appear, of course. But that is what makes me believe in them; it does not make me doubt them.

I believe also in a multitude of other things which do not actually appear now. Nevertheless, they belong to the class of things that might appear. Many of them do appear sometimes; and those of them that never do appear — the other side of the moon, the center of the earth, and such things — at least, *belong to the class of appearing things, and stand in some intelligible relation to those that fall under my observation.* No man could induce me to believe in their existence, if he began by denying that they belonged to this class and stood in this relation.

The appearing things above mentioned I call, in accordance with common usage, physical. There are, however, other things that appear also. Dreams appear, memories appear, sensations and volitions appear. If they did not, I should know nothing and say nothing about them. These things, again in accordance with common usage, I call psychical.

Now, it is perfectly certain that, in common life, no man regards it as a suspicious circumstance that tables and chairs should appear. It is equally certain that no one finds it strange that thoughts and feelings should appear, too. The appearing, in itself considered, is not enough to discredit an otherwise reputable character; no one dreams of so regarding it.

Whatever else is or may be, that, at least, which appears, *is*. Appearance is the foundation upon which all assertions of existence rest.

The man of science is here entirely at one with the plain man. He believes in what appears, and he believes also in certain things which do not directly appear, but which he conceives as belonging to the same general class and connected with what appears as those things that do appear are observed to be connected with each other. In his assertions of existence, he does not give himself up to a debauch of the creative imagination. He begins with what evidently lies before him, and he follows the thread of analogy. If he did not, he would command no respect and would deserve no credence, whether he talked, with the physicist, of stars, atoms, electrons, rays, or, with the psychologist, of sensations and judgments. He rests on appearances and can rest on nothing else. It is of no small moment to him not to misconceive appearances.

One *can* misconceive appearances. One can ask oneself doubtfully whether appearances, phenomena, are such stuff as a real world may be made of — not a sham world, a copy world, but a real world which contains both minds and physical things. That the doubt is not unnatural to a man reflecting upon his world rather than actively using it, must be evident to those who have considered the poor opinion of appearances arrived at by the long line of thinkers stretching between Empedocles and John Locke. Such a prejudice against appearances is, to be sure, strikingly out of harmony with common thought and with accepted scientific procedure; we give the lie to it every day in actual practice; and yet it has held its own with extraordinary tenacity.

I have said in the last chapter that Kant rediscovered Everybody's World, and threw light upon it by pointing out that it is a world of appearances, of phenomena, and nothing else. One must never forget to add that, although he did thus

characterize it, he said quite enough to reassure us on the score of the respectability and the trustworthiness of appearances. His World as Phenomenon is simply our world of ideas and things. Within it there is abundant room for the common distinction between appearance and reality. It contains appearances which we may regard as mere appearances, as the representatives of something else. It contains also the realities to which such appearances are referred. Indeed, it is only within it that the reference of anything to anything else has any significance whatever. It is the world of experience — which only means that it is the experienced world, the one and sole world that we have.

Kant did not wish to deny common distinctions which are vouched for in experience. He points out expressly[1] that, within the realm of phenomena, there is a sense in which we very properly distinguish between an object in itself considered and the particular appearance which the object may present as perceived in a given instance through this or that sense. He insists, however, that even in our profoundest investigations into the world presented to the senses, we have to do with nothing but phenomena. Thus, he writes, we speak of a rainbow as mere phenomenon or appearance, and of the rain as the thing in itself. This he approves; if we mean by the word "rain" something physical, we are quite right in so expressing ourselves. We are drawing a distinction within experience, not passing beyond it. The rainbow, the raindrops, the very space through which the drops fall, all these belong to the realm of phenomena. An object beyond the realm of phenomena must remain unknown to us.

As we have seen, Kant denies that this mere cipher can properly be called an object; he says that to us it is nothing; he remarks that in fact no one ever takes the trouble to ask questions about it; he informs us that it is only phenomena that can concern us at all. Indeed, whether the truth was

or was not wholly clear to him, he makes it unmistakably clear to us that it is absurd to talk about realities at all, if we do not mean such realities as are revealed in experience, realities which must, in the broader sense of the words, be called phenomenon or appearance.

To point out that neither in common life nor in science can we possibly have to do with anything which may not properly be called phenomenon is merely to emphasize a commonplace truth that the difficulties of reflective thought may betray us into overlooking, plainly as it lies before our very eyes. Imagine a man of science saying: "I am now perfecting an instrument by the aid of which I hope to reveal what is in the nature of the case incapable of detection!" "By the ingenious manipulation of these mathematical formulæ, I expect to prove the existence of what cannot in any intelligible sense be regarded as belonging either to the physical world or to the mental!" Such a man of science we may class with the ingenious men of Laputa, and we may pass by on the other side, without being condemned as unreasonably unsympathetic.

But it is one thing to call attention to the commonplace truth that we have to do actually only with phenomena, and it is a very different thing to slap common sense in the face and to tell it that all phenomena are mental phenomena. Berkeley distinguished between appearances and real things as well as Kant, but he insisted that both must necessarily be ideas.[2] Kant — the Kant of the "Refutation" — refused to see the world through this distorting glass and to give it a gratuitous Berkeleyan twist.

He begins, as we all do, with what is given in perception. He accepts the existence of things perceived, and also the existence of things which, according to certain empirical rules, may be inferred to exist if we start out with what is actually perceived. The magnet and the iron filings, the earth and certain heavenly bodies, the human beings that sur-

round us, belong to the class of perceived things. The hypothetical magnetic matter, stars as yet undiscovered, possible inhabitants of the moon, belong to the class of inferred existences. He accepts the latter class, as he accepts the former. To the Berkeleyan, the distinction is between ideas experienced and ideas that may be experienced; to the disciple of Mill, between actual perceptions and possible perceptions; to Kant, between external things perceived and external things, just as really existent, but unperceived. In each case, what is directly known and what is inferred from what is directly known are supposed to be made of the same stuff — the Berkeleyan begins with ideas and he ends with ideas; the Kantian begins with external things not ideas, and he ends with external things not ideas. The one has no properly independent external world, as all ideas must be "in the mind"; the other has such a world. Thus, the second man stands on the side of common sense and science; the first does not.

Now, the Kant who thus frankly accepts the external, non-mental world, is the Kant who sees clearly that it is the very man before the court who must be defended. He does not deny that this very man must be seen with the eyes and felt with the fingers, that his voice is a voice heard with the ears and imperceptible to a deaf man. All this is something to be taken for granted, and which cannot possibly prove our man to be an unreal and internal man, who can exist only in us. The man is not literally our creature; he can come and go without asking our leave, and, when he is outside, he can signify his contempt of the court by hurling a stone through the window. He is not subjective phenomenon, mere idea, but he certainly is phenomenon, for he appears now, and when he does not appear, he still belongs to the class of things that do.

It puzzled Kant that the man should be phenomenon and

yet not internal; related to the senses and to the intellect, and yet independent and outside. To admit the relation to sense, and then to explain it in such a way as to deny that there is any such thing as sense, seems perfectly absurd; to deny the relation to sense altogether seems no less absurd. Kant was puzzled, as I have said; but he showed his good sense in keeping his feet planted upon the soil of Everybody's World, and in accepting the distinctions which undoubtedly obtain there and are found of service.

Some things are so much taken for granted, that they rarely occupy our attention, and are in danger of being overlooked altogether. Who notices the air he breathes, unless it is spiced with some unusual odor, or has grown so foul that it cannot be breathed with comfort? Under such conditions, we do notice it, and we discuss it with one another. And an unusual turn of expression, an ambiguous phrase, the bold assertion of some philosopher whose name inspires awe, such things as these may cause us to stumble even upon a path which we have traveled for years in easy unconsciousness, and may lead us to deny or to doubt what has presented itself before us in the very light of day.

Have we not always known that things appear? Is it not assumed without question in all that we have to say to each other, that we are talking either about what is actually experienced, or about something which bears some analogy to it and has some significant connection with it? And have we not always distinguished between mental phenomena and physical? With what degree of patience would we listen to the incoherent babble of a man actually incapable of drawing the distinction between them? What should we think of a man who in practice treated them alike — a man to whom his own ideas, the ideas of other persons, and physical things could melt weakly into one indistinguishable class called "phenomena"?

The road which we habitually travel is a good road. It is paved with well-tried distinctions. Nevertheless, the attaching of a word, the giving of a name to which we are unaccustomed, may lead us to view our old familiar friend, Everybody's World, with a suspicion wholly unwarranted by the discovery of any new and damaging fact. The World as Phenomenon, the World as Appearance, may seem to us to be something less than the world which we have always known.

The word "phenomenon" has a suspicious sound. To some, it smacks of the monstrosities to be seen in the dime museum; to others, it suggests rare and evanescent occurrences in nature, such as the borealis race, "that flit ere you can point their place"; to still others, it introduces a feeble-kneed creature with an apologetic smile, a poor substitute for the real man with whom we should like to converse, but who finds it impossible to accept in person the invitation to our philosophic symposium.

The less technical word "appearance" has also its drawbacks. It seems almost inevitable that, when it is used, the familiar distinction between appearance and reality should suggest itself, and that the bystander should begin to think meanly of appearance. He who is willing to say boldly that the world is appearance, or, worse yet, mere appearance, and who leaves it to his reader to draw his own conclusions from the remark, is pretty sure to be set down as a man of extravagant notions, as one taking a mental as well as a moral holiday and temporarily irresponsible.

Still, it seems important that the two words in question should be saved for philosophy. We have nothing to put in their place. They stand as an admonition to talk, when we talk at all, about the things we know and can know, rather than about those that we do not and cannot know. They remind us that we have senses, and that things present themselves under varying guises. They do not necessarily say any-

thing to the detriment of things, for it is clear that men actually do find out a good deal about things, and yet it is evident that it never for a moment occurs to them to look for their information elsewhere than in appearances. Where else could they look?

Let us, then, approach without prejudice the World as Phenomenon. I believe that if the speaker is sufficiently careful and explicit, and if the hearer is clear minded and unprejudiced, misunderstandings may be avoided. Our task is a twofold one. We must endeavor to make quite clear what is the significance of calling the world phenomenon; and we must try to show how, although it is proper to describe the world thus, there may still be a physical system of things, properly external, neither a mind nor in a mind, but, in an intelligible sense of the words, outside of all minds and independent of our ideas.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR WORLD AND OTHER WORLDS

THERE is a sense in which it is palpably absurd to speak of any save the one universe embracing all physical things, and all intelligences, of which it can mean anything to say, "they exist." To it belong the undiscovered stars of which Kant speaks; to it belong unknown planets, and their inhabitants, if there be any; to it belong the intelligences of men, and that whole descending series ending in the rudimentary stirrings of psychic life which lie on the borderland of which we know little and sometimes speak as though we knew much. Anything that ever was bears an intelligible relation to anything that ever will be. In a sense, it belongs to the one whole with it. If the admission that the universe is one is enough to constitute a man a monist,[1] there is no dweller in Everybody's World who may not lay claim to the title. Is he not at once ready to hail with derision the statement that a man who never lived anywhere once discovered a planet that was nowhere to be found? The light that never was on sea or land may claim his recognition if we give it a lodgment in the mind of some poet who himself was somewhere; but eject it even from this corner in the system of things, and he exclaims, *quousque tandem!* in disgust.

On the other hand, there is a sense in which it it is true that every one lives in his own world, which is in some respects different from the world of every other sentient creature. If the assent to this truth is enough to constitute a man a pluralist,[2] then every inhabitant of Everybody's World may justly lay claim also to this title. He knows well enough that, when

men make statements about the world, they are talking about something of which they believe that they have experience, and he is quite well aware of the fact that the experience of one man, as such, is not indistinguishable from the experience of another man or from that of the brutes. It would astound him to be told that to man and to the earth-worm the soil with which both are in contact could seem the same. Shall we take up this pluralistic admission and thrust it home to him? Shall we cut him loose from his cozy home in the shell fixed to the rock of cosmic fact, and cast him adrift on the waste of waters?

It is not fair to Everybody to set his tacit admissions before him in unnatural isolation, rendered explicit, printed in capitals, exaggerated singly until they fill his field of vision and blot out everything like a background. There is no schoolboy who does not have occasional aches and pains, or does not imagine himself to have them. If we put into his hands the terrific descriptions of the ills that flesh is heir to which usually accompany the printed recommendations to purchase this or that bottle of patent medecine, we may easily induce him to believe that he is the victim of maladies to which justice can be done only in the Greek and Latin tongues, and which are the heralds of approaching dissolution. Some men have in the past talked about the "One" in such a way as to induce the credulous to believe that no other number may properly be called a number. Some have emphasized the diversity of our experiences in such a wise as to suggest to the man of visionary temper that each of us creates for himself a world out of practically nothing, scarcely even needing to borrow a little corner of chaos on which to exercise his superabundant energies. Meanwhile, it remains true that Everybody's World is a very good world to live in, and all actually live in it. It is a world in which, if distinctions are not always clearly drawn, they are, at least, not wiped out in the interests of somebody's favorite abstraction.

Even those who talk intemperately of the One buy and sell as though dealing with the Many; and those who emphasize the independence of Each indicate by their actions their realization of the fact that no one may conduct himself as though he were a little *causa sui*, had no neighbors, and might be permitted to draw space, time, and the starry heavens over the borders of his diminutive farm, setting up a sign to warn off trespassers. Like the frightened schoolboy, we find it possible, in the intervals between our paroxysms, to dispose of hearty meals and to abandon ourselves to soothing sleep much as do those who are not about to die.

Now, in talking about "the World" at all, we tacitly admit that the world is in some sense one, and is not a bit of private property. The same tacit admission has been made all along by the men who have built up step by step a series of sciences which attempt to describe the world, and which quietly ignore the differences of constitution which characterize different individuals. On the other hand, in calling the world, with Kant, phenomenon, we admit that each perceives the world as it is revealed to him, and that it may present itself to different sentient beings under different aspects. The psychologist is directly concerned with these aspects as such. His science has manifestly a right to exist, though no more of a right than such sciences as astronomy, geology, physics, and chemistry, which, while concerned with the world as phenomenon and with nothing else, can afford to treat the fact that it is phenomenon as something to be quietly assumed and as needing no explicit mention.

In a sense, then, we all perceive the same world, if we may be said to perceive at all; in another sense, what one perceives is not identical with what is perceived by another. These distinctions it is wise for us to accept. Our only reasonable task is to try to make as clear as possible what is the significance of emphasizing the fact that the world is phe-

nomenon, and what is the significance of the assertion that, in spite of this fact, we all belong to the one world, if we exist at all. In the present chapter I shall dwell briefly upon the thought that the world is phenomenon.

Criticism, like Charity, should begin at home. I must recognize that the world is phenomenon to me. I perceive things, but I do not perceive things except as I am aware of appearances. It forces itself upon my attention that the appearances of things are intimately related to my various senses. To the eyes things present themselves as colored, to the ears as sonorous, to the finger-tips as hard or soft, to the taste as sweet or bitter. Why are they not colored to the finger-tips or sonorous to the tongue? Evidently the constitution of the organ is not something that one can leave out of account.

This established relation between appearances and sense-organs is not in the least discredited when reflection makes explicit the implicitly accepted fact that the sense-organs themselves are only known in appearances. I did not at the outset conclude that the nature of the appearance is related to the nature of the sense-organ, from observing that an imperceptible eye, when open, made possible perceptible sunsets. From the outset, I was concerned with an eye that could in some way be perceived, or I should never have established any sort of a relation between open eyes and seen colors. The unreflective man, who is interested in his world from a practical point of view, who opens his eyes and shifts his position that he may see things, who turns his head that he may hear, who raises a rose to his nose that he may smell it, does not come to his conclusions on a basis of no experience at all. He observes certain facts and he utilizes them. One of the most familiar of the facts known to him is the relation of appearances generally to sense-organs, which sense-organs also he accepts as they appear and because they appear, although it

would scarcely occur to him to call them appearances. Long before I was capable of reflection at all, and at an age at which the term "phenomenon" could only inspire respect through its formidable length, it was by connecting phenomenon with phenomenon that I learned how to see things, to taste things, to smell things.

It is as natural to observe that other persons have bodies and sense-organs as it is to observe that I have. My neighbor's eyes are open to inspection as well as are mine. He acts as if he saw with them. I infer that he does so, and that there is an analogy between what he sees and what I see. Sometimes, I make allowances for the man. If he is blind, I do not expect him to see at all. If he describes the red flowers on the table in certain ways, I infer that he suffers from some form of color blindness. I may make a special study of those to whom the usual avenues of sense do not seem to stand open as they do to most of us, and may attempt to imagine what the world as revealed to them must be like.

I need not here enter in detail into the question of our inferences regarding the experience of the world enjoyed by beings that have a bodily constitution in some respects similar to and in some respects differing from our own[3]. But it is important to bear in mind certain truths admitted with practical unanimity both by the scientific and by the unscientific. These are:

1. That the world would not appear to us as it does, were we ourselves different.

2. That it cannot appear to creatures who actually are different from us just as it appears to ourselves.

3. That it is reasonable for us to assume that it does appear to other creatures, although we are not directly aware of the appearances vouchsafed to them.

4. That it is not absurd to try to form some notion of what the difference between our experience of the world and that of other creatures may be like.

If, then, two sentient creatures perceive the same thing, as it seems very reasonable for us, in accordance with universal usage, to say that they may, it does not follow that they must be having the same experiences. The appearances in which the thing is revealed to the one need not even be very similar to the appearances in which it is revealed to the other. This should not strike as astonishing any one who will reflect upon the fact that he himself has various senses, and that a thing presenting itself even to the one sense does not always present the same appearance. He does justice to this fact in the statement that he perceives the same thing under various aspects or in its varying appearances. And when he says that he and another perceive the same thing, an identity of experience or appearance is no more essential than it is that a thing as given in his own experience should smell as it looks. Whether he is concerned with his perceptions alone, or with the comparison of his own with those of another, the problem is the same — in what sense is a thing, revealed only in appearances, to be distinguished from its appearances, and in what sense may it properly be called the same although the appearances vary?[4]

The fact that things must appear different to different creatures was a stone of stumbling to the ancient skeptic. The World as Phenomenon seemed to him to resolve itself into a number of sham worlds, no one of which could properly claim to be real, and which he found himself unable to supplement by the addition of something more worthy of confidence. How the world may seem to beings otherwise constituted than are we has often enough been matter of speculation to the philosophers since.

Kant, who emphasizes so strongly the fact that the world is phenomenon, could hardly avoid an explicit reference to the world as known by beings other than man. Did he not, by a sort of a "Copernican revolution," make the man before the court our satellite? He denied that we perceive him to be

real and respectable because he is such independently, and, hence, impresses us as such. He attributed his settled habits to the fact that it lies in our nature to thus clothe with decent attributes the naked unknown. But what if the spectator has some other nature? All tailors are not alike. The inference to be drawn seems obvious.

It is only from our human point of view, writes Kant, that we can speak of space and of extended things.[5] As for the intuitions of other thinking beings, we cannot judge whether they are subject to the same limitations as are ours.[6] Time is merely a subjective condition of our human intuition, and, abstracted from the subject, is nothing.[7] We know only our mode of perceiving objects, which is peculiar to us, and which, though it does not necessarily belong to every sentient being, does belong to every man.[8]

Kant was even given to speculating about the possible experiences of beings with no senses at all,[9] and he does not seem to regard such speculations as wholly insignificant. In these flights we need not follow him; we have enough to reflect upon if we will consider what lies at our doors.

An indefinitely extended series of beings whose bodily constitution differs more or less from that of man forces itself upon our notice. Those who have read Darwin's fascinating little book on earthworms will recall the patient efforts of that man of genius to arrive at some notion of the experiences that can constitute for these lowly creatures the revelation of a world, if we may call so bare a hint a world and such a darkling glimmer a revelation. From the hypothetical psychic life of microorganisms up through the sweep of animated nature to the brutes which we recognize as humble friends and with whom we can have a fellow-feeling, our imagination may range and may picture tentatively a series of phenomenal worlds all differing from our own, and yet not one differing so absolutely and totally that it is meaningless even to speak of it. And, notwith-

standing what Kant has to say of the specific oneness of mankind, we may, as we do, ask ourselves seriously how the world reveals itself to the child, to the savage, to the man devoid of a sense or defective in intelligence. It is not nonsense to ask whether things in space as revealed to those born blind are things in space as revealed to us.

The doctrine of evolution is hoary with age. But, in the half century which has elapsed since the publication of Darwin's immortal work "The Origin of Species," the conception of a gradual development of the organic world has worked with a peculiar fruitfulness in the mental sciences as well as in the physical. The dominant idea which controls the thought of the present-day investigator is that mind as well as body must be treated as a natural phenomenon, making its appearance under given conditions; to be accounted for, as physical peculiarities are to be accounted for, by a reference to heredity and environment; "a thing so intimately related to the body that it must be looked upon as a function, an instrument significant in the struggle for existence, a something full of meaning if accepted in its setting, but, torn from that setting, a riddle, a document in cipher, an unfruitful fact for science." [10]

Thus, the world as perceived by each creature is, in a sense, a function of the creature perceiving the world. It could not present itself as it does if he were not what he is. Each gazes upon his own world, and the worlds differ in glory as do the stars. Nor, since we can set no absolute limit to the evolution of forms, may we assume that the world considered from the human point of view is *the world* in a sense in which no other can properly be called such. It is a very good world, but there may conceivably be a better, if we mean by "better" farther on in the ascending series, possible extensions of which naturally suggest themselves to us.

Such thoughts put in a somewhat new light Kant's "Copernican revolution." It is not that they deny that interesting

event altogether; it is that they refuse to accept it as a cosmic fact unique in its kind and rendering us oblivious of all other facts. For the one cataclysmic revolution is substituted an uninterrupted series of revolts, none of them final, suggesting the normal history of a South American republic. As a matter of fact, we all do accept the World as Phenomenon, and we actually find within its hospitable borders room for a whole series of phenomenal worlds differing more or less from one another. Only one of these is ours and is known by us directly; but he who refuses to attribute to an earthworm the experiences appropriate to an ape, not only recognizes these many worlds, but tacitly accepts the fact that, in talking about other worlds than ours, we are not discussing a mere "x," but stand upon the basis of some actual knowledge of their nature.

It must be held clearly in mind that no one of these worlds is to be confused with the unknowable duplicate world discussed in Chapter II. Evidently, they all stand in relations to each other. It is hardly just to call them worlds, for that suggests a self-sufficiency and an independence which we have clearly no right to attribute to them. Let us rather speak of them as aspects or revelations of the one world, the World as Phenomenon.

The many revelations Berkeley recognized. He tried to relate them, and to get some sort of a world-system, while treating the whole world as idea. Kant pointed out that times and places are lost, if we consistently treat the world as idea. It does seem undeniable that, if times and places are lost, it is absurd for me to talk of an evolution of living creatures, and to plume myself upon my good fortune in being born in the fullness of time, and when it was proper for such an experience as mine to come into being. The mere recognition of the many aspects under which the world is revealed implies the admission that the world is, in some sense, one; but it is not

permissible to affirm a oneness that robs of their significance the many aspects.

Common sense and science relate the many worlds — the many aspects of the world — to each other, by relating each to the physical system of things. In the next chapter I shall try to show what we mean by this physical system, and to make clear how grievously we wrong it when we call it "idea."

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD OF THE NEW REALISM

Bless the concrete fact, the homely illustration, the plain speech which does not throw a veil of obscurity over things familiar! It does seem as though it ought to be possible to describe in everyday language what we all do every day, and so to choose our words that, if our descriptions are an inadequate account of our experiences, their inadequacy may be clearly apparent. In the present instance, let us begin, since the world is oppressively wide, with some definite familiar thing in the world, and let us see how every one treats it.

I stand at a certain point and watch a woodcutter at work felling a tree. The ax swings, the chips fly, the blows resound. It is quite true that, had I no eyes, I should not see these things; but it never occurs to me to account for the swing of the ax, the size of the chips, the rapidity of the progress made in the work, by a reference to my eyes or to my brain. I, the spectator, describe what is taking place before me, and I pass over in silence the fact of my presence and my bodily constitution. If I close my eyes, my experiences vanish; if I walk toward the tree, they undergo a change. But I should never dream of saying that the woodcutter, the ax and its motion, the tree which is receiving the blows, are changed by the mere fact of my closing my eyes or moving about.

Now I stand nearer to the tree than I did before. The tree, the ax, the woodcutter, have changed in appearance. I can distinguish the roughness of the bark, the shape of the cutting tool, the very buttons on the clothing of the workman. The differences between the experiences I had before and those I

have now are sufficiently marked. They are not unaccountable. Everybody knows that, to explain them, I must bring myself into the reckoning. I say that tree, ax, and woodcutter are the same, but that their appearance has undergone a change because I have shifted my position. In the new position, however, the swing of the ax and the flying of the chips have the same significance that they had before. I do not account for the motions, the rapidity with which the chips fly, the deepening of the cut, by referring to myself. In either position I may be ignored, and changes which are taking place may be described independently.

Again. When I ask: How big is the tree? How tall is the man? How much does the ax weigh? it is quite clear that I am not concerned to know how the tree or the man appears under these or those conditions, or how heavy the ax feels to my right hand or to my left. When I am interested in the appearances of things as appearances, I put my questions differently. I say: How does the thing look? How does the thing feel? and the conditions must be clearly indicated, or the questions are absurd. On the other hand, to insert conditions where they are out of place is equally absurd. I may not say that a given man is six feet tall when seen close at hand, or that an ax weighs four pounds when one is tired; just as I may not say that it is ten minutes past one in the shade.

To be sure, had I never seen anything or felt anything, I should never ask how high or how heavy things are. But this does not signify that I cannot estimate measures and weights, while ignoring the particular relation which the things in question happen at the time to bear to myself. I measure or weigh one thing in that I compare it with another, and it is tacitly taken for granted that, if a direct appeal is to be made to immediate experience of equality or inequality, the conditions under which the things are perceived must be the same. I may perfectly well say that a given insect looks a quarter of an

inch long; but I never mean by such a statement that it looks as long as a quarter of an inch marked off on a foot rule would look under a magnifying glass.

I have long known that my body is in many respects the same kind of a thing as the tree, the ax, the woodcutter. Some parts of it I can perceive as I perceive these. My hand may be brought before my eyes, it may be moved farther off, it may be put behind me. The appearances vary, and I distinguish easily between such changes in my experiences as are accounted for by the relation of my hand to my eyes, and certain other changes which I call changes in my hand. If my finger swells from the sting of a bee, I do not refer the matter to the relation of my finger to the eyes. I regard the swelling, as I do the flying of the chips, as a thing to be treated independently. My body can be measured, my body can be weighed, my body can be moved to or from other bodies. In all these respects it is like other bodies; its size, its weight, its motions may be treated without taking into consideration the particular relations of any part of my body to any sense.

Suppose that, while I am standing opposite to the woodcutter and the tree, I close my eyes for a moment and then open them again. I may observe a chip to fly, without having seen such a swing of the ax as preceded the flying of the other chips. Shall I say that the flying of this chip is a thing apart and unaccountable? May I maintain that it was brought about without any stroke? or may I hold that the position of the ax before I closed my eyes may be regarded as the immediate forerunner of the occurrence? No one ever dreams of talking in this way.

We have seen that, in describing what is happening to the tree, we can, and do, leave out of account the particular relation of the tree to our sense-organs. Among the things that can thus be left out of account is this closing and opening of the eyes. Such a closing and opening result in what we call a dis-

appearance and reappearance of things — something familiar to the most unlearned, and which no one is tempted to confuse with the annihilation and re-creation of the things that disappear and reappear. To fall into such a confusion would be an error analogous to that of assuming that distant trees are all in one piece, and only divide themselves into separate leaves as we approach them.

Hence, I account for the flying of the last chip, just as I accounted for the flying of its predecessors, by referring to the swing of the ax. It is true that I do not perceive this directly, but I can, and do, ignore the fact, just as, in walking toward the tree, I ignore the fact that my experiences are changing, and say that tree, ax, and woodcutter remain unchanged.

These objects belong, with my own body, to a much greater system of more or less similar things. This I discovered long before I was capable of reflection upon the fact. As I do not at all times perceive the few objects which have entered into my illustration, and do not at any one time perceive all parts of them, so I do not perceive always and wholly other objects which belong to the system. That does not at all affect my acceptance of them as belonging to the system. To be sure, I must have evidence that planets, comets, or what not, do belong to the system; but, given such evidence, I can ignore the question whether any one of my senses is or is not at a given time affected.

That is to say, in dealing with the perhaps limitless physical world of which so small a part is at any time directly revealed to me, I must do exactly what I have done in watching the woodman at his work: *I must distinguish between two orders of phenomena, and must be careful not to confuse them.*

The phenomena of the physical order constitute the world of things, the only world of things that we know, that we can know, or that it means anything for us to know. The phenomena of the mental order we contrast with this. In practice, the two orders of phenomena are confused only occasionally,

and through what is palpably a blunder. The philosopher may not approach the distinction of physical and mental as though he were the first to have taken account of it. How the world of things should be dealt with has been settled long ago in common life and in the special sciences. And just as the physical world has been carefully observed and described by specialists, so a man who is more and more becoming a specialist, the psychologist, has devoted his attention to the order of phenomena that we contrast with the physical. Are we in doubt just what classes of phenomena we may properly term mental? we may turn to the psychologist, note what he has seen fit to appropriate, and mark how he treats his material. Manifestly, sensations and percepts are regarded as mental, and are referred to the body. Evidently, certain other phenomena, such as fancies, memories, dreams, are also regarded as mental and are also referred to the body. The detailed classification of mental phenomena, and the precise nature of the bodily reference in question, need not here concern us.[1]

But it does concern us very nearly to avoid any such misconception of the two orders of phenomena as may occasion confusion and result in incoherence. To escape this disaster, there are three points which we must never forget to bear in mind. They are all-important.

In the first place, it should be remarked that the series of experiences which I have as I approach the tree and the woodcutter — the changes that I regard as subjective — are not more directly and immediately perceived than are the physical changes of which I have experience. That the tree and the man change in appearance as I walk toward them is a fact of which I am immediately aware. I am, however, just as immediately aware of the swing of the ax and the flying of the chips. It seems incredible that prepossession in favor of some inherited philosophical prejudice should absolutely blind a man to what lies plainly before him every day in his own experience;

but that it can do so we are compelled to accept as fact. He who retains in his thought even a flavor of the old superstition that mental phenomena, as "internal," must be put into the body, very naturally supposes that the "mind," which he also puts into the body, knows the mental phenomena there more directly than it can possibly know physical phenomena. This he may hold in spite of his daily and hourly experience of the fact that he does not perceive any mental phenomenon whatever to be in the body, and does not perceive the mental more immediately than the physical.

In discussing the first point, the immediacy of our experience of physical phenomena, I have touched upon the second, for it is hard to keep them separate. We all speak of the "external world." There is abundant precedent for thus characterizing the physical system of things, and for contrasting with it our sensations, thoughts, and feelings, as something "internal." These expressions do not strike us as unnatural. Do they not take account of the reference to the body which is unmistakably present when we recognize any phenomenon to be mental?

This they undoubtedly do, and in so far they are useful. In view of established usage, it would be foolish to suggest that they be discarded. But they do carry with them the suggestion that mental phenomena are to be regarded as *in* the body, and the influence of this suggestion many find it difficult to resist. Historically, their error has a certain justification. As we have seen in Chapter II, men distinguished at a very early date between the appearances of things and the things known through appearances, and they were seduced into conceiving of the appearances as little copies or representatives of the things conveyed into the body through the channels of sense. They thought of them as being as literally in the body as is any physical organ or part of such. Gradually the gross materialism of this view was sublimated into something more or less differ-

ent; but the tendency to put the mind somehow into the body persisted through the centuries, and in various quarters it persists to-day. It is a recrudescence of the tendency, in the primitive uncritical simplicity which characterized it in the early Greek philosophy, that leads to such astounding statements on the part of certain of our contemporaries, as that sensations are to be placed at the brain terminals of the sensory nerves.

Contrast with all this the actual facts, as they are open to inspection. In my experiences of the tree and the woodcutter phenomena of two orders are revealed. Although I may account for the peculiar appearance of the tree and the man, as perceived from this point or from that, by referring to the relation of my body to these objects — that is to say, although I may concern myself with psychological fact, and may expressly refer to my organs of sense — it should be emphasized that, *under no circumstances whatever, is the peculiar appearance presented by the tree and the man at any moment perceived to be in the body*. I should add that our fancies and our dreams are no more perceived to be in the body than are our percepts.

It is only just to the man of science who allows himself a holiday excursion into philosophy, and who talks unbecomingly of sensations and ideas, to point out that he is half aware that he is playing. He has fallen into an ancient error, but he has not fallen flat on his back, as a man might have done, as, indeed, men did do, two thousand years ago. We are none of us ancient Greeks. No man would be more astonished than the modern physiologist actually to find a sensation of any kind at any end of any nerve. He would as soon think of coming upon Banquo's ghost there. Not so Lucretius, the Roman disciple of Epicurus. With what hopes might he have been inspired had some one brought him from Egypt tales of an instrument resembling the modern high-power microscope![2]

When, therefore, we speak of the "external world," we none

of us really mean by the expression the sum of physical things outside of our body. All the things really in our body are just as truly physical, and have their place in the external world — our digestive tract, our liver, our heart, our lungs, aye, our brain and every part of it. Nor is our brain, when in place and functioning, any less a physical thing than it is when removed from its natural setting and preserved in alcohol in the jar on the shelf.

Let us, then, remember that, if we wish to mark the distinction between mental and physical by using the words "internal" and "external," it is open to us to do so, but that it is, nevertheless, inexcusable to confuse quite distinct senses of these words, and to allow the crude ancient doctrine, whose echoes have come down to us, to blind us to facts that now lie before us in the light of day. Let us come back to the concrete facts within the experience of every one. We are as immediately aware of physical phenomena as we are of mental, and no mental phenomenon presents itself to us as in the body.

In the preceding pages, I have not obliterated, but have rather emphasized, the distinction between mental and physical, internal and external. My only endeavor has been to make quite clear what that distinction is. I hope it has become plain that the supposed difficulties connected with an immediate knowledge of physical phenomena arise out of a blunder, and disappear when that blunder has been avoided. The blunder consists, at bottom, in an obliteration of the distinction between the mental and the physical. The mental is put into the body as though it were physical, the only physical thing immediately known, and things properly physical are treated as known through it and at second hand. Naturally, under the circumstances, an immediate knowledge of physical phenomena appears inconceivable.

When this blunder is clearly pointed out, wise men will, I think, seek to avoid it. It does seem as though it ought to be

admitted that to make the mental unequivocally physical is a relapse into an error more appropriate to the childhood of the race than to its maturity; an error belonging to a time when it did not seem inappropriate to speak of mind-atoms as inhaled and exhaled with the air men breathe, or to conceive of them as penetrating as far as the liver. And yet, those who see clearly enough that it is absurd to make the mental thus physical may easily fall into an error equally fatal, and may rub out the distinction between mental and physical in a contrary fashion by making the physical mental. This brings me to my third point.

Whether we make the mental physical or the physical mental, we in either case obliterate a distinction of the utmost significance in common thought and in science, and we mutilate beyond recognition Everybody's World. The two errors appear to be aspects of the one disease, — after the chill, the fever. Let us now study the fever.

We have seen from the preceding chapters that, whether we are concerned with the mental or with the physical, we have to do with phenomena, and with nothing else. Mental phenomena are evidently accounted for by taking into consideration what happens to the body. In the case of physical phenomena the relation to sense is ignored, and phenomenon is connected with phenomenon in an order which we regard as independent. Nevertheless, some men are impelled to ask themselves: Is it really independent? and, in spite of common sense and science, they are inclined to answer the question in the negative.

They call attention to the truth that, while we ignore the body and the changes taking place in it, these things exist, notwithstanding the fact that they are ignored. The man who perceives the swing of the ax and the flying of the chips has senses, or he would not perceive them. If his senses were different, he would not perceive them precisely as he does. It

will be remembered that these commonplace truths have been dwelt upon at length in the last chapter. In this one it only remains to ask: What is their significance for the particular point at issue? Can one infer from them that everything that is perceived is "internal," or, in other words, mental?

I think it must be evident that those who raise such a question have been overwhelmed and thrown into confusion by the realization of the fact that the very stuff of the physical order is phenomenal stuff, and must be accepted as such. They cannot see how phenomenal stuff can be physical. They are impelled to lay hands violently upon it, to deny its externality, to call it sensation or idea, and to drag it bodily indoors. Then we see enacted again before us the indecorous comedy of the overzealous man who begins by carrying everything else into his house and ends by carrying the house itself in. Aristotle, Kant, and many lesser men have seen that such incoherence must be avoided at any price.

The best way to avoid such incoherence is to refuse to wander too far from Everybody's World. He who quite loses sight of it may find himself in a realm in which he is without a criterion by which a sensible question can be distinguished from one that has no significance. He may talk of "independence," and mean by that word an independence never actually attributed either to minds or to physical things by mankind generally. He may discourse of "existence," and give the word a significance which no man, either in common life or when engaged in scientific investigations, ever thinks of giving it. He may ignore the distinction of physical and mental as revealed in experience and accepted as the basis of certain well-developed sciences, and he may insist that the words can only have some other and more recondite meaning which he sees fit to read into them. Having done this, he may startle us with the information that the physical world is not independent of us, but is our creature; he may inform us that physical things

exist only when perceived, or, at least, exist at other times only as "possibilities of perception"; he may virtually deny that they are physical, and prefer to speak of them as "sensation," all common use of speech and the definitions of the psychologist to the contrary notwithstanding.

To escape such eccentricities of thought and expression let us, I say, come back to Everybody's World and take a closer look at it. Such an inspection may help us to decide what sorts of questions may properly be asked about the things in it, and what sorts we are not called upon either to ask or to answer.

When we do come back to Everybody's World we notice, to begin with, that it is absolutely taken for granted, both in common life and in science, that the only world which we are concerned to talk about at all is the world revealed in experience. This is so much a commonplace, that it passes without remark. Kant was shrewd enough to see that this is the only world regarding which, in practice, any question is ever raised.

It is, furthermore, taken for granted that the world a man talks about is the world revealed to him In this sense — a very harmless sense — the world is not independent of him. When we have admitted as much, we have not conceded that he makes the world; we have only said that this is the world which he knows, or he would not be talking about it. And it is taken for granted by all who reflect at all that the world is not revealed in just the same terms to every creature.

These assumptions are actually made by those who ask definite questions and expect an increase of information from the answers to them. Questions which do not fit into the frame of these assumptions do not appear to have any significance for human knowledge. "Tell me about something that nobody has ever perceived; something that nobody may infer from what he has perceived, after the fashion in which we infer things unperceived, starting from something per-

ceived and following the thread of analogy; something that cannot even be shadowed forth in the imagination, but must be expressed in unimaginable terms!" Does one man of sense make such demands upon another? It would amount to saying: "Tell me something that means nothing at all; I feel unsatisfied with significant answers to significant questions." As to a man's talking about the world in terms of the world as revealed to him — no one wants him to talk in any other way; in all intelligent investigation it is presupposed that he will talk in this way Who would dream of asking the geologist to describe for us the fauna and flora of Jurassic times in terms appropriate to the experience of a reptile? Any one who has a curiosity to know how the world may have seemed to a then existent reptile, may, if he will turn to the psychologist and ask him to hazard a guess. This does not concern geology; the geologist gives us an account of the world in the only appropriate language — in terms of the phenomena revealed to a human being.

That the account is given in such terms may properly be passed over in silence, for it does not affect in the least the question whether the account is a true or a false one.[3] To dwell upon the fact that it is given in these particular terms would be as much out of place as it would be to dwell upon the nature of my senses were the question raised whether the head did or did not fly off of the ax which I saw used in hewing the tree.

These tacit assumptions, universally made, and merely rendered explicit in the recognition of the world as phenomenon, are not regarded as in any way affecting observed distinctions within the phenomenal realm, such as that of physical and mental. There is no reason apparent why they should affect such distinctions, or should lead us to call the mental physical or the physical mental. Within the field revealed to observation, the two orders of phenomena present themselves, and

should be accepted as they present themselves. We should accord to each order its appropriate treatment.

This implies that we should really treat the physical as physical, and not raise questions which have no significance when we are dealing with physical things. Let us turn to a concrete instance. Suppose I ask: Did the above-discussed ax and its motion *exist* during the interval in which my eyes were closed?

Manifestly, the question cannot be intelligently answered unless it is an intelligent question. If I understand it as meaning: Was the ax perceived while it was not perceived? it is not a question that a serious man need consider. But when we examine the specific cases in which, whether in common life or in science, men ask whether this or that thing exists, we find that they have no intention of raising any such absurd question. The question which they raise is whether the thing may properly be regarded as belonging to the physical order, and, if they decide that it may, they regard its existence as established. Whether it does or does not belong to the physical order is a matter for the inductive and deductive logic to decide on a basis, ultimately, of a direct experience of the physical order.

The words "physical existence" have absolutely no other significance than the one indicated. To claim that we must first prove that given phenomena belong to the physical order, and must then go on to prove something else, before we may affirm that they exist or have existed, is to give an arbitrary meaning of our own to the word "existence," and to ignore the common and proper significance of the term in the language both of the learned and the unlearned. Come back to what men actually do, when they are intelligently investigating nature. Methods of proof are adjusted to what men want to prove. If we wish to prove that a comet was at a given distance from the sun at a given time, we go about it in one way:

if we wish to prove that some one perceived it or will perceive it at a given time, we go about it in another way. The mere fact that we are in each case dealing with phenomena constitutes no valid reason for confusing things so different.

In the illustration of the tree and the wood-cutter it became clear that two orders of phenomena are actually revealed in experience, and that they are revealed with equal immediacy. Now, he who calls things "possibilities of sensation" overlooks this fact. He does not recognize the physical as physical, and treat it as such. His phenomenal world does not divide itself into mental phenomena and physical phenomena; it consists of mental phenomena and their "possibilities" — in other words, their ghosts. That men do affirm every day that all sorts of things exist unperceived, he is compelled to admit. But, under the influence of the prepossession that all phenomena must necessarily be mental phenomena, he tells us that, when we use such statements, we can only mean that the things in question *might* be perceived. This is so palpably out of harmony with what we do mean, as is evidenced by all our dealings with phenomena, by the judgments passed unhesitatingly by the unlearned, by the actual divisions of the sciences and the utterances which fill scientific books, by the accepted significations of the words and phrases in common use, that it seems remarkable that the statement should pass unchallenged by any thoughtful man who has a share in our common experience.

The plain man and the man of science accept the two orders as revealed, and they adjust their language to the facts. When they say the tree received a blow, they are speaking physically; when they say there was a change in their sensations or ideas, they are concerned with what is not physical. To say that the percept of the ax struck the tree is not merely an impropriety of language, it is an impropriety of thought. The percept of the ax, as such, has no place in the physical order, and it is

nonsense to make it function there. Men feel that this is nonsense, and they avoid such improprieties in actual practice.

And if it is improper to piece out the physical order by the insertion of percepts, surely it is no less improper to piece it out by the insertion of the ghosts of percepts. Men do not, as a matter of fact, speak as if they wished to do this, and we must not read into their thought all sorts of things gratuitously. He who talks of the pterodactyl undoubtedly would answer, were he asked whether he might have seen it, had he been present when it existed, that he might have done so. But to say that he means to affirm this when he says the creature existed, is not more reasonable than to maintain that he means to affirm that he might have seen it through blue glasses or with one eye shut, as, indeed, he might.

Such "possibilities" may be left out of account. They are numberless, and they are irrelevant to the question whether a physical thing does or does not exist, has or has not existed. As a matter of fact, they are left out of account completely, when the man of science offers us proof that something exists now unperceived or did exist at some time in the past.

To the question, then, Did the ax swing unperceived? we may unhesitatingly answer, yes! When did it swing? Where did it swing? These questions have significance, if we take them as inquiries respecting the particular place in the physical order to which given phenomena may be assigned. Other significance than this they have none.

He who cares to do so can cause himself a vast amount of needless perplexity by proposing insignificant questions and seeking for them significant answers. It means something to ask where a given tree is. The tree is in such a field, on the outskirts of such a village; and the place of the village may be indicated by reference to a wider setting. But if I go on to say, Where is the, perhaps limitless, physical universe? I ask a meaningless question. There are no "where's" and no

"when's" that do not gain their significance from this physical universe itself.

Should it be objected: Of course, it is foolish to ask where the physical universe is, if one means "*where in space*"; but may one not ask *where* in another sense of the word? May I not ask whether the physical world I perceive is not "in my mind" or "in me"?

I answer: This too is a meaningless question. That is "in my mind" which is included among the phenomena referred to my body, and is contrasted with the physical after the fashion dwelt upon in the pages preceding. That I recognize anything at all as in my mind implies that I accept the physical as such. The same is implied when I speak of other minds. I may refer to what was in the mind of Alcibiades when he docked the tail of his dog; I may dwell upon what was in the mind of the dog on that occasion. To the thoughts of the Greek reprobate and to the sufferings of the brute I may assign approximate dates and not be talking nonsense. But I escape talking nonsense only so long as I accept unequivocally the things, places, and dates of the physical system.

The blunder of those who first recognize an external world, and then drag it in as though it were not external, lies in the failure to keep the physical physical, and to raise no questions regarding it save such as may properly be asked touching physical things.

Those who remain upon the plane of common sense and of science do not fall into this blunder. They do not locate a town in the state of Texas, and then feel dissatisfied unless they have gone on to locate both the town and Texas in somebody's mind. A certain instinct leads them to treat the physical as physical, and to be content with that. They are not tempted to regard geography as incomplete until it has been pieced out with psychology.

Those fall into the blunder who have begun to reflect, and yet have not reflected sufficiently. The distinction of subjective

and objective is forced upon their attention. They recognize that the World is Phenomenon, and this appears to them to change its whole aspect — to pour moonshine over the system of things. Realizing that physical things are revealed to them, now in these terms, now in those, and to other creatures in terms that are, perhaps, very different, they find themselves bemired. Instead of reflecting that these are commonplace truths of which human knowledge has long taken account without losing the physical world at all, they imagine that they have made a discovery which justifies them in treating the physical as though it were not physical, and in applying to physical phenomena inappropriate names which would be instantly condemned as inappropriate and out of place, were they employed on the street or in the laboratory.

Such persons fail to see that he who raises the question how it is that physical things are revealed to me, now in these terms, now in those, or to another creature in still other terms, is not busying himself with physical problems at all. The latter can always be solved without bringing in such considerations. They are wholly out of place when we are inquiring whether any physical thing exists, or are trying to determine the time and place of its being. Such considerations fall within the realm of the psychologist, whose business it is to give us an account of the experience of the world enjoyed by different creatures, or by a given individual under varying conditions. In other words, they belong to the especial province of the man who occupies himself expressly with phenomena of the subjective order, and simply accepts the external world as a matter of course.

So much for the third of the points that I have been discussing. Let us fix all three in our minds, and hold them there firmly: —

1. We have as immediate an experience of physical phenomena as we have of mental.

2. We must not put mental phenomena into the body, and thus make them physical.

3. We must not fall into the error of supposing that physical phenomena, merely because they are phenomena, must be something mental.

As the reader must have seen, the crucial point of my whole discussion is just this: Is the physical directly revealed in experience, or is it not? I think I have shown in this chapter that it is, and that it is quite possible to distinguish between experience of the psychical and of the physical. For this I need not claim any extraordinary amount of credit. We are all making the distinction every day, without giving the matter a thought; and, on the whole, we make it very well. A stately row of sciences stands before us, and warns us away from the path of error.

And if this fundamental question is answered in the affirmative, there ought to remain no difficulties which are a genuine menace to the physical world, which we all instinctively accept, and in which we recognize that we have a place, and a modest one. Thus, we may freely admit that but little of the physical world is revealed to us directly at any given time. Does that imply that we may not, by inference from what is thus revealed, know more of it indirectly, and know it as physical? As well maintain that, because the experiences which I had during my childhood are not experienced now, I cannot know that I had the experiences. We are concerned here with nothing that touches the distinction between physical and mental; we are concerned with the general problem of representative knowledge, which touches as nearly the world of mind as the world of matter.[4]

Now, the philosopher who stands unequivocally with common thought and with science in recognizing that the physical must be treated as physical, and must not be transmuted into something that is mental, is a Realist. If he has risen to the conception that the

World is Phenomenon, he is a Modern Realist, and is with the Kant of the "Refutation."

On the other hand, he who insists that what is phenomenon is necessarily mental, is not with Kant, and he has lifted up his heel against the plain man and the man of science. That he has with him an ancient tradition is cold comfort. We have seen in Chapter II that the ancient tradition first seduced men into strange paths, and then robbed them of their world as Kant was not willing to be robbed.

In this chapter I have developed freely the doctrine of the World as Phenomenon. How much of what I have written may I justly lay at the doors of Kant?

On this point opinions will differ. Nevertheless, there are certain things upon which there ought to be no difference of opinion in unprejudiced minds acquainted with the facts. These are: —

1. Kant pointed out that in all our inquiries about the world we are concerned only with phenomena.

2. He claimed that we are as directly aware of physical phenomena as of mental.

3. He cherished a lively antipathy to "idealism proper" and regarded it as an "extravagant" doctrine.

4. He had no disposition to turn the physical phenomena revealed to him into ideas in his own mind.

5. He did not identify them with ideas in some other mind.

In this last respect Kant contrasts markedly with certain of his successors. Whatever one may think of the worth of the ingenious reasonings by which he would persuade us of the existence of God, we must admit that he, at least, does not buy a god cheap by the simple expedient of bestowing an inappropriate name upon the physical world of which we have experience. He does not argue: The World is Phenomenon, hence, it is Idea or Reason, and may properly be regarded as Divine. A certain healthy instinct led him to cling tenaciously,

notwithstanding the embarrassment occasioned by the creaking and groaning of the elaborate machinery of the "Critique of Pure Reason," to the recognition of the fact that the world is just the world, and that, when we call it "phenomenon," we are only pointing out that it is the world we know. If a physical system of things is revealed, then, by all means, let us accept it and treat it as such.

And if we do accept it and treat it as such, the many aspects or revelations of the world discussed in the last chapter are not left at loose ends and without intelligible relation to each other. They belong to one world-system, and may be assigned their place. Pharaoh's dream, the ambition of Alexander, the remorse of Augustine, the learning of St. Thomas, the thoughts which have passed through my mind in writing this chapter, the sensations of the man I see across the way, the psychic life of the dog that lies at my feet or of the fly that buzzes in the summer air — these do not constitute a chaos. The attention that these things and such as these have attracted from men, the treatment which has actually been accorded to them, indicate that they are given a place in an orderly world. Let one try to assign them such a place, let one try to make intelligible what is meant by their standing in relation to each other, *and let one do this while consistently ignoring the physical world of things, times, and places!* The attempt is hopeless.

CHAPTER X

THE WORLD WITHOUT AND THE WORLD WITHIN

THERE is nothing to prevent a man from being a realist and, at the same time, a haloed saint; on the other hand, a man may be a realist and yet quite capable of stealing a sheep. Everybody who accepts a World Without and does not try to drag it "inside," turning it into his own idea or the idea of some one else, is a realist of some sort. There are those — and they comprise much the larger number — who are unconscious realists, recognizing the physical world naïvely, and laying claim to no philosophical doctrine. There are those who are realists consciously and after serious reflection.

When we call a man a realist, we distinguish him from the idealist, but we do not completely describe him. He may be an Old-fashioned Realist, and hold to the Duplicate World discussed in Chapter II; or he may be a New Realist, and accept the World as Phenomenon. In either case, while insisting strenuously that the external world must be kept external, he may feel impelled to ask himself rather anxiously just what it is reasonable to regard as existing in the external world, and what should be regarded as existing only in the mind.

We have seen (Chapter II) that, very early in the history of speculative thought, men came to the conclusion that things are not precisely as they seem. The man who walked the streets of Abdera or of Athens saw the objects about him stand out sharply contrasted in color, bathed in the light of the blazing sun. He was told by the sages that nothing really existed outside of him save atoms and void space. He

gathered up the splendid vision and drew it within, becoming, in his enlightenment, the forerunner of such as, in later ages, distinguished between the primary qualities of bodies and the secondary, attributing the former to the objects themselves, and declaring the latter to be "nothing in the objects themselves, but powers to produce various sensations in us by their primary qualities." To the mind of the English reader there will at once occur, in this connection, Locke's classical denudation of the physical world: "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire, or snow, are really in them, whether any one's senses perceive them or no; and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eyes see light or colors, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colors, tastes, odors, and sounds as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease, and are reduced to their causes, *i.e.* bulk, figure, and motion of parts." [1]

Locke has scraped the world — he has taken off certain of the properties men generally are inclined to allow it, but he has permitted it to retain certain others. We saw in Chapter II that it is quite possible to go farther in this direction. That the plain man, ancient or modern, is a realist, we must admit; that Locke and such as he are realists of a sort appears as undeniable. But what shall we call the man who scours the world with such energy that he leaves it with no surface at all? How shall we label the philosopher to whom it has become a mere "Thing-in-itself" or an "Unknowable"? Of his world we must say, that his breath has passed over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more — indeed, its place has vanished with it. Such a man is not a realist. He is one standing in the afterglow of a realism which has dipped below the horizon and has disappeared.

In this chapter I shall not dwell upon the Old-fashioned Realist. As he does not appear to have any logical right to his Duplicate World, but may fairly be said to have stolen it, we may leave him to put into it or to take out of it what he pleases. When we are talking about a world which lies, by hypothesis, wholly beyond our experience, verification seems to be out of the question, and there is no natural limit to dispute.

Let us turn to the New Realist, to whom the world is the World as Phenomenon. We have seen that he must recognize something revealed in experience as external, or he is left without any world at all. He may, however, ask in all seriousness: What sort of phenomena may I properly call external, and what must I regard as internal and subjective? It is conceivable that among New Realists there should be a difference of opinion upon the point at issue.

In considering this problem, let us cast a critical glance upon the things about us as they appear to be revealed in our experience. That we have experience of things and of the changes which take place in them it is hard not to believe, and it seems indubitable that things are revealed under a variety of guises by the several senses.

The illustration of the woodman and the tree had reference especially to the sense of sight, but we become aware of things and their qualities in other ways as well. I can close my eyes and pass my finger over the surface of the table before me; I can listen to the sounds wafted from the bell in the distant tower; I can reject as suspicious the morsel of game that I was about to put into my mouth; I can complain that salt has been put into my coffee instead of sugar.

If I examine common speech to discover how men usually treat the qualities of things revealed by the senses, I find that they have no hesitation in referring many sorts of qualities to external things, and in speaking as though these qualities were quite as external as the things and quite as independent of us.

Thus, no one hesitates to say that the coat of the woodman is brown and the leaves of the tree are green; that the surface of my table is smooth, hard, and continuous, as it feels, not perforated with holes; that the sound of the bell is very loud in the belfry, but is muffled here in my room; that the rose is fragrant, and that the apple is sweet or sour.

That men do express themselves in this way cannot be matter of dispute. They talk as though not merely texture and hardness, but colors, sounds, odors, and sweetness or saltness, as well, had a place in the physical world, and were not fugitive existences that spring into being in the mind on the making of certain physical contacts in a world in which none of these qualities have any existence. And if we ask men how they are in the habit of thinking of such things, we shall find that the expressions which they employ fairly represent their thought. To them, a smooth surface *is* smooth, a red book *is* red, a rose *is* fragrant, sugar *is* sweet. This habit of thought is not confined wholly to the unlearned. As I look about the room in which I am writing, and reflect upon the way in which I am impressed by what meets my view, I discover that I have no disposition to split the chair against the wall opposite me into a colored apparition "within" and a colorless form "without." The things which I seem to perceive around me do not present themselves as the pallid specters one might expect to meet could one penetrate to the colorless external world of Locke's "Essay." When I talk about a chair, I think of a chair as it looks and feels. It is this chair that presents itself as outside of me, in space, against my wall; I see it to be colored, I can approach it, I can touch it. Why rob it of one quality rather than of another?

Men do, then, talk as though colors, odors, and such, actually belonged to things; and even those who have had the pleasure of reading the philosophers are apt to share their habits of thought and speech. Shall we hold that the scholar

who thus falls into line with the plain man has succumbed to a weakness, natural to the unreflective, but not to be justified before the bar of reason? Shall we advise him to adjust himself to accepted modes of speech as a matter of convenience, but to avoid thinking of such a quality as color as really outside and independent of perception? There are certain points to which, before we read him this lecture, we should give careful consideration.

In the first place we should reflect upon the fact that, although it is not worth while to ask the plain man to describe what he is doing when he is making his distinctions, it may very well be that the distinctions which he actually makes are real and important ones, and that the language in which he marks them is entirely justified. The distinction between what is or happens in the external world and what is or happens in ourselves is one which concerns human life very nearly. As we have seen in the illustration of the woodman and the tree, we are constantly making use of the distinction, and it would result in measureless confusion did we suddenly find ourselves unable to distinguish between subjective and objective, changes in our percepts and changes in things. Since the distinction is so significant and so useful, it would be surprising if men, on the whole, made it badly. That confusion is possible sometimes is admitted on the street as well as in the laboratory; but it is accepted that confusion is to be regarded as the exception, and not as the rule.

In the second place, it is worthy of note that science thinks the thoughts and speaks the language of the plain man, when science is concerned with those things that fall under the cognizance of the senses. Sometimes science gives us information regarding what does not and cannot present itself to the senses at all. But when it is dealing with the things that we find about us in common life, it speaks of them as we all do.

We are told, for example, that: "Corpuscles cause chemical changes in certain bodies on which they fall. Thus, rock salt takes a beautiful violet color, which, unless exposed to moisture, it will retain for years. Lithium chloride is remarkably sensitive to the impact of corpuscles. If a beam of corpuscles be slowly moved over the salt by a magnet, the path of the beam traces out a colored band on the surface of the salt." Or, again, we hear that: "Becquerel rays cause chemical action. Emitted from radium they will discolor paper, cause glass to take a violet tint, turn oxygen into ozone, yellow phosphorus into red phosphorus, mercury perchloride into calomel and will decompose iodoform."

We hear, then, even when we listen to the man of science, that, under given circumstances, rock salt takes a violet color which it may retain for years; that a colored band may be produced on a lithium salt; that, in the presence of radium, paper will be discolored, glass take a violet tint, and yellow phosphorus become red phosphorus. This is the language of one talking about things outside, not about mental phenomena. The expressions used, which carry an unmistakable suggestion, serve the purposes of science, as well as the uses of common life. Did they not serve their purpose well, such expressions would be discarded.

This brings me to my third point. We have seen that those who insist that such qualities as color must be in the mind and not outside cannot fall back upon the common experience of mankind, for its testimony seems to be against them; nor can they urge the involuntary admissions of the scientific, for the scientific, when dealing with the things we perceive about us, talk as if these things were just what they seem to be, and tricked out with all sorts of qualities. They seem, then, compelled to take their stand on the position that there is a certain incongruity in the external existence of such phenomena as colors, sounds, odors.

Certainly no man is born with the knowledge that it is unnatural for such phenomena to exist outside. He who is assured of that fact has either made that discovery for himself, or he has picked up the information from some one else — presumably from some philosopher. In any case we cannot permit his assertion to pass unchallenged. It does not strike most men as unnatural that a red book should really be red or a rose really fragrant. It does not seem monstrous that the color of the book should fade through exposure to sunlight. He who maintains that such things are contrary to nature should be compelled to prove his point. And any intelligent discussion of the question whether such phenomena as we are considering should or should not be regarded as existing outside, seems to bring us back unavoidably to the preliminary question: What have we a right to mean when we say that anything whatever exists outside? Until the meaning of the word "outside" is made quite clear, we are evidently wandering in the dark and talking at random.

What is meant by the external world and the existence of any phenomenon in the external world, I examined at length in the last chapter. I shall beg the reader to bear in mind what was said there; and, in the light of it, I shall inquire whether there is any reason why such phenomena as colors, sounds, odors, should not be external in the only sense of the word in which we have any reason to regard anything at all as physical and external. But first I shall set up a hypothetical scarecrow, to warn us away effectively from ground upon which we should not allow ourselves to settle.

Let us suppose that Descartes was right in assigning to the mind — I need not here pause to discuss the word — a seat in the pineal gland in the brain. Let us suppose that everything internal, sensations, percepts, memories, judgments, emotions, and the like, is unequivocally somewhere in the gland; in it, as papers are in this desk, or as chairs are in this

room. Let us suppose that the gland, the brain in which it has its place, the nerves, the sense-organs, and the whole physical world to which such things belong, are to be regarded as lying around the spot in which mental phenomena are segregated. Finally, let us make the monstrous supposition that we have discovered some ingenious way of inspecting directly both the mental phenomena in the gland and the physical world in which we have located their diminutive prison.

Under these circumstances, we find the significance of the words "inside" and "outside" very easy to grasp. "Inside" means "in the particular spot"; "outside" means "in the space beyond it." Our inspection reveals that what is within is not precisely like what is without. For one thing, colors, sounds, odors, tastes, have their place only in the little world of ideas. What is without has no color, does not emit sound, is odorless, is tasteless. Nevertheless, when something happens outside, there appear in the gland, among the ideas, phenomena quite different in kind from anything outside. The imprisoned soul we are discussing seems to hear the ringing of a bell, it seems to see the rosy light of dawn, it deludes itself with the thought that the scent of the roses is blown when the breeze of the morning moves. It decks a dark and silent world with a mantle of light and of harmony, and it rejoices in the beauty of what it has itself unwittingly called into being.

What a travesty of human experience of the mind and the world is furnished us in this picture! Yet those who read the works of the philosophers know that not a few of them have suggested to us that we should conceive of the World Without and the World Within somewhat after this fashion. This, too, in the face of the patent fact that, in all our actual experience of our minds and of physical things, there is nothing in the faintest degree suggesting it. We do not perceive our ideas to be "inside," in this extraordinary sense of the word, or in any sense at all approaching it. We seem to perceive meadow

and grove, river and mountain, where they are and as they are.* We are plainly doing violence to our experience when we abandon the common light of day, in which as plain men we have heretofore walked, for this twilight of the gods, in which all values are re-valued and most values are lost. Little wonder that we are advised to speak as do other men, whatever may be our private convictions touching the world and our knowledge of it!

Away with the unnatural picture, and back to the physical and the mental as they appear to be unmistakably revealed in our experience. In the illustration of the woodcutter and the tree, we saw that there was no great difficulty in deciding whether we were concerned with a change in things or with a change in ideas. If we approach the man and the tree, there is a change in our experiences, but we do not say that the things have changed, we say that they look different from different positions. If the relation of the sense-organ to the objects remains unchanged, we say that the changes which take place — the swing of the ax, the flying of the chip — are changes in things. Evidently, inside and outside, in the mind and in the physical world, are not here expressions equivalent to in the body and outside of the body. Just as evidently, the man who distinguishes between a change in his percepts and a change in things does not split what he perceives at any moment into two parts, drawing one part "within" and leaving the other part "without." When we reflect upon what it means to refer phenomena to the external world or to refer them to the mind, as illustrated in the very commonplace experience which I have instanced, we see that there seems to be no reason whatever why colors should not be as susceptible of this dual reference as any other phenomena.

As I approach the woodcutter from a distance, the color of his coat does not appear to me just the same at every stage of

* See Chapter XI, pp. 157 ff.

my progress. When I stand near him, I see clearly that it is brown, and I have a nice perception of the particular shade of brown which belongs to it. But it does not occur to me to say that the coat has turned brown as I walked; nor would it occur to me to say that the tree which seemed blue at a distance has turned green on my approach. On the other hand, I have no hesitation in saying that some objects change their color. The apples which hang upon the bough outside of my window are redder than they were a week ago. They have *turned* red. The garment I sent to the dyer comes back to me different in color. The iridescent hues of the soap bubble keep shifting, and I do not attribute their change to my organs of vision or to the relation of these to the airy globe which shines before me.

We may reason in the same way about sounds, odors, and tastes. It is not merely a concession to common usage, but it is a just recognition of familiar distinctions, to say: that the bell rings loudly in the belfry, although the sounds seem muffled here where I sit; that the sounds are not annihilated when I stop my ears with my fingers; that, when the tumultuous clamor comes to an end, and the bell is heard to toll slowly, the fact is to be attributed to changes in the outside world, and does not find its explanation in any reference to my organs of hearing.

We notice the scent of flowers in the room through which we are passing, and we approach the vase which contains them. The odor is more noticeable; and, as we bend over the vase, it is more pronounced still. No one judges that the scent of the flowers has become more powerful. Nor is any thoughtful man likely to decide that flowers lose their scent when he suffers from a cold in the head, and regain it when he has applied to himself the proper remedies. A flower may lose its scent, or we may be so circumstanced that we cannot perceive the scent that it has. In most instances it does not seem impossible to decide which is the case.

Nor is it otherwise with the sweetness, saltness, sourness or bitterness of substances which we put into our mouths. He who has been eating sugar may declare that the sup of tea which he takes has no sweetness at all; just as he who enters a darkened room from the sun-illumined street may declare that he is enveloped in total darkness. The effect produced upon our perception of tastes by the fluctuation in the condition of our bodies was a subject of comment at least two thousand years ago. Nevertheless, it has been quite possible for mankind to classify substances according to their tastes, and even to form intelligent judgments as to the degree of their sweetness or saltness.

There seems, then, no reason why we should not distinguish between inner and outer, subjective and objective, when we are dealing with colors, sounds, odors, and tastes. In fact, we every day do thus distinguish, and the language in which we express ourselves is rather accurately adjusted to the distinctions which we actually find it necessary to make. He who enters a darkened room does not assume that he cannot be seen, merely because he cannot see; he who hears no words pronounced does not necessarily take that bare fact as evidence that no one is talking and no one is hearing; he who buys flowers to send to his lady does not overlook the distinction between scented and scentless, merely because, in his present condition, he cannot distinguish by smell a rose from a dahlia; the thoughtful host leaves out of consideration the fact that he has a disordered body, and he chooses wines and viands on the assumption that the tastes of things differ and that these differences can be distinguished by men generally.

The distinction between what belongs to the object in question, and what must find its explanation in us or in our relation to the object, is not affected by such considerations as that the colors of things are not independent of the light under which they are seen, and are constantly changing. We call a cer-

tain book red, and we even specify the shade of red; we say that snow is white. But the passing of a cloud sensibly modifies the color of every object in my room, and the peak which stood out white under the noon sun turns pink at sunset. These are objective changes of color. Nevertheless, we continue to call the book red and snow white; and even after the shades of night have fallen and all things have disappeared in indistinguishable darkness, we talk as though each object had its color and the one color. Manifestly, we are here concerned with matters of convenience and convention. In each instance cited there *has* been an objective change, but it is not necessary to indicate every objective change of color by giving a distinct name to the thing perceived. Some changes have little significance, and may be allowed to pass unnoted. This does not mean that objects have no color.

It is, however, possible to urge a point which seems much more worthy of consideration. We have seen that, in the only sense of the word "external" that seems to be significant, colors, sounds, odors, and tastes appear to have as good a right to be considered external as have any other phenomena. Nevertheless, it may be claimed, all the facts adduced are compatible with the doctrine that they are only mental signs of something external, signs which are to be depended on, and which unfailingly indicate that something is taking place in the physical world, but which cannot themselves be said to belong to the physical world at all. Admitting that both common sense and science find their purposes best served by talking as though rock salt really could take on and retain a violet tint, and that such language is, hence, justified, is it not, at least, conceivable that all such expressions may need a certain interpretation if misunderstanding is to be avoided? A bank note is as good as gold for all practical purposes, if it truly represents the amount of gold indicated by the figures printed upon it. One makes no financial blunder in treating it

as though it were the thing it represents. And if such a quality as color be but an inner sign of something itself external, what matter whether we mark in speech the fact that it is a mere sign, or whether we proceed with our discussion in indifference to the fact? If the relation between sign and thing signified be dependable, our accounts need not be thrown into disorder. Nevertheless, say those who reason thus, paper is not a metal, and it is an error to suppose that it is gold; likewise, it is an error to suppose that colors are external.

I might answer all this briefly by pointing out that it seems reasonable to call external any phenomena to which will apply satisfactorily the only criterion of externality that we have. But so strong is the prejudice against the externality of the so-called secondary qualities of bodies, on the part of certain philosophers, at least, and so natural does the objection brought forward above seem to many persons, that I shall give the matter a more detailed consideration.

At the outset, I must call attention to the fact that he who thus lays emphasis upon internal signs and external things signified by them seems forced to maintain that no phenomenon directly presented in our experience is to be regarded as external at all. The surface of my writing table looks colored, it seems to fill continuously the space that it occupies, it feels to the touch smooth. Why not attribute all these qualities to the constitution of my organs of sense, and say that it is not really colored, does not really fill space continuously, and is not smooth, but is rather rough and uneven? So much one may say even without having recourse to the ultimate constituents of things as the chemist and the physicist describe them.

One may, however, go farther. No man has a right, on the basis of this or that philosophic theory, to reject the accepted facts of science or what seem to be legitimate inferences from those facts. For a century the science of chemistry has been familiar with the atom, and has conceived of the material

things which surround us as composed of these minute and imperceptible entities in their various combinations. The most recent physical researches have familiarized us with the concept of the corpuscle or electron, that exceedingly minute constituent of the atom, the nature and behavior of which are supposed to account for the properties of the atom, just as the nature and behavior of the atom are supposed to account for the properties of the things we see and feel.

If these doctrines of the constitution of matter are true — and certainly the layman has no right to impugn their truth — must we not maintain that no phenomenon directly revealed to the sense is to be regarded as external, but that the only external world is the world of atoms and corpuscles and their motions? Now, we have long heard of atomic weights and volumes, and recently we have been hearing something of the masses and motions of corpuscles; but on the subject of atomic and corpuscular colors, smells, and tastes, we appear to be left without information. What if it should turn out that these minute things to which science has introduced us are not colored, sonorous, odorous, sapid? Should we not be forced to conclude that, although *something* is external and can be described with more or less accuracy, yet the secondary qualities under discussion must be denied externality? This sounds very Lockian. Everything we directly perceive is dragged into the mind; what is outside has some qualities more or less resembling qualities that the things we seem to perceive seem to have; but certain other qualities of the things that we have heretofore regarded as external are wholly lacking in the world of matter.

This position has only a superficial plausibility. It may be effectually refuted by two quite distinct arguments. Let us consider the first.

I beg the reader to follow me in imagining the man who is inclined to degrade tables, chairs, woodcutters, and trees to

the rank of mere appearance, and who is disposed to exalt atoms and corpuscles, to become suddenly endowed with a sense or senses much more acute than any he now possesses. Suppose that he has become directly aware of the existence and motions of atoms, as he was once aware of the colored balls thrown into the air by the conjurer. Perhaps he would, at first, be inclined to flatter himself with the thought that he now perceives the external world as it is, whereas he was before fed upon appearances and nothing more. Nevertheless, if our figure has any real meaning, if we are still talking about sense and about things, in any intelligible signification of those words, is it not inevitable that he should begin to ask himself the questions that arose in his mind before? A given change makes itself perceptible to him. Is this an external change, or is there a change only in his perceptions? Why should we assume that there is no problem of internal and external to one dwelling in the land of atoms?

The questionings of a man in this position might be made more insistent by the discontent of a scientific companion, who carried over to the new life memories of passages contained in the books written for and read by ordinary mortals. "I am as sick of atoms," complains the promoted scientist, "as ever the Lady of Shalott was of shadows. Are we never to have a glimpse of things as they really are outside? Remember what Lodge said of the relation of a corpuscle to the atom of which it forms a part."

In the illustration referred to an atom of hydrogen is represented by an ordinary church, and the corpuscles constituting it are represented by about one thousand grains of sand, darting in all directions, or rotating with inconceivable velocity, and filling the whole interior of the church with their motions. Our atom-seer perceives nothing at all like this, and he is compelled to admit that, if atoms really are like this, he does not perceive atoms as they are. He may conclude that what he

perceives is wholly "inside," and that what is "outside" is not the atom, but the corpuscle.

Let the man attain the third degree, and become capable of a direct inspection of corpuscles. If we keep to the analogy of sense and perception at all — if, that is, our words have a meaning — what is to prevent the old problem from breaking out again? Acuteness of sense has nothing to do with the matter. The distinction of inner and outer remains the same for all degrees of dullness and acuteness. No one claims that all the experiences of a myopic man are internal, and that only he who enjoys good vision can see external things. No one supposes that what I now see, as I turn my eyes about, is all internal, but that what I see when I apply my eye to the microscope is an outside thing. And there is no better reason for maintaining that the objects I perceive in this room are internal or mental, but that such things as atoms are not.

Whether we are dealing with the things we perceive in our everyday life, with the atom, with the corpuscle, or with something beyond, perhaps, the ether, we are confronted with precisely the same question: In the particular instance before us, what may we properly regard as physical, and what must we refer to ourselves and call mental? Nor is there the slightest reason for assuming that we should decide the matter in one way in the case of tables, chairs, trees, and woodcutters, and in another way in the case of such things as atoms and corpuscles. If, then, we are talking about a tree and a woodcutter, let us keep to the tree and the woodcutter, and not wander off to something else, which, we will find, has troubles of its own, which it is proper to consider when the thing in question is considered. Here we may keep to the tree and the man, and may ask: How do we distinguish between the things and our ideas of the things? Can we distinguish between a change in the things and a change merely in our percepts? We have seen that we can do so, that men generally do so, and

that it is possible to do so without consulting either the chemist or the physicist.

And now for my second argument. We all admit that atoms and corpuscles are not directly perceived. Yet we do not hesitate to attribute to them position in space and motion in space. Not in some unknown and unknowable space with which the space of which we are directly aware has no intelligible relation; but in the very space in which exist the things we perceive about us. I hold my pen here in my fingers, and I look at it. I believe that a certain swarm of atoms exists, and that the pen which I perceive guarantees its existence. Where is the pen? In a definite place determined by its relations to other material things which are also perceived. Where are the atoms that I think of as composing the pen? No man of science would locate them on the other side of the moon or in one of the satellites of Jupiter. No man of science would believe in them if they could not be located at all. I follow common sense and science in referring them to the space occupied by this pen.

But, suppose I conclude that the pen which I directly perceive is wholly inside me — that it is a mere mental representative of something beyond. *Where are, then, the atoms?* I beg that the lesson of the last chapter be held clearly in mind. Unless something external is perceived directly, nothing at all can be known to be external, and to talk of its position and motion, or of the time during which it undergoes its changes, is simply absurd. Atoms located in the unknown and vibrating at no time that can be specified are not the atoms which, as science tells me, compose this pen. The only claim which the latter have to a position in space is based upon the similar claim urged by the pen. Draw the pen inside, deny that it exists in space, and you cut loose from its moorings and render wholly insignificant the space occupied by the atoms.

If, then, anything is external, the very things that I per-

ceive about me are external. Their qualities are physical qualities, not sensations; they may properly be said to belong to things and to have their place in the external world. There is no reason to discriminate against colors, sounds, odors, tastes. If we apply to such phenomena the tests by which we in any instance distinguish between what is in things and what is in us, we find that it is quite possible to distinguish between objective and subjective, what should be attributed to things and what should be attributed to some change in the sense or to some change in the relation of the sense to the things in question. We may, then, without being shamefaced about the matter or calling it a concession to human weakness, say frankly that the flower is blue and has a scent. This is just as true as it is that the bud grows and the flower unfolds its petals. The so-called secondary qualities of bodies do belong to the bodies, as they seem to. The language of common life and of science does not need correction at the hands of the philosopher. My chair there against the wall has size and shape, and it has also color. The size and shape cannot properly be said to be in me; neither can the color.

But what of atoms and corpuscles? If they exist, they are external, too. Not more really external than are the things revealed by our senses, but just as truly external, and external in the same sense. It is the only sense in which anything can be physical and external at all.

Have these atoms and corpuscles the qualities we have been discussing? In attributing to them position and motion in space, we make them not absolutely unlike the things we see, feel, hear, taste, and smell; but may we attribute to them the other properties of such things, and claim that an increase in the acuteness of the senses which we actually possess might reveal their presence? To this I answer, it will, perhaps, be time enough to ask for a detailed description of atoms and corpuscles when men know more about them than they seem

to know at present. As they are not chairs and tables, it may very well be that they are without some of the qualities which we perceive chairs and tables to have. This would, of course, have no bearing on the question whether such qualities are possessed by chairs and tables. The question of the qualities to be attributed to the minutest constituents of material things is a question for the physicist. He may find good reason for maintaining that an electron cannot be colored, just as he has found good reason for holding that a bell cannot ring in a world without an atmosphere.

It is not for the philosopher to dogmatize touching matters which lie within the realm of the chemist or of the physicist. But he is within his right when he points out that the man who will talk intelligibly of anything must remain within the sphere of phenomena. We do not leave that sphere when we neglect the consideration of colors, sounds, odors, and tastes, and occupy ourselves with the geometrical properties of things, discourse of masses and motions. We do not leave it when we pass from the consideration of the things of everyday life to the consideration of atoms, or from the study of atoms to that of corpuscles. Everywhere, if our speech is to remain significant at all, we must deal with phenomena, always with phenomena. And the land from which we set out upon every voyage of discovery is Everybody's World, the world of phenomena physical and mental with which we are all familiar. We must be credulous, indeed, if we allow the hardy mariners who return from visits to other shores, where things are more or less different, to persuade us that the trees which we perceive to be green are not green, and that our roses are not fragrant.

CHAPTER XI

THE NEW REALISM AND EVERYBODY'S WORLD

It is now time for us to see whether the New Realist has occupied himself with getting a clearer view of the world in which we actually live, and to which we all pay the substantial tribute of involuntary recognition, or has, after soaring on the wings of the poetic imagination in search of worlds which are nowhere in particular, returned to relate to us his dreams. The pot of gold unearthed at the foot of the rainbow must submit to the test of the laboratory before it can be passed from hand to hand as an acceptable medium of exchange. Is the world of the New Realism none other than Everybody's World with its dark places lighted up? Or is it a strange country that is offered us? one whose milk, honey, and hypertrophied agricultural products may indemnify us for the loss of the old home to which we are adjusted and which impresses us as being real?

Let us summarize. It is a commonplace of Everybody's World that there exist external material things, the qualities and the relations of which we can directly perceive. It is believed that these things are not in our minds, and may not properly be called sensations, percepts, or ideas, but exist continuously and independently of us. The suggestion that we create these things in knowing them would be scouted as absurd. It is recognized that they form a system, and that, by reference to this system, individual things and happenings may be assigned a place and date.

Each of these features of Everybody's World is accepted without reservation by the New Realist. He does not obliterate them, he emphasizes them. When he finds the plain man

and the man of science lending an ear to the wisdom of the serpent and inclining to the belief that the things which appear to belong to the external world cannot really be there, but must be inside themselves, he furnishes an antidote to the poison and brings them back to common sense. This he does in making more clear what they had only half recognized; namely, that "inside" does not mean "in the body," and that what we perceive directly are not little copies or images of the external things in question, but are the very things themselves. He points out that the supposed difficulty that plagues them is a fictitious one. An ancient misconception led men to believe that things throw off little copies of themselves, that these penetrate to some region of the body, and that these alone are directly known. This is crude; this is palpably absurd; this is contrary to experienced fact. When it is once made clear what may properly be meant by "external" and "internal," we are relieved of the modern shadow of this ancient incubus, and we may come back to the natural belief that we are as directly conscious of external things as we are of anything whatever. Moreover, we may with a clear conscience accept as external the things we actually perceive, with just the qualities and relations which we perceive them to have. We are not compelled to scrape them of their qualities before we accept them; nor must we, to the detriment of the things we perceive, give the preference to certain other things, with, perhaps, other qualities, which, whether they do or do not exist, certainly no one has as yet perceived to exist.

As to the independent existence of material things, the New Realist is its stoutest champion. He calls attention to the fact that no man in his senses means, when he asserts that physical things are independent of perception, that said physical things are not such physical things as he has perceived, or that they have no connection with what he has perceived. The only question that can interest him is: Must such things as he

perceives lapse into nothingness if unperceived? The New Realist points out that a doubt on the subject never arises in the mind of any one save through a misconception. It is not natural to think that tables and chairs are of so feeble and dependent a nature that they need the support of a bystander if they are not to vanish like smoke. Men do not spontaneously arrive at such conclusions. They are not met with in common life; they are nowhere to be found in science. But once suggest to a man that tables and chairs are not what he thought them, but should be called sensations or ideas, and they become to him wet tissue-paper. He is ready to exclaim: "Who ever heard of an independent shadow? If my sensations and ideas are not in my mind, where are they? As well discuss an independent toothache as an independent table."

From this gratuitous degradation and pauperization of physical things the New Realist would save the man of native good sense who is in danger of slipping. Some things are perceived to exist in the physical world; some are believed to exist in spite of the fact that we do not perceive them. They are believed to exist on the strength of evidence, and this evidence is subject to the usual canons of the inductive and deductive logic.

Whether such unperceived things do or do not exist can in most instances better be determined by the man of special knowledge than by the philosopher. One can judge perfectly well of the evidence without reflecting upon the precise significance of the words "physical existence." Those who are the most occupied with the problem of what does or does not exist in the external world, and can give us the most information worthy of attention, commonly reflect little upon this question. That does not prevent them from knowing very well that it is one thing to prove that something exists or has existed, and quite another to prove that some one perceives it or might have perceived it.

All that the philosopher can do is to make more clear and explicit what the words "independent physical existence" may properly mean. He may point out that he who proves that something exists in the physical world is furnishing evidence that certain phenomena have their place in the objective order of phenomena with a part of which we have a direct acquaintance in perception. This added information does not compel the plain man and the man of science to reverse their judgments. On the contrary, it makes it plain that the distinctions which they have drawn are entirely justified, and it ought to induce them to turn a deaf ear to those who would mislead them.

Thus, the New Realist accepts frankly the continuously existing independent physical things of Everybody's World, and he defends them against attack. He sees clearly that the only space and time in which we ever try to place and date anything are the space and time borrowed from this physical system. Seeing this, he recognizes it as the very backbone of the orderly world in which we live, and he warns men off from assaults upon it.

To return to our summary. It is a commonly recognized truth that, had we no senses, we should not perceive anything. It is well known that things appear different as revealed to different senses, and as their relations to a single sense vary. We all accept the fact that there are sentient creatures of many orders, equipped with senses and nervous systems of various grades. We regard it as unquestionable that the world of physical things cannot reveal itself to all these creatures under the same aspect.

But neither the plain man nor the man of science, while accepting all this, finds himself forced to conclude that the world of physical things is not known at all. Each assumes that it is known and that it can furnish him with places and dates. Neither feels tempted to locate extinct reptiles in his mind, or to date geological epochs by placing them between two

of his ideas. When we ask, *where* are the creatures that now have an experience of the world different from our own? or, *when* did other creatures have their being? answers are forthcoming which have a significance for science. It is taken for granted on all hands that these creatures, if they exist or have existed, belong to the same world. It is accepted that, if they may be said to perceive at all, they perceive the same world.

These positions constitute an implicit recognition of the World as Phenomenon, and they are heartily approved by the New Realist. But, since he who recognizes the world to be phenomenon only implicitly, and without a very clear consciousness of what he is doing, is in some danger of falling into perplexities when he begins to reflect, the New Realist thinks it necessary to make the truth explicit and to guard against misconception. Thus, he advises men not to overlook the fact that, when we say that we all perceive the same physical things, we do not mean and we never have meant that we all have the same experiences. That we perceive the same things he does not doubt for a moment. That most men have no very clear notion of what they have a right to mean when they use the word "same" in this connection seems to him evident, and he tries to enlighten them.

I hope it has been made plain that the New Realist has accepted without reservation the physical world of things recognized by Everybody. He has rubbed out no outline; he has only thrown a little more light upon what before lay in the shade. The material world issues from his hands as stable, as dependable, as independent, as it has always been supposed to be — a world into which we are born at some definite time, in which we endure for a space, and which we do not carry with us when we depart out of it, in spite of the fact that it is phenomenon and is revealed under different aspects to different creatures.

And now for the New Realist and the mind. We have seen

that minds are accepted without question in Everybody's World, and that they are invariably, if somewhat vaguely, referred to bodies. The New Realist accepts them as unequivocally, and also refers them to bodies.

I remarked in Chapter I that the subject of minds is rather a dark spot in Everybody's World. Notwithstanding the Cartesian assurance, now on record for centuries, that the mind is more easily known than the body, the plain man has persisted in feeling very uncertain about the nature of the mind, and his utterances remain vague. That he has a mind, he never doubts; that things mental are not things material, he doubts as little; that his mind is related to his body as it is not related to other things, appears to him undeniable. He speaks of his dreams, of his memories, of his sensations, as being in his mind. Exactly what he means by using the expressions which he does use he leaves undetermined.

Here the New Realist comes to his aid, and endeavors to make clear to him what he sees but dimly. He begins by pointing out that, as in the case of external things, so in the case of minds, we have to do with phenomena and nothing else. He shows how mental phenomena are, in actual practice, distinguished from physical. He explains that, when we speak of this or that phenomenon as being in the mind, we are referring it to the subjective order revealed in experience, and not to the objective. He justifies the reference of the mind to the body by indicating just the experiences in which the connection is revealed, and he maintains that the whole meaning of the reference is to be found in such experiences. In all this, he affirms, and does not deny. He only wishes to fix more clearly distinctions already recognized, and to prevent embarrassing misconceptions.

Nevertheless, it may be objected, men generally do talk as though the mind were in the body, perhaps, in the brain; and the expressions they use suggest that they conceive it to

be something different from all mental phenomena, taken singly or collectively. If we admit that they speak thus, may we not maintain that these two notions mark features in Everybody's World, and that the New Realist, in rejecting either or both of them, is guilty of perpetrating a robbery upon the public?

Over the first of these points I need not linger. I have indicated[1] that the modern man does not put the mind unequivocally into the body. Even a moderate share in the enlightenment of our day carries him beyond that. But the second point it is worth while for us to consider.

An ancient philosophical tradition made the "substance" of such things as tables and chairs something quite distinct from all the phenomena in which these objects present themselves. I think we must admit that a more or less faint echo of this ancient tradition makes itself perceptible in the thought of the average layman to-day. When men say that a table has qualities and stands in relations, they do not seem to be clearly aware that it is constituted by such phenomena, although they never look for anything else in it. Shall we say, when we take into account their attitude, that this "substance" is a feature of the physical world recognized in common life and in science?

It would be absurd to say this. When, in common life, men describe the things about them, they leave it completely out of their reckoning. Who would think it necessary, in describing a bit of wood, a stone, a mass of metal, a geologic age or a stellar system, to refer to this philosophic fiction? Absolutely everything that we have to say about physical things, their changes, their relations, can be said while confining oneself to the world of phenomena. To speak, then, of "substance," in this sense of the word, as a feature of the physical world recognized by Everybody, seems scarcely more sensible than to maintain that the Unknowable is a feature of the Carboniferous System. The man of science ignores this useless fiction precisely as does the plain man. In his deepest

investigations into the constitution of matter, he never once refers to it. The world of phenomena is good enough for him.

We have a parallel to this physical "substance" in the mind supposed to be something different and distinct from phenomena and their relations. We say that the mind *has* sensations and ideas, we speak of them as *in* the mind. Does this mean that something which may not properly be said to belong to the World as Phenomenon should be regarded as an accepted feature of the world in which we all find ourselves? Surely not.

We can scarcely call that a feature which has nowhere been sketched into the picture, and which is not to be seen at all by one who gazes upon it. The painter who claims to have portrayed St. Jerome in his cave, and who confronts us with a canvas upon which is portrayed the mouth of a cavern and nothing more, cannot persuade us to purchase by assuring us that the saint, though invisible, really is inside and must be regarded as a feature of the painting. When we scrutinize the utterances of the plain man, when we weigh and analyze his accounts of his own mind and of other minds, we find that quite all that he really has to say of the mind is said about the mind as phenomenon.

He refers his own mind to a body existing at a particular time and place. He can give some account, rather a vague account, of the mental phenomena of which he has experience. He can, within certain limits, furnish a description of various other minds, which he refers to certain bodies. But of the modern successor of the ancient "mind as substance" — of an "activity" or "awareness," timeless, spaceless, indescribably colorless and unmeaning, identical in all persons [2] — of this the plain man says nothing and knows nothing. This Jerome cannot justly be said to sit at any time at the door of any cave. He cannot be identified with any saint, or distinguished from

any sinner. He is a metaphysical fiction which we have no right to substitute for a dark spot in Everybody's World and to describe as a feature. Without loss to anyone, he may be dropped out of reckoning. The psychologist finds him as useless and insignificant as does his less scientific neighbor. He is quite ready to turn him over to the philosopher as being recalcitrant stuff of which he can make no use in his science — a science which is, nevertheless, supposed to give an account of minds.

Mental phenomena *are* a feature of Everybody's World. So are minds, if we mean minds as revealed in mental phenomena. Such minds the New Realist accepts; and he subscribes without reservation to the treatment actually accorded to them in common life and in science.

There is one more point upon which I may reasonably be expected to dwell before leaving the topic of the New Realism and Everybody's World. I have said above that we perceive the qualities and relations of things directly; that our experience of the physical is as immediate as is that of the mental. In saying this I believe that I am only putting into words the tacit assumption of common sense and of science. It may be admitted that this is the tacit assumption of common sense and of science, and yet the protest may be entered that both of these make admissions which do not seem, at first sight, at least, compatible with this assumption. Is it not admitted by Everybody that our knowledge of things has feeble beginnings, that it grows, that it may contain error, that it should be held subject to possible correction? How can one maintain that things are directly revealed, immediately given in experience, and yet that we may be in error about them? Can the New Realist tread this path in the company of the plain man?

That there is no real difficulty before us ought to be evident, it seems to me, to one who has read carefully the preceding chapters. Nevertheless, to make the apparent difficulty as

formidable as possible before attempting to meet it, I shall adduce certain striking illustrations.

From a distant point of view I watch the woodman swinging his ax; I may maintain that I see a man, clothed in a certain fashion, going through certain motions a quarter of a mile away. A nearer approach reveals the fact that I was in error as to the man's dress and as to the distance. Was, then, the man as I saw him external? or was this an internal representative of something external?

I see a figure in a mirror. It appears to be behind the mirror, and to have a definite location at a certain distance and direction from my body. Is it actually where it seems to be, or is it somewhere else?

I hear a tram approaching from the right, and spur my jaded steps to intercept it. I discover that the sounds have been reflected from the house across the way, and that the tram is going in the wrong direction. Did I hear the sounds made by the tram approaching from the left?

A puff of smoke makes itself apparent upon the horizon, and some seconds later I hear a booming sound. I do not hesitate to say that I heard the gun fired. Yet, the sound I heard was certainly heard later than anything that I regard as the immediate result of the explosion. Can the one phenomenon be assigned two different times of being?

I look into the starry heavens at night, and the man of science informs me that some of the stars which I seem to see may have burned themselves out ages ago, and may now be emitting no light at all. Can any one see a flaming star that does not flame? What does one really see in such an instance?

In the face of such facts as these, what becomes of the doctrine that what is external is directly revealed in our experience? that we perceive things as they are and where they are? The first temptation of a man confronted with them is to slip into something resembling the ancient Empedoclean doctrine of

images or copies discussed in Chapter II. The plain man with some scientific information may say: What one really sees is the image on the retina of the eye; what one really hears is the disturbance in the ear caused by the air-waves. The philosopher may say: It is an error to believe that in perception we have actual experience of a present object; our experiences themselves are in a place represented by the brain events with which they are correlated.[3] He may even go so far as to say: They *are* the brain events, considered in themselves: the object is somewhere else.[4]

I shall be compelled in the next chapter to come back to the philosophical doctrine just alluded to. Here I need only say that the New Realist must seek some other way out of his apparent difficulties. He who puts everything immediately experienced "inside" is doomed, whether ancient Greek or modern European, to lose his external world altogether.

Nor is the New Realist reduced to this forlorn expedient. In the distinction, dwelt upon in Chapters IX and X, between internal and external, it was in no way implied that external things, to be known at all, must be known exhaustively and accurately, nor that all that is external is known immediately, even when known. It was, indeed, shown that we have as immediate an experience of physical phenomena as we have of mental. But he who will turn to the illustrations there brought forward, and will consider their significance, may discover that there is nothing in the distinction to suggest that we may be absolved from the duty of finding out with pains and effort what the qualities and relations of physical things are.

I sit here at my table and cast my eyes about my room. My hand and pen, the table, the chair opposite me, the lounge beside it, the wall behind them, stand out as external things which I perceive. The ticking of the clock on my table I also recognize as external, and I refer it to the clock. Were I innocent of all past experiences, did these experiences break in

upon me for the first time, they would not be freighted with the meaning which they actually carry now. I should not know that I can lay my hand on the table, walk over to the chair, chase the dog off of the lounge, stop the clock. What seems to me now the revelation of the moment is something to which I have attained.

Nevertheless, it is not well to misconceive either that with which I started or that to which I have attained. Had I not had the fundamental distinction between physical phenomena and mental phenomena to build upon, I should never have found myself where I am. I now perceive table, chair, and lounge opposite my body. My clock ticks in front of me. Where do I perceive the chair to be? How far is it from my body, and how far from the table and the lounge? Where do I hear the clock ticking? These are significant questions. Any answer that I am in a position to give must be, to be sure, somewhat inaccurate. I may misjudge to some degree the distances of the things in question from each other and from my body; I may be inaccurate in describing directions. But, on the whole, my errors here are relatively small. The objects, their qualities, their positions and relations, stand out in my experience, and such as they form a basis for judging of what is less definitely and directly revealed.

Let me take an illustration. I stand gazing upon the rising moon. The question may be raised: Do I perceive the moon where it is and as it is? It is clear that, in calling this that is before me the rising moon, I do not conceive myself to be concerned with an isolated phenomenon. This phenomenon taken alone is not what any one means by the moon. It is a revelation of the moon under given circumstances. By having recourse to other experiences of things external, by listening to the voice of science, I may learn that, were the relation of my body to any part of the moon what it is to this table or to that chair, the moon would be revealed under a very differ-

ent aspect and one which much better explains the part which the moon actually plays in the system of nature. For this reason I give it the preference in describing the moon. It is a similar reason that induces me to accept the astronomer's account of the place of the moon in preference to the indefinite suggestions of distance which the experience carries with it even to the unlearned.*

It should be observed that we are concerned with physical phenomena from the outset. But it should never be forgotten: (1) that a single experience of the external does not by itself constitute what men call a thing; (2) that some such experiences give very inadequate information about things; and (3) that some are actually misleading to men at a certain stage of the development of their experience of the world.

Shall I, then, say I see the moon as it is and where it is? Yes, if the person to whom I am speaking can be counted on to exercise ordinary common sense in interpreting my statement. I see the moon to be round, or approximately so, and I see it out there in front of my body. One thing is as certain as anything can be: What I immediately perceive is not on the retina of my eye or in my brain. I perceive it to be in front of my body, and, if I insist on drawing it into my brain, my body must be drawn in with it, which results in incoherence.

All this is simply taken for granted in ordinary speech. Men ask where the moon is. What they want to know is its distance and direction from other material things. It never occurs to them that the moon as seen from a distance is in one place and the moon as seen near at hand must be in another. Which means that they are not inquiring about the place to be assigned to different percepts of the moon. And when they ask what the moon is like, they are not desirous of knowing how it would look from all conceivable distances and under all conceivable circumstances. He who is concerned to know about a

* See Chapter XII, on the topic of Appearance and Reality.

thing and its relation to other things seeks certain definite information regarding the phenomena which constitute the external order. He must have immediate experience of the external somewhere and to some extent, or he would have no foundation on which to build. But, given such a foundation, he may attain to a very accurate and extensive knowledge of things; and, if he is sensible, he will not, in giving an account of things and their qualities, wander off into the domain of the psychologist and begin talking about percepts.

And now let me return briefly to the supposed difficulties instanced a few pages back. May the New Realist maintain that he perceives immediately the distant woodman and the figure in the mirror, that he hears the approaching tram and the thundering cannon, that he sees the star which no longer shines?

He sees the man at a distance, and he attempts a description. The experience which he has does belong to the external order; it is an experience of a thing. It should be remarked, however, that he is not in the least concerned to *describe the experience*. *That* he leaves to the psychologist. What he tries to describe is the thing. He has observed that some experiences give fuller and more accurate information about things than do others. In telling us what he sees, he tries to give us such information about the thing. His data are inadequate, and he makes some errors. It is contrary to common usage and contrary to good sense to say that he does not see the distant man. He sees him imperfectly, as he should, under the circumstances. But he sees him in front of his body, and in the same space with his body as he can perceive it. He does not see him on the retina of his eye or in his brain.

Here we have a quite normal ordering of experiences after a fashion which we are called upon to exercise at every hour of the day. The man at a distance is at once seen to be at a distance and in a certain direction — that is, the experience at

once brings its own interpretation in other experiences. Such suggested interpretations are so easily verified and are so constantly being verified in our experience of things that we have little consciousness of the distinction between the experience and its interpretation.

The other cases are slightly different, in that there is what may be called an illusion. *Where* do I see the figure in the mirror to be? *Where* do I hear the tram? Do I hear the gun *when* it is fired? Do I *see* the extinct sun?

The difficulty of giving direct answers to such questions lies in the fact that language is not adjusted to what present themselves in the experience of men generally as exceptional phenomena. No well-informed person is deceived as to the facts themselves. In each of the above instances we have to do with an immediate experience of phenomena of the objective order, with a revelation of some aspect of the external world. In each instance the experience carries with it the suggestion of an interpretation. My first impulse is to interpret the experience according to the common rule, which I follow, and have reason to approve, every day. A wider knowledge of the external world, a knowledge which is the outcome of many experiences, reveals that I must not apply my rule indiscriminately. I learn to say: I see, in the mirror before me, the image of a man standing behind me; I hear the sound of an approaching tram reflected from a wall; I shall hear that gun fired when the sound-waves reach my ear; I see a point of light, and I know that there was a flaming star out there, whether it is flaming now or not.

Were men sufficiently well informed, and were such experiences as those alluded to sufficiently common, there would in no case be the shadow of an illusion. Each experience of the external world would be given its proper significance automatically, and there would be no impulse to misconceive it. Language would adjust itself to palpable fact, and the ex-

pressions used in referring to such experiences would not sound paradoxical.

There is, thus, no reason why the New Realist should not maintain, with the plain man and with the man of science, that we have immediate experience of external things and of their relations. He need make no other reservations than those which he finds tacitly accepted in common life and in science. It is there tacitly accepted that the physical is immediately given in experience, and it is not doubted that our knowledge of things has small beginnings, must increase gradually, and should be held subject to possible correction.

The New Realist is, as we see, one who recognizes old truths and approves well-tried distinctions. Whether we consider physical things or turn our attention to minds, we do not find him wandering at random in the void and exercising his free creative activity in a manner more creditable to the liveliness of his imagination than to the sobriety of his judgment. His journeyings have brought him back to Everybody's World — to the real things and to the real minds of our common experience. He has not returned to deny the world, to destroy the world, or to sublimate the world into something quite different from what it has heretofore been believed to be. He has come back with the conviction that common sense, although it is somewhat inarticulate, and often feels truths blindly rather than sees them clearly, is, on the whole, surprisingly sensible.

He has learned, and that is no small thing, that the philosopher is not a magician, and cannot create for us a new heaven and a new earth. His business is not transformation. The wise thing for him to do is to accept a world of which much was known before ever he entered it, and to walk about in it soberly, lighting up, as well as he can with his little lantern, what seem to be the obscure places in it.

A sober business, to be sure; but then, life is a sober business, or should be. If the New Realist is right, we have to do

with a world which we already know pretty well, and to which we are, perforce, more or less adjusted. Our task seems to be to see somewhat more clearly and in better perspective what we have already seen imperfectly, and to make our adjustment a more reasoned one.

Berkeley offered us a new world in place of the old. It turned out to be not a world at all. It was a rosy vision that faded even as we gazed. By a new insight, a bit of argument as yet unthought of, though it lay on the threshold of many a mind before him, he would transform the world. He did not transform it; he lost it, although he never discovered his loss.

His experience may well suggest to us the necessity of sobriety and caution. The consciousness that the world of the philosopher is, after all, only the world in which we have always lived, should serve as a wholesome check upon extravagant expectations. Who looks for the Mountain of Gold or the Valley of Diamonds in the suburbs of Boston, or on the banks of the Hudson? We have a right to approach with caution arguments which seem to compel us to distinctly new and startling views of a system of things with which we have long had some acquaintance. We do well to distrust dazzling revelations.

And, if we lose some thrills in keeping our feet upon the soil of Everybody's World, we find ourselves not without compensations. We at least have a world. We are set free from that distrust of minds and things as revealed in appearances which has cast its shadow over some men of sufficiently acute intellect. We are relieved of the burden of a hopeless search for a Reality wholly different in nature from the homely realities with which we are brought face to face every day.

Naturally, as temperaments differ and not all men have the same education, there may be expected differences of opinion as to what should or should not be regarded as startling revelations and approached with a certain distrust. Some accept

easily momentous conclusions which strike others as resting upon the slenderest of foundations and unsupported by real evidence. Those who have lived long in the atmosphere of a given philosophic tradition may see Everybody's World through its mists, and may be quite unaware that the sunsets to which they are accustomed are anything to be surprised at.

I shall, therefore, in indicating what doctrines should be approached with caution and even with tentative suspicion, be compelled to speak from the point of view of some philosopher. I take the New Realist, who is at no small pains to do justice to Everybody's World. He objects to its demolition; he does not want it metamorphosed. He has learned that one may burn one's fingers at the lamp held aloft by the philosopher, and that its precious little flame sometimes smokes abominably, giving off clouds of words that thicken the air and interfere with clear vision.

Having indicated my standpoint, I may, without further ado, maintain that it is our duty to listen in a very critical spirit to the prophet who would transfigure the system of things, given in our common experience, by asserting that the World is Mind-stuff, that it is Will, that it is Idea or Reason or God. Especially should we be on our guard against those who, instead of pointing out to us how we may best adjust ourselves to the World, seem inclined to teach us that we may assume the World to be Our Creature and may compel it to adjust itself to us.

It should be understood that I have no wish to impugn either the genius or the learning of those who bring us such revelations. The plain man passes them by, and is little affected by them. The reflective may be tempted to accept them as a foundation, and to build upon them. A presumptive right to acceptance such revelations may not claim. Their right must be established by a careful weighing of evidence, and before a court where logical laws rule supreme.

In certain chapters to follow I shall discuss — of necessity, very briefly — the views indicated above. I think it will appear that what is, in each case, offered us, is not a clearer view of the world revealed to common knowledge and made the object of science. It is a substitute for it. The New Realist admits that Everybody's World must have its face washed, if its features are to stand out unmistakably. But when he discovers that the more he washes a given face, the more it becomes apparent that its possessor cannot be the person he thought he had in his hands, he grows increasingly suspicious. For this, one can scarcely blame him.

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD AS MIND-STUFF AND THE WORLD AS WILL

As I sit here writing, I raise my eyes to view the material things that present themselves before me. My table, the chair opposite, the lounge beside it, the pictures which hang upon the wall above them, stand revealed with some distinctness. Do I really perceive them in front of my body and in relation to it and to each other? As we have seen, the answer of common sense and of science is unequivocally in the affirmative.

Do I perceive them *as they really are?* The question must not be brushed aside as a foolish one. We have touched upon it a few pages back, but it merits a more detailed discussion, for certain answers which have been given to it loom up as obstacles which threaten to jolt our orderly world from the orbit in which it has heretofore rejoiced to run its course, and to make of it a wandering star in the chaotic realm of mere appearance.

Admitting that I perceive the physical things, of which I have just spoken, precisely as I should perceive them under the circumstances, that is, sitting here with my eyes open, and with the room lighted as it is — admitting this, may it not be questioned whether the circumstances are wholly favorable, and whether, if I seriously wish to describe the things referred to, I should not appeal from these experiences to something else? Did I walk over to that chair, I might discover defects in it which are hidden from me here. Did I bring my face close to the picture above it, I might see details which now escape me.

Men are constantly appealing from things revealed under certain circumstances to the same things revealed under certain

others. This does not mean that they are turning their backs upon things as phenomena, and phenomena of the objective order. It means that they are giving to certain phenomena the preference over certain others, and are accepting them as a more adequate revelation of the things. It is in accordance with common usage of speech to say that, under given circumstances, things appear so and so, but, perceiving them more satisfactorily, we find that they really are so and so.

Thus, we say that the staff which looks bent in the water really is as straight as it feels to the hand; that the edge of the plank which we are planing seems straight to the finger, but may be seen to be really crooked, when we look along it as the carpenter does. In the endeavor to secure full and accurate information about things, we may appeal from one sense to another, from given experiences of the one sense to other experiences of the same, or we may have recourse to reasonings, and may go beyond what can be directly revealed to any sense. How far it is *wise* to go, in a particular instance, is matter of convenience or of convention; how far one *can* go can only be determined by the limitations of human knowledge. I may appeal from sight to touch, from touch to sight, from either of these to smell or taste; I may appeal from a distant view of a thing to a closer view, may reject that for the revelations of the microscope, or may betake myself to atoms or corpuscles.

Such a distinction as this between appearance and reality need not throw me into consternation or revolutionize for me the material world in a corner of which I find myself. *This* pathway to reality is marked by homely distinctions familiar to all and not likely to be misunderstood. If I remark to my servant, when he enters the room to stir the fire, that I could see the chair or the picture better by shifting my position, he would not be surprised at the familiar fact; he would only marvel at my thinking it worth while to point it out.

My friend walks into the room and sits down on the chair to begin a chat. Like everything else in the room, his body may be revealed to me under various aspects, and I may distinguish between appearance and reality here as elsewhere. I may ask him to sit close to me, that I may see him better. Possibly it may cross my mind that he could be scrutinized piecemeal through a microscope. If I have been reading in the works of the chemists and the physicists, I may reflect that his pleasant smile betrays the presence of swarms of atoms or the ceaseless whirl and clash of corpuscles.

To be sure, if I want to listen to my friend's discourse and to enjoy his presence, it is not wise for me to allow my mind to dwell too much upon his reality conceived in chemical or physical terms. Neither chemist nor physicist could take joy in the companionship of his spouse, whatever her charms in the eyes of the vulgar, did his mind refuse to dwell upon the appearance presented, but hurry on to the contemplation of the reality as it is revealed to speculation in the pitiless light of science. The man of science very sensibly concludes that the appearance, too, is real, and reveals something unmistakably present in a real world of which he has experience. He reserves his atomic and corpuscular meditations for the laboratory and the lecture room.

Suppose, however, that I take my friend in another spirit, and use him as the starting-point for philosophical reflection. His body is, then, to me a material thing revealed now under this aspect, now under that. It is a thing which has its place in a material world, at a measurable distance from my body, from the lounge, from the door. Whether I see any of these things far or near, view them with the naked eye or subject them to microscopic investigation, content myself with them as they can be made to appear, or, with the eye of scientific faith, contemplate them as atoms or corpuscles, I am concerned with what is material and belongs to the same space with my

body. Where the appearance is, there is the reality — that is, they are both phenomena of the external order, and, within certain limits, we may have direct experience of the substitution of the one for the other.

The kernel of the physical nut is physical, and physical science never expects it to be anything else. After the atoms, the corpuscles; after the corpuscles, perhaps the ether; after the ether, what? certainly not a wave of emotion, or the stuff that can be worked up into a dream. The pathway to reality breaks off with unnatural sharpness, if it be conceived to end in such. A road that for a while leads somewhere, and then suddenly takes a turn that is no turn, and leads in no direction and to no place, may not properly be called a road.

But my friend has a mind as well as a body. I do not have to be a philosopher to know this. In some sense, I refer his mind to his body. The crude physical reference of the ancient world, I have outgrown. I do not believe that the most exhaustive scientific investigation could reveal my friend's mind to be in his body as is a gland or the secretion of a gland. Nevertheless, I accept my friend's mind as unhesitatingly as I accept his body; I recognize that it belongs to the world I know. In this I am at one with common sense and with science. I say, and say truly, that his mind is revealed by his words and actions. It stands as their interpretation.

Now, in accepting the physical objects about my body as sometimes less and sometimes more satisfactorily revealed in perception, and as things regarding the intimate physical constitution of which science can give me information, I am on the plane of the common understanding, and am looking at things just as my neighbors do. In recognizing that my friend's mind is not directly revealed to any sense, as are this table and that chair, I am acknowledging the most commonplace of commonplace truths. All this information I can have and can act upon without having read the philosophers at all, and with-

out ever having heard of the external and the internal orders of phenomena. But when I begin to make sharp distinctions, where I was before content with vague ones; when I begin to ask myself definitely how I am to conceive the relations of minds and bodies; I show plainly that I am not content with Everybody's World as it stands revealed to Everybody, and it becomes evident that I should like to be a philosopher.

Suppose that to one in this temper of mind that lucid genius, William Kingdon Clifford, who may stand as the prototype of the modern panpsychist, offers himself as a guide. He makes certain distinctions very clear, and proposes, on the basis of these distinctions, a new theory of the world-system. He points out that in perceiving the table, the chair, the lounge, my friend's body, I am concerned with what may properly be called "objects," with something open to direct inspection. He emphasizes the fact that my friend's mind can never be "object" to me in this sense, that it must ever remain a thing inferred, not immediately revealed. He marks the difference by calling it an "eject," a something existing, to be sure, but excluded from the class of things which may be presented in my experience. It is, in no opprobrious sense of the word, an "outcast," and belongs to a class of its own. Under no circumstances can it take its place among "objects," and no scrutiny of "objects" can reveal it in the world of things spread out before the senses, the things which I recognize as material.

So much for "object" and "eject," not merely accepted as we all accept them, but reflected upon and sharply distinguished. How are we to conceive them as related?

Influenced by a seventeenth century philosopher characterized, I think, rather by the fertility and splendor of his speculative imagination than by a taste for cautious and consistent reasonings,[1] Clifford attributed to all material things, if not mind, at least, something like mind, Mind-stuff, a something to be treated as the mind of my friend is treated, always

an "eject," an outcast from the world of "objects" and belonging to a world of its own. How bring the two worlds together? How connect "objects" with "ejects"? Again influenced by the same philosopher, Clifford tried a *coup-de-main:* he maintained that it is not necessary to bring the two worlds together, for they *are* together, inasmuch as they are the *same thing.* The "object" is the thing as it appears; the "eject" is the thing as it is in itself; the one is the appearance, the other is the reality.

And both, says Clifford, are the same kind of stuff, mental stuff; so that the whole world is to be conceived as a world of mind, or of something like mind. The table, the chair, the lounge, the body of my friend, are pictures in my mind. The real things outside of them which correspond to them are also mental, although they can never be in my mind.

Clifford has led us back again into the World as Idea; of that there can be no doubt, though most idealists would scarcely regard him as a proper guide to one seeking orientation in that world. The question that confronts us is: Can *this* World as Idea be accepted as the real world of which, as we are all convinced, we have some revelation, and which we desire to see more clearly?

Never! Clifford does not throw a light upon Everybody's World. He casts over it a spell under which it is rolled up as a scroll. I shall not here criticize all his positions.[2] I shall not demand evidence that mind, or something like mind, may be attributed to all material things. As for his use of the word "reality," I shall only remark that there is absolutely no justification for it in common usage of speech, and that science, when it seriously attempts to find out what material things really are, and works in a field in which there is some hope of obtaining a definite answer, never dreams of ending a physical investigation with the discovery of something mental. It is reserved to the philosopher to say that mind is the reality of

matter, and the statement is neither more nor less irresponsible than are various other things that some philosophers have sometimes seen fit to say.

Clifford was not merely a panpsychist; he was also a man, and an acute scientific man. In his capacity as such, he said many things which have little to do with the revolutionary doctrine set forth above, and some things that are incompatible with it. But, as I am concerned here only with the doctrine of the World as Mind-stuff, I shall neglect his other utterances, and, indeed, shall confine myself to asking: Is the doctrine in question, I will not say a reasonable, but even a conceivable, doctrine? When Clifford transforms for us Everybody's World, as he does, making the material things in it our perceptions, and the reality of those material things other minds, does he present us with anything that may properly be called a world at all?

"What I perceive as your brain," says Clifford, "is really in itself your consciousness, is You; but then what I call your brain, the material fact, is merely my perception." Where is that perception? Clifford puts it, with all other mental facts, into the brain; or, to be more accurate, he regards all such facts as parallel to some nervous disturbances in the brain; they are the "reality" of such nervous disturbances.

Thus, this hand with which I write, the table upon which my paper is lying, that chair and lounge, the body of my friend, all of them material facts and all revealed to sense, must not be supposed to be where they seem to be. In the words of the acute and scholarly panpsychist quoted in the last chapter, it is a fallacy to suppose that perception "involves actual experience of a present object." [3] "Our perceptive experiences are not *in* the order which they *reveal*, or rather not in the part or place of that order which they reveal, but in a place represented by the brain-events with which they are (as we say) correlated. The experiences, in other words, *are* the brain-events, considered in themselves." [4]

This we must regard, I think, as literally revolution. It is the destruction of Everybody's World. I had heretofore supposed that I perceived my hand to be lying on the table, the table to be in front of my body, the chair and the lounge to be opposite and at an assignable distance. My mind I referred somewhat vaguely to this body, a part of which I immediately perceive. My friend's mind I referred to his body, over there opposite my body. Directions, distances, magnitudes, seemed revealed in experience; the places and times of things seemed determinable and open to inspection. Even my brain, a thing I never hoped to perceive immediately, I could locate with some definiteness. I referred it to this body, a part of which appears in my experience. I supposed it to be about fourteen inches away from this hand of which I am conscious, and in an ascertainable direction from it.

All this, if I listen to the panpsychist, I must repudiate. The table, chair, lounge, the body of my friend, and my own body, as they present themselves in my experience — this whole complex of phenomena which constitutes the world as I immediately perceive it, and which must serve as the sole foundation of all my judgments as to the distances and directions of the other things which I believe in but do not now perceive — this, the world of my experience, must be drawn into my brain, and conceived to be the "reality" of some part of my brain.

"My brain," did I say? But to what brain can I be referring? Surely not to the brain which belongs to this body which I immediately perceive, to the brain which is located in the same space with this table and that chair, and is at a measurable distance from them in a given direction. All these things have been declared to be "perceptive experiences," seemingly without, but really, in themselves considered, "brain-events." The brain which I attribute to this body whose hand I now perceive to be writing, must be just as much a "brain-event"

as they, and its place must be a "seeming" place, as is theirs. If I accept such conclusions, it is unavoidable that I should ask myself with anxiety: *Where* is any real thing? With reference to what may its position be located?

It is vain to talk of "projecting" my experiences without, and thus getting the position of the real thing. I beg the reader to remember how I am, by hypothesis, situated. All places, distances, directions, with which I am immediately acquainted are "seeming" places, distances, directions, and are "within." The "real" distances and directions which I seek, and which must serve the purposes of my "projections," are not the distances and directions revealed in my experience. In the latter there is no hint of the former. To "project" something known from an unknown place in an unknown direction, to another unknown place, is not the proper way to find out where anything really is. It is not a question of continuing upon a road upon which we find our feet. The road breaks short off, and its supposed continuation lies in another world.

It must have become evident to the reader that this panpsychist doctrine is nothing else than a new edition of the very old doctrine that we can have an immediate knowledge only of ideas, and that any realities corresponding to them must be known, if known at all, mediately and through the ideas. That, in this case, the realities are called mind or mind-stuff is a detail. Here, as before, we have on our hands a world of things immediately perceived, which is wholly mental, and a world of things which cannot be immediately perceived, and whose times and places can mean nothing to us.

From this revolutionary doctrine let us come back for a little to the question of mind and brain as it is actually treated in science. We must not forget that both common sense and science, while accepting as external and physical this hand I see, this table, that chair, the body of my friend as revealed to observation, do not ignore mental facts. Common sense refers

them vaguely to the body. The science which occupies itself especially with them refers them to certain hypothetical brain-events, which it regards as their correlates. The objection which I bring against the mind-stuff theory is not in the least that it accepts brains and brain-events and talks of a correlation of the mental and the physical.[5] My objection is that it takes physical facts, the only physical facts revealed in experience, for mental facts, denies that physical things are where they are immediately revealed as being, and makes our real experienced world, with its definite and ascertainable places and times for things and occurrences, a sham and shadow world whose things and occurrences cannot be assigned any intelligible place and time of being.[6]

Science refers my friend's mind to my friend's brain, and my mind to my brain. It tells me that the fall of a shutter in the instrument on the laboratory table was perceived by me at an appreciable interval after the shutter fell, and when certain occurrences took place in my brain. But its "where's" and its "when's" are not the dubious "where's" and "when's" of a "reality" not open to inspection. Where the falling shutter is, I can accurately determine. I can measure its distance from my body, from the floor, from the walls. When it fell, I can, with the aid of modern instruments, determine with a high degree of accuracy. This "when" means the time of the fall as determined by a reference to other changes in the physical things which compose this world to which the shutter belongs — the hands of the clock, the revolution of the earth on its axis, the journey of the earth about the sun.

The place and time of the fall of the shutter can, I say, be determined with a good deal of nicety. But how about the place and time of the brain-events supposed to be concerned in my perception of the fall? Where my brain is I can know less definitely than I can know where the shutter is, for I cannot get at my brain in the same direct way — it is a shutter in a

closed box, regarding which I make inferences after the analogy of other such shutters whose boxes have been opened. Just where in my brain those particular brain-events are that I should be willing to regard as the correlates of mental events, I do not know, nor does any other man. Their nature I cannot, with all the aid given me by the most advanced cerebral physiology, even venture to guess. The time of these important occurrences cannot be determined with anything like the precision with which I can determine the fall of the shutter. I am groping and guessing as men do not have to grope and guess in much of their work in certain of the physical sciences. And in all my groping and guessing, in my attempt to locate the brain-events and to fix the time of their occurrence, I have absolutely no foundation on which to stand except the places and times revealed to me in my immediate experience of the things I perceive about my body and in the order of their changes.

Shall I, at the suggestion of the panpsychist, gather up all these immediate experiences, which constitute my only foundation for determining the place or time of anything, and shall I relegate them to the unknown place of unknown brain-events, occurring at an unknown time? God forbid! Even a good-natured man must refuse compliance with such a request. The little sage of Königsberg was certainly stumbling along the right path when he bumped over the rocks of his "Refutation" * and pushed forward even when driven to desperate leaps from note to note, and from footnote to footnote. If I have no immediate experience of the external and physical anywhere, but am shut up to presentations or ideas; if all that I can immediately know is "inside," then I not only lose what is "outside" altogether, but I lose any "inside" that can properly be said to be anywhere at any time. Whether eighteenth-century bishop or twentieth-century physiologist, I face

* See Chapter VI.

the same catastrophe. I become a nobody, with no place in history, and no home in an orderly world. My space and time have been brought to nought, and as many as might have been in them have been scattered.

The World as Mind-stuff is, thus, no world. Nor can anything better be said for the World as Will. The difficulty is identical, and the criticism must be the same.

The psychologist of our time lays much more stress, in his account of minds, on the phenomena of feeing, impulse, will, than did the psychologist of an earlier day. For this, I have not the faintest desire to quarrel with him. Whether the development of a given mind can best be described from the point of view of a realization of impulses, or may better be treated in another way, is the affair of the psychologist, who, of course, should exercise the same caution in investigation, and the same temperateness of speech, that we look for in other investigators of nature.

But we have a right to insist that the word "will" should not be taken as a word to juggle with, any more than the words "sensation," "perception," "mind" and "mind-stuff."

Thus, suppose that I begin, as all the world begins, by accepting a system of things in space and time; by acknowledging a number of minds referred to these things, or to some of them; by discovering among the phenomena which constitute these minds something that I call "will" in its higher or in its lower manifestations.[7] Suppose that I maintain that the act of will consists of certain feelings;[8] that there are no feelings and no volitional impulses that are not bound up with what is presented in space and time.[9] Suppose that I insist that by will we must really mean will, and that, in contemplating the apparent evidences of purpose revealed in the organic world, we must not attribute the attainment of ends there discerned either to powers outside of the creatures under consideration or to unconscious impulse, but must have recourse to what in-

trospection reveals as accounting for the attainment of ends in our own experience, to actual volition, which is a complex of sensations and feelings.[10]

Suppose, I say, that I make of will a something thus revealed in experience as connected with the body, and that I distinguish between my will and other wills in that I refer this will to this body and that will to that. Suppose that, in order to make clear to myself what it may mean for one will to act upon or to stand in relations to another, I fall back upon the illustrations of the family, the tribe, the nation, the race.[11]

May I, after doing all this and securing an orderly world in which wills stand in intelligible relations to each other in that wills are referred to bodies which have their place in a physical system, give the lie to all that I have done before and incontinently declare that only will is ultimate, that the whole orderly world which I perceive is "presentation," a mere product of the multiplicity of wills, and in no sense independent? [12] May I abandon the concrete will heretofore accepted as revealed in experience and substitute for it a "pure activity of the will," freed from all determinate content, beyond the realm of the psychologist, indescribable and unmeaning? [13] May I say that physical objects as they are revealed to me are only my "presentations," that they are really as completely unknown to me as the transcendental will referred to above, but that they must in themselves be inferred to be other such wills acting upon mine? [14]

Let one try to conceive the family, the tribe, the nation, the race, as consisting of a multiplicity of transcendental somethings, not in space and time, given in no experience, not standing in any describable relations to each other, not falling within the realm either of the psychologist or of the student of physical nature, acting (*sic*) upon each other, and begetting (*sic*) a world of appearance, the only world vouchsafed to us, but to which they do not themselves belong! It is little wonder that the

eminent man of science who has earned our gratitude by leading us through the perplexing mazes of the world of psychological fact, and by insisting that we must there walk cautiously in the light of observation and experiment, should, in launching us upon this unknown sea, where no coast can be said to be at any distance or in any direction, where the compass is useless, and where the altitude of no star can be taken, feel it his duty to tell us that we are not in the region of evidence, and that we must abstain from the attempt to prove a reality corresponding to our ideas.[15]

From such transcendental heights it is wholesome to descend to the lower levels of common sense and of science. He who loses the world, the real experienced world of physical things and minds, loses with it his own soul. Certainly he has no right to call his soul his own — to recognize it as this particular mind connected with this particular body, to distinguish it from the mind of any one else. "Transcendental apperception" is not a soul that can either be saved or damned;[16] nothing that means anything can happen to it anywhere at any time; joy and grief, good and evil, pass over its head, or would, if it had a head, but being only an "idea of the reason" to which no reality can be proved to correspond,[17] it can only by a stretch of courtesy be allowed a place even in a metaphor. A derelict, drifting aimlessly, lo! these many years, on the hospitable currents of the history of philosophy, formless and useless, something of a menace to navigation, it is of interest only as a warning. We see what the incautious mariner may make of the noble ship that once sailed from port with crew and cargo, all its sails spread for the haven where it would be, and busied with the wholesome commerce that occupies the world of living men.[18]

All of which signifies that he who really withdraws his foot from the soil of Everybody's World, and trusts himself to aërial navigation in the company of the ghosts of dead philosophers, must not be surprised at passing through the tails of nonexist-

ent comets and arriving at worlds which are nowhere. The risks he takes are the penalty of his daring; and the reward he reaps is the passage from the world of humdrum fact into the region of romance, where one is not under the tiresome necessity of being consistent, and where questions of proof and disproof no longer spread one's bed with thorns.

So much for the World as Mind-stuff and the World as Will considered from the point of view of theory. But men are not interested only in theory. They find themselves in a world, and they seek to adjust themselves to it. It is to them of no small moment under what aspect the world seems to reveal itself. One may be inclined to regard it as a dreary desert; another may accept it as a cozy home. If we tell men that the whole world consists of mind or mind-stuff, or if we say that the only ultimate reality is a community of wills, do we not seem to transfigure the world? do we not make dry bones live, in a way stimulating to the emotions and satisfying to the heart? Difficulties connected with the "when," the "where," the "what," of things, many who hear such comforting words will be inclined to brush aside. Why scrutinize the premises and their connection, if the conclusion be so palatable! *Perhaps* it embodies truth; and is not a welcome "perhaps" better than an unwelcome "therefore"?

To those whose emotional leanings may urge them forward in this direction, I recommend an unbiased examination of the conclusion itself. Does it really carry with it even a shadow of the inspiration which breathes in Berkeley's doctrine? Does it make of the world more of a home for the human soul, or instill into man any hopes which he did not have before?

Clifford, were he here now, would attribute a mind to my friend, and might even love him. To the table and to the chair he would attribute mind-stuff, a something far different; nor would he expect me to feel a whit the less lonely on the departure of my friend, if I consented to accept his panpsychic

doctrine, and to hold that, after that departure, the mind-stuff of the furniture still remained. Neither of the clear thinkers referred to earlier in this paper can be accused of supposing that his doctrine is in the remotest degree analogous to theism in any of the historical forms which it has taken. A powdered and distributed god, made up for the most part of disconnected "infra-experiences," and conscious and intelligent only in a few limited spots, is not what men have called God. If we accept such, we do not flood with golden light a world otherwise to be described as gray and cheerless. We may not talk of a "far off, divine event." We only rub out altogether what science even now treats as a wavering and indefinite line; and we attribute something very faintly resembling a rudimentary sentience even to the elements which rage in the flaming sun and to the cosmic dust that drifts cold in the interplanetary spaces. We extend downwards the borders of life — a life which we already recognize as present in the water doled out to the prisoner in his cell, and present in abundance in the ooze left by the retreating tide. We look down, not up.

And if the great German scholar last criticized stirs our emotions by speaking of a World-will,[19] let us bear in mind that this is but a name for the community of transcendental wills discussed, above — wills which have no place in any world we know and are not wills at all as such are revealed in our experience.

What shall we name the World as Mind-stuff and the World as Will? Neither has body enough to pass as a realism, for, in each case, the things revealed in space and time have been drawn within the mind; they have become apparitions. Yet, neither is precisely an idealism, for it seems to lack the soul. I recognize their ambiguous nature in assigning to them a place of their own between the two doctrines just mentioned.

CHAPTER XIII

A WORLD OF THE NEW IDEALISM

And now for idealism — not the idealism of Berkeley, which I have already discussed, but the idealism of our own day. We have seen that all realists are not alike. To those who discriminate, it is quite as evident that all idealists are not alike. There are the prudent, the cautious, the guarded, those whom Kant would not, I think, have regarded as "genuine" or "proper" idealists; and there are the bold and truculent, the speculative and soaring, whom Kant would have recognized as unequivocally "extravagant."

It is my aim here to contrast idealism with realism. I must not, then, choose types of the former which have so lost the historic features of their order that their representatives, in meeting a modern realist, are in doubt whether to call him friend or foe. I must cast about me for one or two "terrible examples." In bringing them forward as such there can be nothing invidious; it can only mean that the writers referred to have the honor of being prominent representatives of the class to which they have elected to belong.

Manifestly, it would be an injustice to confound with such writers those who renounce them and all their works, and have in common with them little save a generic name. In so far as the New Realist and the New Idealist are separated only by a word,* they may rejoice together in the sweet odor of their common doctrine, and may walk hand in hand on the solid ground of Everybody's World. To such idealists any criticisms contained in this chapter and in the next do not apply,

* See Chapter IV, at the end.

and they are under no obligation to appropriate them. But there undoubtedly are types of idealism which differ widely from any form of realism touched upon in this book. They do not accept Everybody's World; they "transmute" it. It is well to get a good look at these, and to see what they have to offer in exchange for the world which they take from us.

Let us suppose an American, wearied with the intellectual and spiritual unrest to which his own enterprising land is no stranger, to seek a quiet retreat at Oxford. He finds himself, to all appearance, in green pastures and beside still waters. The New Idealism receives him into its grateful shade. The Mentor who extends to him a friendly hand promises him a speedy relief from two old burdens that have long galled his shoulders. He is at once informed that our orthodox theology on the one side and our commonplace materialism on the other will vanish like ghosts before the daylight of free skeptical inquiry; the mutilation of his nature, which has arisen from taking these seriously, will be healed; he will be rescued from stupid fanaticism and from dishonest sophistry.[1]

Nor is his gain to be merely negative. He will be led beyond the region of ordinary facts, brought into communion with what is beyond the visible world, may hope to find something higher, which will both support and humble, both chasten and transport him. He is encouraged to believe that he will find in metaphysics a principal way of experiencing the Deity.[2]

Alluring vistas are, thus, opened up, and high hopes are inspired. There seems already faintly revealed a world less opaque and disappointing than the one which our neophyte has been compelled to traverse. His world has been full of ordinary facts; it is the commonplace visible world which men generally inhabit — a world of seemingly undeniable material things and of minds more or less like his own. It has proved itself a world not wholly without light and color, but one stretching away into a darkness where all colors and

contours are lost. Into that darkness even the imagination of man ventures timidly and with hesitating steps. And it has been a world of strife; our traditional theology, our commonplace materialism, and many combatants not precisely resembling the one or the other, have filled it with the shout of battle and the clangor of arms. But such as he has found it, it has been a world impossible to ignore. There it has been, there it is, there it will remain. No vision which visits him can make him wholly forget that he feels it beneath his feet.

The method adopted to still the strident voice of that soulless phantom, our commonplace materialism, seems to be an attack upon this world.[3] It is pointed out as at once evident that, "there is no being or fact outside of what is commonly called psychical existence. Feeling, thought, and volition (any groups under which we class psychical phenomena) are all the material of existence, and there is no other material, actual or even possible." [4]

Now, one thing has seemed certain even to one stunned by the noise of the fray, and bewildered by the cries of the combatants. The world of material things, the field on which the battle is fought, must be accepted, whatever else be doubted. But, on the basis of this doctrine that everything is psychic, what becomes of the material world — what becomes, for example, of such a thing as a mountain? Does the mountain exist only for the individual, and while he perceives it? Shall it be allowed no sort of independence?

To this protest of the flesh an answer is forthcoming which seems, on the surface, reassuring: "The physical world exists, of course, independent of me, and does not depend on the accident of my sensations. A mountain *is*, whether I happen to perceive it or not." [5]

But what follows is again disquieting. Our inquirer is informed that, when he is not perceiving the mountain in question, it may, for all he knows to the contrary, be perceived

by some other finite creature; or, if not perceived at all, it may, at least, be thought about. Has not that which is thought about some kind of existence? Hence, the mountain exists, in some fashion, for some mind or something like a mind.[6] Is not that enough?

Some such account of the mountain was given long ago by Bishop Berkeley, though he, to be sure, gave it a place in the Divine Mind during the intervals of its perception by finite minds. In this New Idealism the doctrine is modified. All being or fact is made psychical, but it is maintained that we are not to look for anything psychical, above all not for anything of this sort, save in the minds of finite creatures of various orders.[7] These, however, collaborating with one another, and between their perceiving and their thinking, may very well save the mountain from an intermittent and staccato existence, guaranteeing it an independence of each, if not of all.

Physical nature is, thus, saved, so far; but is assigned a properly subordinate place. And this is a matter of vast significance. We may not say that, in the history of the Universe, matter came before mind, the inorganic before the organic; this is manifestly absurd.[8] In so far as there is a world at all, it is a world of sentience, and the materialist is brought to his knees.

There was much that promised comfort in Berkeley. He, too, confounded the materialist, after his own fashion; and, expelling from existence the world of "inert, senseless matter," he revealed to us a gorgeous World of Ideas. Nature was transfigured and yet remained Nature. It was penetrated with a new radiance, was charged with the perfume of a new significance — it acquired the dignity of a Divine Language, unveiling, in its beauty, order, and harmony, the thoughts and purposes of God. Berkeley's ideas of sense, known to the vulgar as material things, did not strike him as unreal or in

any wise absurd. He would have been the last to accuse the Divine Revelation of incoherence, although he would have been among the first to admit the limitations of human knowledge and to claim but an imperfect comprehension of the Heavenly Message. Our neophyte takes heart of grace at finding himself not wholly cut off from the respectable company of Berkeley; and, in spite of inward qualms, he accepts without open revolt the patchwork psychical existence of the dubious mountain. It is at least a weapon of offense against the materialist.

But a further initiation into this new Idealism fills him with dismay. Berkeley vanishes like a ghost in the light of the new revelation. Our truth-seeker is brought to see that minds and their ideas are alike false and unreal appearances, "infected" with incurable disease, dying daily by virtue of their own self-contradictory natures. There can be no talk of beauty, order, and harmony. The Divine Language has become mere incoherence, and no word or sentence in it has any sense or meaning.

Thus, things must have qualities and must stand in relations, or they are nothing; but things, qualities, and relations are all equally absurd.[9] Nothing can be extended in space, nor yet have continuance in time. Its own inconsistency is the condemnation of space, and time is helplessly dissolved.[10] Motion, change, and the perception of them naturally become, under the circumstances, impossible; and causality is a conception to be held in derision.[11] Power, force, energy, and activity cannot bear scrutiny.[12] Hence, "things," when critically examined, are seen to be "undermined and ruined."[13]

"Things" having crumbled into relations that can find no terms, and having gone to pieces, it remains to see whether there can be saved from the wreck of Berkeley's world of spirits and ideas, at least, the spirits. But here the situation is no less desperate. The Self turns out to be too full of con-

tradictions to be "genuine fact";[14] and the existence of a plurality of finite souls distinct from each other must not be supposed to be ultimate truth. There is no real plurality; what seems to be such lies in the realm of mere appearance and error.[15] Thus, everything, the admittedly psychical as well as what is vulgarly called physical, turns out to be inconsistent with itself and visibly totters to its fall.

In this general wreck and ruin the fate of the mountain is sealed. To be a mountain at all, it must have qualities, and must stand in relations to valleys and plains; this it cannot do. It must be high or low, and yet it cannot be either, for all extension in space is sheer absurdity. It is forced to have a past, and yet its past will not bear looking into, and had better not be uncovered. It never has undergone, and it never will undergo, anything so ridiculous as change. To talk of it as caused or as uncaused is equally out of the question. Its fantastic apparent being cannot really be bolstered up by the involuntary coöperation of a plurality of finite minds, for no one of these can really exist itself; and, anyhow, the notion that minds can exist simultaneously or successively is to be scouted.

The truth — or, rather, the nearest approach to the truth attainable by us[16] — is that the mountain and the world to which it seems to belong constitute a show so fleeting that it cannot even consistently fleet. Common sense and science, falsely so called, are apt to speak of hill and dale and all the rest as though their existence meant something more than this; but any serious theory must in some points collide with common sense, and the object of the sciences is not at all the ascertainment of ultimate truth.[17]

So passes the World of the Old Idealism. The "beauty, order, extent, and variety of natural things" have been undermined; the "magnificence, beauty, and perfection of the larger, and the exquisite contrivance of the smaller parts of

the creation, together with the exact harmony and correspondence of the whole," have disappeared as a vapor.[18] Our novice can no longer take pleasure in green pastures and still waters. He suspects the greenness of the one, and he sees that the stillness of the other must be infected by temporal succession. To the metaphysician he has been accustomed to allow a certain latitude of thought and speech; but a profound discontent, born of a long familiarity with Everybody's World, where appearances, although they appear, do not all seem to bear a bad character, finally precipitates revolt.

"We, too," he remarks, after reflection, "have in New York, our museum of curiosities. A spiral mathematical point, a pentagonal straight line, an oval square circle, a sour blue sound, an ear-splitting silent smile, the present perception of to-morrow's sun, nobody's thoughts of real nothings — these and many more as strange stand on exhibition in the cases."

"Stop!" interposes an interested and better initiated bystander. "Such things as these cannot be there, for they cannot exist even as appearance. This is pure illusion."

"They may not exist in Oxford," retorts the American, "but transfer yourself to my country, to

> "'Happy climes where, from the genial sun
> And virgin earth such scenes ensue.'

There one may expect palpable absurdities; 'not such as Europe breeds in her decay'; not appearances which appear self-contradictory and absurd only after they have passed through the hands of some philosopher, and are open to the suspicion that they have been tampered with and are not genuine curios; but such as need no medium, no cabinet, no half-lights, and which at once proclaim their absurdity to all comers. Ours annihilate themselves openly and in the light of day. The spectacle may be enjoyed without previous preparation, and at a merely nominal expense; it is within the reach of everybody's purse."

"You have fallen into a confusion," is the rejoinder. "You do not discriminate properly between absurdities and absurdities. Those which are too palpably absurd cannot even appear, and may simply be left out of account.[19] Those, on the other hand, that do not appear absurd to men generally, that are not regarded with suspicion by science, that deceive by their outward show of respectability even a large number of philosophers by profession — such can secretly and unobtrusively annihilate themselves by inherent self-contradiction, and may yet appear; they must be accepted as fact;[20] they exist,[21] although they are not and cannot be real. Indeed, of such unreal and self-contradictory facts is constructed the whole frame of Everybody's World, the world in which you have, so far, blindly walked. All these facts are, to be sure, a prey to self-annihilation, but *this* self-annihilation does not imply extrusion from the realm of fact and existence; it implies only that what appears is not what appears, but is really something else.[22]

"Let us confine ourselves to appearances whose inconsistency can be detected only by the eye of the metaphysician. They are all infected, it is true, but it is worthy of remark that there is some choice even within this realm of self-contradictions. Thus, although extension and duration are impossible, and hence, what fills space and exists in time must be absurd and unreal, still, that which fills a great space and lasts a long time is relatively more real than the diminutive and the short-lived.[23] There are also other marks which indicate that some self-contradictory appearances are to be preferred before others.[24] Nevertheless, Appearance is Appearance, and is, at best, unsatisfactory and unreal. It is time to leave this lower realm, and to turn to something that can satisfy, at least, the main tendencies of our nature.[25] Have patience. So far, the ground has been cleared. But the best is yet to come."

That best turns out to be the substitution for Everybody's World, now discredited, undermined and ruined, of the Reality, the Universe, the Whole, the Absolute. This rises upon the scene of the wreck, and is constructed of the old materials. But in the new edifice they undergo a change and become transfigured.

The foundation is laid in the fact that appearances, self-contradictory as they are, are not non-existent. They must, as existent, fall somewhere; and where should they fall, if not in Reality? To suppose them existing somehow and somewhere in the unreal is quite meaningless.[26] Appearance must live in and belong to Reality, and Reality apart from all appearance would be nothing.[27]

And now for the nature of Reality. Is it not at once evident that Reality cannot contradict itself? How can the self-contradictory be real? But to be self-consistent Reality must reject inconsistency, and that which rejects inconsistency *works*. Observing it at its work, we attain to a positive knowledge of the nature of Reality.[28]

So far, however, we have but an empty outline. We must fill it in. With what? With the only kind of stuff that exists at all — with psychical stuff, sentient experience.[29] And this stuff must be found in finite minds or "centers of experience." We may assume that there is enough matter here to furnish all its content to Reality.[30]

The stuff "as such" is, to be sure, very poor. It is infected throughout. But it is not "as such" that it is employed in the new construction. In the fires of free skeptical inquiry its dross is purged away. Stone is no longer stone, mortar is no longer mortar, wood is no longer wood. In entering into the whole, each has sacrificed every characteristic which distinguished it from anything else; there is "an all-pervasive transfusion with a reblending of all material"; things, as such, are "transmuted and have lost their individual natures." [31]

The transformation is most thoroughgoing. The psychical stuff which is to furnish its content to Reality must be transcended and merged.[32]. The distinction between psychical and physical, as well as the barriers which separate one soul from another, must be done away.[33] Space must lose its impossible extension, and time its inconceivable succession. In the interests of harmony and consistency all qualities and relations, as such, must be suppressed.[34] Indeed, all differences must come together, and all distinctions be fused.[35] It is to the attainment of this consummation that Reality works.

And having timelessly done its perfect work, it looms vaguely[36] before us as the Universe, the Whole, the Absolute. To speak of it in fitting language is not easy. It is One, but not one in the usual sense of the word, which contrasts the one with the many.[37] It is a "compensating system of conspiring particulars,"[38] which are not, strictly speaking, particulars, which stand in no relations, and which are distinguished by no differences. It is the Whole, beyond which there is nothing,[39] and yet it seems that nothing is in it "as such."[40] Falling within it, appearances, as such, cease;[41] yet this annihilation itself seems to be empty appearance, for nothing can be lost, and the private character of everything still remains[42] to enrich[43] somehow with detail the diversity of the incomprehensible unity and to prevent its being a flat monotony.[44] Although a Whole, it has no parts, and in every unreal finite center arising from its inexplicable division, it is present as a whole.[45] With this Reality we have direct contact; we feel it burningly in the one focus of our own personal experience and sensation.[46]

How materials so hopelessly infected with a self-contradictory "as such" can be supplemented, transformed, transcended, transmuted, overridden, absorbed, and suppressed into an Absolute which, apart from appearances, is nothing,[47] and which must "inhabit" appearances,[48] while keeping itself clear of all that makes them what they are; how appearances

are made to cease, and, nevertheless, allowed to remain — to know all this, in detail, is beyond us; it is accomplished "somehow," "we know not how."[49] Our knowledge extends but a little way; but we should, at least, avoid degrading Reality to the rank of mere Appearance.

Thus, we must understand that it is not, properly speaking, an experience, and is not a person.[50] It is not good, for goodness is self-contradictory.[51] It is neither moral, nor beautiful, nor true.[52] Happy it is not, for its pleasantness is blended beyond recognition.[53] Nor must it be regarded as Divine. Here it is necessary to supplement the inadequate statement made at the outset, namely, that in the study of metaphysics we have a principal way of experiencing the Deity. Religion naturally implies a relation between man and God, and this is self-contradictory.[54] Metaphysics has no special connection with genuine religion.[55] The God of religion, critically considered, turns out to be either inconsistent emptiness or distracted finitude.[56]

But, should all this appear discouraging, there is comfort to be taken in the thought that the Universe is not "behind" appearances, and making a sport of us.[57] It is "above" and "beyond" them.[58] Such matters are not precisely intelligible, but that is not to be expected. No aspect of things is intelligible. When they have become intelligible, they have ceased as such to be.[59] Nevertheless, in the vague and abstractly grasped notion that the Universe is not behind things, making a sport of us, but is above and beyond them, feeding us with appearances, is there not something that supports and humbles, chastens and transports one?

"Transported, I find myself," retorts the infected citizen of Everybody's World, "but chastened, never! I have clearly been robbed of my all. Our commonplace materialism offered me something like a world, at least; and our traditional theology seemed to offer me something more. Since there is,

as it would appear, such potency in a 'somehow,' why may I not have recourse to it to piece out the deficiencies of the one or the other of these, and thus be not wholly bereft? In the new doctrine, the world has gone to pieces; and, as for the Absolute, *I believe it to be no better than a word.*

"Appearances, as such, I am told have no reality; the Reality, as such, cannot appear, for then it would be self-contradictory. They must be brought together by violence — the appearances must be made to lose their individual natures. The operation is inconceivable. I appeal to Mr. Bradley: 'A God which has to make things what otherwise, and by their own nature, they are *not*, may summarily be dismissed as an exploded absurdity' — a *deus ex machina*. We are not called upon to consider this well-worn contrivance.[60] Is it otherwise with the Absolute? Hence, everything of which we seem to have experience must, after all, fall, if it falls at all, somehow and somewhere in the region of the unreal. So passes the Absolute, with the unreal world which it is supposed to 'inhabit.'"

With this revolt of the natural man, plain men who have a weakness for feeling some sort of ground beneath their feet cannot be out of sympathy. Nor, for that matter, can the philosopher, so long as the philosopher retains some respect for common sense and for science, and views with suspicion the demolition of Everybody's World. For this is no less than a demolition. The world has not been illuminated and transfigured; it has been destroyed; and nothing — absolutely nothing, — save a word, has been put in its place.

Is it surprising that the issue should be discontent? The wound in the patient's intellectual nature has been torn in the probing until even the plaster of a "somehow" seems hopelessly inadequate to cover the whole of it. The mutilation which distressed him has not been healed but has ended in a more distressing deformity. He was a seeker after God,

and he has found in metaphysics a principal way of experiencing either inconsistent emptiness or distracted finitude, while vaguely conceiving something still higher to which he can attach many names but no meaning. Why should he be content? What right has he, the walking self-contradiction, the unreal appearance, the infected apparition, to demand satisfaction! Nevertheless, he had hopes, and they have not been fulfilled; he was promised something, and he has received nothing at all. The result is disillusion.

To the philosopher, who watches with a critical eye the operations which this New Idealism performs upon Everybody's World, there presents itself with much insistence the question, How is it possible that any one could be persuaded to look for consolation and satisfaction as a result of this process of destruction and verbal substitution? The answer which seems unavoidable is that the true nature and outcome of the process is concealed from view by a veil of words and images. Berkeley talked sometimes of a Divine Language; but he himself used plain English, and took pains to be understood. In this New Idealism, however, there is employed throughout a language which differs so widely from ordinary human speech that it can scarcely fail to create misconception and illusion.

Thus, when men contrast "appearance" and "reality," as they constantly do, and give the preference to the latter,* they never mean by reality anything in the faintest degree resembling what is called "Reality" above. The "wholes" of which men speak have parts, and are composed of their parts. The "systems" which they construct, or wish to construct, are never free from internal distinctions and relations. The most complete "harmony" is not thought to entail the ruin and disappearance of the things harmonized. No one dreams of calling "rich," and full of "treasures,"

*See Chapter XII.

what has carefully been emptied of all variety of content. The self-contradictory and impossible are not labeled "fact," and it occurs to no one to assign them "existence." The "Universe" in which men are interested, and about which they speculate, is the universe to which the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, as such, belong. Any other universe they regard as an idle dream; and any universe which could be wholly but indescribably in each of its own unreal parts, they would reject as a nightmare.

It is, hence, by a systematic misuse of words which have an accepted meaning that this New Idealism creates the illusion that it is busying itself about something of interest to mankind. Men care vastly to increase their knowledge of the system of things; to find out more about the universe of which science offers us an inadequate revelation; to avoid error, and to attain, as well as they may, to a knowledge of realities. And many men find absorbing the problem whether the great system, of which they find hemselves an insignificant part, is in any sense a revelation of a Divine Mind. But their interest is not in mere words, and in words wrested from their natural meaning. The associations which persist in clinging to such may deceive some for awhile, and may succeed in stirring emotion. Disillusion, however, seems inevitable, in the case of those who do not merely feel, but think, and try to think clearly.

Perhaps it will be said that clear thought and accurate speech are out of place in dealing with what lies on the confines of human knowledge, or beyond them; that words fail to describe what only an abuse of speech, relieved by metaphor, can faintly adumbrate. Thus, a multitude of questions, and very disagreeable ones, can, it seems, be raised by the commonplace carping mind when anything is said about the Absolute at all. But why not abandon frankly all attempt at accurate speech, admit one's inconsistency freely, and approach the

subject with the generous looseness of metaphor? Why not say, for example: "The Absolute has no seasons, but all at once bears its leaves, fruit, and blossoms. Like our globe, it always and it never has summer and winter"?[61] May we not accept this as poetry, even if it condemns itself as science?

To this, I am compelled to give the answer, that, in the first place, the New Idealism does not present itself merely as poetry, and in the second, even poetry is not without its hampering restrictions. "That is the bitterness of arts," complained Somerset, when the sonorous word "orotunda" was rejected by his poetry; "you see a good effect and some nonsense about sense continually intervenes."

Before closing this chapter, I wish to repeat that the doctrine it discusses is *a* New Idealism, and there are others which differ from it widely. And I feel like recording the conviction that any support and comfort which has been found in it has never come from the doctrine "as such." It flows rather from a source of inspiration from which the accomplished author, many other philosophers, and many theologians, orthodox or the reverse, have all stooped to drink. Some have been realists, some idealists, and there are those that have given an uncertain sound; but they have drunk at the same spring, and they have risen to go away refreshed. They speak various tongues, and there is dispute among them; but one sees that they walk together, even though they are not agreed.

Sometimes a man means more than he says; sometimes he says more than he means; sometimes he does both. To insist that he means what he does not say, appears to be an impertinence; to hold him strictly to what he says may seem, at times, ungenerous. But when we are discussing a system of doctrine, and not a man — who may, indeed, be much more than his system — it seems prudent to keep in view what has actually been written, rather than what we think might very well have been written.

CHAPTER XIV

ANOTHER WORLD OF THE NEW IDEALISM

Is not a tendency to hasty generalization admittedly the weakness of the American visiting Europe? Our seeker for truth does not wait to find out whether Oxford has something better to offer him. He incontinently takes his departure from the scene of his disillusionment. "No, no," he remarks:

> "God's in his Heaven,
> For all's wrong with the World —

that is not even good poetry; and its deficiencies become glaringly apparent when one realizes that God is unknowable in his own nature, and the heaven he 'inhabits' is a purgatory to which no shade can be admitted without first proving itself to be a logical monstrosity."

He returns to America; and, Oxford suggesting Cambridge, he betakes himself to the famous university near Boston. More seems to be offered him there than he can expect to obtain elsewhere.

Being a reader, he is aware how Berkeley burned his fingers in playing with the word "Idea," and his late experiences at Oxford have rendered him more mistrustful than ever of the attractive title "Idealism." Nevertheless, his everyday world does not seem to him wholly ideal, nor does it give at once unequivocally satisfactory answers to all the questions he would like to address to it. If he can get a better world in place of it, why not risk the attempt?

For, indeed, great things are promised. Not all the leeks and onions of the Egypt in which he has been condemned to pass his days so far can weigh for a moment as against the

milk and honey of the Promised Land, the road to which is mapped before him. He must fly, it is true; he must raise himself on the wings of dialectic to heights as yet unknown to him. But he will not be without guidance — has he not both a living teacher and a volume of instructions comprising more than a thousand pages?[1]

Great things, I say, are promised. He is to arrive at a demonstrative knowledge that God exists as a Perfect Being whose Will is eternally accomplished. He is to be shown that the World is not dead and mechanical, but is everywhere instinct with life, nay, that it *is* a Life in which his little life may feel at home. Moreover, he will see that he is not, and cannot be, a link in a causal series, but is Free. He will rejoice in the discovery that his griefs and sorrows, his shortcomings and his sins will be transcended and made good, and his own real will, which is identical with God's will, must be completely satisfied. That last of terrors, Death, will spread his sable wings and disappear, for it will be proved that Death is but an incident in a fuller life, and is but an apparent evil. No more tentative gropings; no more hopes half smothered by fears; in place of the twilight of faith in which men have walked, struggling up the Hill Difficulty in doubt and perplexity, the clear light of demonstrative evidence, and encouragement from those respectable witnesses, the mathematicians. More than this, one could scarcely ask.

To the dweller in Everybody's World the strangest part of it is that all this can be had literally for a song. One must, to be sure, reflect upon the song, and get out of it all that is latent in it. It is not every one who is capable of conducting such reflections to a successful issue. Our novice applies himself with diligence to the volume of instructions, and, finding himself in some perplexity still, he presents himself before one who has already accomplished the journey, is supposed to be familiar with the route, and may, perhaps,

save him from errors of oversight and from lack of comprehension.

"Everything," he is told at the outset, "will depend upon the fundamental questions: 'What is an idea?' and 'How can an idea be related to Reality?'[2] In answering these questions we must begin by noticing that every idea has meaning or purpose, and is not merely something which concerns the intellect; it is in every case an expression of will. It is the inner purpose of an idea, its internal meaning, that constitutes the idea's primary and essential feature.[3] This internal meaning is nothing else than the purpose embodied in an idea.[4]

"Now, ideas have not only an internal meaning, but they have what appears to be an external meaning. That is to say, they have their objects, and they seem to refer beyond themselves. In this sense I say: 'The melody sung by me not only is an idea internally meaning the embodiment of my purpose at the instant when I sing it, but also is an idea that means, and that in this sense externally means, the object called, say, a certain theme which Beethoven composed.'[5] In the same sense, when you think of your absent friend, you fulfill an inner purpose by getting the idea present to your mind. But you also regard your idea of him as, in an external sense, meaning the real being called your friend, in so far as it refers to him and resembles him. The external meaning appears to be very different from the internal, and to transcend it.[6]

"The external meanings of ideas are conveniently and popularly conceived as something quite separate from the ideas, and which the ideas must imitate, if we are to arrive at truth. The notion that the idea and its object are, indeed, sundered is erroneous, as we shall soon see. Nevertheless, it is convenient to speak, for certain purposes, as though they were.[7]

"These preliminaries settled," continues the speaker, "let

us come back to the song under discussion. Suppose you sing a song. Good. In the song which you decided to sing, and to which you have actually treated me, you have a purpose embodied in the passing moment, an internal meaning. But that is by no means all. Here you may begin to spread your wings.

"Did you not purpose to sing *that* song — that, and no other? Was it not composed by Beethoven? Then, did you not, if you purposed to sing *that* song, purpose to sing a composition by Beethoven? And, of course, that implies the existence of Beethoven, who was a particular man, not a floating abstraction. He, in his turn, implies parents, a house, a city, a state, the round world, the starry heavens, a stupendous past, and an endless future. Could that song be just that song if it were not a song composed by a particular man, in a particular place, at a particular time, all of which particulars are rendered determinate only by their place in a great system of things which identifies each as itself and not another? Remember, you purposed to sing *that* song, not an abstraction, but *that* song. Viewed thus reflectively, that song spreads, as every fragment of fact must spread, until it embraces everything in heaven and upon the earth. The things which have appeared external, and seemingly beyond your reach, are only apparently external. 'We draw our breath in pain' while we sunder internal meanings from external meanings. But, attaining to insight, we see that all that seems to be external to anything else is not really external. It is only an aspect of the internal meaning of every idea, however fragmentary.[8]

"In order that you may see clearly that the object of an idea cannot really be external to the idea, let me call your attention to a very significant truth. Suppose that, when I asked you to sing a song, you had purposed to sing a composition by Verdi, but that, through some defect in your nervous system — such things may happen — your tongue had uttered

what you did not intend, and you had actually sung a song by Beethoven. Would, in this case, the song sung be the *object* of the purpose you had in mind?[9]

"Do you not see that every idea must *intend* its object, if the thing really is to be *its* object, and not something indifferent to it? The object of an idea must be predetermined by the idea, if it is to be the external meaning of that idea, and it must thus be predetermined in every particular. An idea can be judged only by what it intends.[10] 'What the idea always aims to find in its object is nothing whatever but the idea's own conscious purpose or will, embodied in some more determinate form than the idea by itself alone at the time consciously possesses.'[11] One's true will is 'one's present imperfect conscious will in some more determinate form.'[12] In seeking its object, any idea whatever seeks absolutely nothing but its own explicit, and, in the end, complete, determination as this conscious purpose, embodied in this one way. The complete content of the idea's own purpose is the only object of which the idea can ever take note. This alone is the Other that is sought.[13]

"It follows thus, that when you purposed to sing that song, your purpose was vastly more significant than you heedlessly imagined it to be. It really embraced implicitly the whole Universe, the only Reality, the Absolute, or God.[14] God, assumed by the unreflective to be external to and far from us, is given in your own internal meaning, when you do no more than sing a song."

"You appall me," interposes the astonished listener. "Did I really accomplish all this? It suggests to me the expansion of the Jinn released from the bottle by the fisherman. Notwithstanding the argument, I do not seem to see clearly how Beethoven's father is to be extracted from a given song by merely developing its internal meaning. I must take time to reflect upon the matter. But first let us consider a difficulty,

touching the *infinite* spread of the song, which has seemed to me a serious one.

"Granted that 'the thinking process itself is a process whereby at once meanings tend to become determinate, and external objects tend to become internal meanings';[15] admitting, for the moment, that if my process of determining my own internal meaning simply proceeds to its own limit, I shall face Being, become one with it, and internally possess it;[16] am I not plainly told in the Book that it is hopeless to try to carry such a process to its limit? If the song is to be *that* song, none other in heaven or earth, it must, I am given to understand, have its place in a limitless universe. 'Song,' taken in general, is abstract. If we stop anywhere short of the infinite, we seem to have what is relatively abstract, and which needs its completion and further determination by being assigned a broader setting. It appears to follow that anything short of the infinite is relatively unreal. On the basis of such considerations, I am informed that only at the Limit do we face the Real, the Individual Object, or Being.[17] And yet the attainment of this limit is declared impossible. Who may hope by climbing the golden stair of the mathematical series $1, 1+\frac{1}{2}, 1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}$, etc., to reach the heavenly 2, toward which the stair seems to ascend, but which it never quite attains?[18]

"This difficulty is expressly dwelt upon in the Book. The Real is declared to be 'that determinate object which all our ideas and experiences try to decide upon, and to bring within the range of our internal meanings; while, by the very nature of our fragmentary hypotheses and of our particular experiences, it always lies Beyond.'[19] Never, we are told, do we, in our human process of experience, reach the Reality, the Universe, God. 'It is for us the object of love and of hope, of desire and of will, of faith and of work, but never of present finding.'[20]

"Does it not seem to follow of itself that the Universe or

God is *not* really given in the purpose to sing a song, but is at best an unattainable object of search? We are informed, to be sure, that every finite idea is consciously in search of its own wholeness;[21] and that this wholeness, the object of the idea, is guaranteed by the idea itself.[22] But it is surely a problem to explain how an idea, which, on the surface, appears to be a finite thing, primarily an 'internal meaning,' can guarantee to me the actual existence of a limitless Universe!"

"When all seems lost," replies the guide, "it is wise to turn to the mathematicians. See how much they can extract from a few initial definitions? They arrive at results of which they had no inkling at the outset of their inquiry. And yet are not the results what the initial definitions meant?[23]

"That the mathematicians actually can help us may be made quite plain by a little excursion into elementary mathematics. Anybody who can count may follow the argument, which is, indeed, extremely simple. I shall content myself with a single illustration, for where the principle is precisely the same, one is as good as a dozen.

"Suppose you begin to count the whole numbers. You have 1, 2, 3, and so on without end. There really is no end, no last number, either to God or to man.[24] But you can *define* the series. It is a series in which each successive term is made by adding one unit to the term preceding. Do not attempt to count the numbers; you will always stick helplessly in the finite, if you go about things in that way. Just think of *the series of whole numbers*. Is not that series infinite? Are not *all* the whole numbers '*given at one stroke*'[25] *in the purpose to think of that series?*

"Do you not see that here 'a single purpose, definable as One, demands for its realization a multitude of particulars which could not be a limited multitude without involving the direct defeat of the purpose itself'?[26] All the numbers, therefore, exist. Remember that, as mere validity, as an

unlimited possibility of counting, the series would have no real Being.[27] 'If there is validity, there is then an object more than merely valid which gives the very conception of validity its own meaning.'[28] Thus, the series of whole numbers exists as an actual completed whole, as Real,[29] and this infinity is given at one stroke *in the definition*. Let this serve as an illustration of the way in which every idea, however fragmentary, guarantees the existence of its Object, the Unlimited Universe, or God."[30]

"In such reasonings I cannot follow you," is the response. "That I can have the purpose to keep on adding one unit, I can understand. I have, however, been informed that the Real or the Beyond is to be regarded as the Limit to the series of my attempts to spread. Here I am told that, while there is no Limit, either to God or man, yet the series is a whole, is completed, and has actual existence as a completed whole. These uses of the words 'whole' and 'completed' seem strange to me.

"And what you say suggests to me two fresh difficulties. I do not seem to comprehend how, if the series really is given at one stroke in its definition, and is not to be completed by counting, my present thought is to be regarded as an incomplete embodiment of the series. Have I not the series 'at one stroke'? What more can even a Divine Mind have? It cannot know the series up to the very end. And as to this perplexing guarantee of actual existence which seems offered by the definition — let me illustrate it in a concrete instance. Having just eaten a cherry, and found it good, I resolve that I shall eat a fresh cherry at the end of every minute from now on, world without end. There are practical difficulties in the way of completely embodying such a resolve, I admit. The supply of cherries may give out. I shall certainly die, to adduce no other contingency. But the practical difficulties of carrying out such a resolve are by no means greater

than are those of producing such a perfect map of England as is described by the learned author of the Book — a map which contains maps within maps in an endless descending series. Such practical difficulties are by him set aside as irrelevant to the problem of the Purpose and its Meaning.[31] Let us keep to that. Does every definition of an infinite series guarantee the actual existence of the individual members of the series? May I assume that a cherry will *somewhere* be eaten at every minute through future time in order that bloodless Validity may make way for breezy Reality?

"But I waive these objections here, for I wish to save time and to come back to a very serious difficulty touching the song discussed above. I mentioned it a few moments ago, but deferred its discussion. I am now ready to take it up again. Admitting that I can, following a general rule, keep on adding one unit, I cannot see that all this has any bearing whatever on the problem how I can begin with a song and develop out of its inner purpose any such variety of content as Abraham, Anthracite Coal, the Andes, Ararat, and all the other objects which I seem compelled to look up in an encyclopedia, if I am to know them at all. Is there any procedure known to science by which the most complicated of musical compositions may be made to spawn in this way? If there is, I have never heard of it."

"Wait," is the answer, "we are not yet through with the mathematicians. You must be taught to know *yourself*. Dedekind, who has written so ingeniously of numbers, made a suggestion which finds a novel and fruitful development in your Book of Instructions.[32] Just consider what is implied in your having a thought of any kind. For instance, you think, 'To-day is Tuesday'; and you resolve to reflect upon this thought. It follows that, in virtue of your one plan of reflecting upon this thought, there ideally clusters about the

thought an endless system of thoughts of which this thought is the first. The series runs: this is one of my thoughts; yes, and this last reflection is one of my thoughts; and so on without end.[33] The system is known to be infinite, not by counting its members, but by virtue of the universal plan that each of its members shall be followed by another. The whole system is given at once by the definition of the undertaking.[34] Such an endless system is an ideally completed Self, a completely self-conscious thought.[35] Thus every self includes an infinite diversity and this diversity results from the 'undisturbed expression of the intellect's internal meanings.'[36]

"I beg you now to lay hold of still another plank thrown to us by the mathematicians. Have they not made it clear that, when we are speaking of infinites, it is not true that the whole is greater than the part?[37] Each self, however partial it may be, is 'infinite in its own kind,'[38] and need not be conceived to be in any sense less complicated than is the Universe, or Absolute.[39] It may be conceived as a Part equal to the Whole, and finally united, as such equal, to the whole wherein it dwells.[40] Would not a perfect map of England, however small, completely represent the whole of England? and would not its degree of complication be the same?[41]

"Now we are ready for a higher flight, which will reveal to us the multiplicity of concrete and varied contents that seem to give you trouble. Nothing exists independently of anything else; hence, 'knowledge, in facing reality at all, faces in *some* wise the whole of it at once, and the only question is how this at any instant takes place.'[42] You can, for example, think now of Asia, and you seem to yourself to be thinking of nothing else. But Asia has Being, and the rest of the world has Being, too. All the objects other than Asia cannot be *wholly* other than Asia, or they would have no Being. It is clear, then, that in knowing Asia you in some sense know all other objects. 'Whoever knows *any* concrete object,

knows in a sense *all* objects. In what sense is he, then, ignorant of any?'[43]

"The answer to this important question is simple: what we now concretely know is related to what we do not now concretely know as '*the objects which our attention focuses are related to what, although present, is lost in the background of consciousness. Ignorance always means inattention to details.*'[44] '*Our finitude means, then, an actual inattention, — a lack of successful interest, at this conscious instant, in more than a very few of the details of the universe. But the infinitely mumerous other details are in no wise wholly absent from our knowledge, even now.*'[45] Any one of them could now be known, if only we were able to attend to its actual presence.[46] But 'a certain attitude of will, just now unchangeable by us, has determined each of us to a present stubborn inattention to the vast totality which we just called in our discussion the rest of the world.' 'The inattention in question hides from us not only the particular facts themselves, but the reflective knowledge of what it is that we ourselves will.'[47]

"Thus, you see that, in knowing that song and in willing to sing it, you do, indeed, accomplish vastly more than you have been accustomed to suppose. Your true internal meaning embraces all Being. In knowing the song you know all — from the song you inevitably pass to the Unlimited Universe or God. The one seemingly trivial internal meaning defines and gives at one stroke, as should now be clear to you, all that is, has been, and shall be — the Object, which appeared to be, but really is not, external. Hence, if you can sing a song, God exists, and . . ."

But the boldness of the flight has taken away the breath of one accustomed to walking with pains and labor on the rough crust of Everybody's World. The listener is bewildered; he has lost his bearings. It seems plain that, if he is, indeed, omniscient, his stubborn inattention must be quite all that it is

accused of being; for, although he is aware that he flapped his wings with the utmost energy, he cannot feel sure that he moved forward at all. He will take the Book of Instructions, will follow its directions implicitly, and will essay the flight himself. Afterwards he will discuss the route with his guide, and will attempt to determine definitely the exact spot upon which he touches ground again when he descends from the upper air.

In the second interview with his mentor he shows himself disappointed, but no longer bewildered or in doubt. "I took the Book in my hand," he declares, "and following minutely the instructions there set forth, I sailed repeatedly over the course indicated. I am now confident that I never really moved at all. Six several times I found myself, at the end of my exertions, in precisely the place from which I made my ascent, and I see that I might have gotten on quite as well without making any effort at all.

"The journey is a dialectical illusion, and is a very skillful contrivance. The problem was to set out from a mere song and to end with God. To get so much out of so little seemed impossible, and the method appeared to have no connection with the well-tried methods by which human knowledge actually increases. And, indeed, the task *is* an impossible one; but please observe that *this* task is not even attempted. The author does not really start with the internal meaning of a song and expand it into an infinite universe. What he does is far different.

"Recall to mind that you asked me to sing a song, and then pointed out to me that I had purposed to sing *that* song, a song composed by Beethoven, a particular man, belonging to a particular time and place, and thus assigned his niche in this particular system of things and no other. You did not, in other words, extract Beethoven or anything else from that '*song*' but from '*that* song.' The difference is world wide.

'*That* song,' with the emphasis upon the 'that,' means, as the Book would express it, the song 'rendered determinate' or 'completely embodied.' Now, 'that song embodied' is a mere euphemism for 'the infinite universe of things with that song in it.'

"The former expression is more easy to misconceive than is the latter; and, if we omit the word 'embodied' and say briefly 'that song,' it is still easier to fall into misconception. What more natural than to suppose that one is talking about the song and not about the Universe? The expression deceived me for a time, and I actually supposed that, by some exercise of ingenuity, the World or God was to be extracted from a song.

"What the dialectical argument actually amounts to is this: Given that song in its place in an Infinite Universe, then we may be assured that there is an Infinite Universe with that song in it. To this statement I should not for a moment demur; but it seems to me that I have been compelled to make a feint of traveling a prodigious distance in order to find myself just where I was standing at the outset.

"And I am convinced that the learned and ingenious author of the Book has unwittingly deceived himself as he deceived me. It is a very striking circumstance that, in the Seventh Lecture of the First Volume, we find a number of references to the inductive process by which, as has long been known in Everybody's World, we attain to a knowledge that any song is *that* song — in other words, to the knowledge that there is a Universe at all. To be sure, this inductive process is given but a half-hearted recognition. Although the distinction is made between 'internal experience' and 'external experience,' the latter is treated as in some sense an impostor. It is termed: 'what is usually called external experience';[48] 'what is called external experience';[49] 'so-called external experience.'[50] Nevertheless, while, in the first part of the Seventh Lecture,

the effort is made to prove that much may be known by having recourse to internal meanings alone, it is expressly admitted that external experience 'furnishes a positive content which our human internal meanings can never construct for themselves.'[51]

"But in the second half of the same Lecture the significance of observation and induction is driven back by the growing impetus of the notion that no idea can have any object except in so far as it selects it for itself. The conclusion is drawn that the object of an idea 'can have no essential character which is not predetermined by the purpose, the internal meaning, the conscious intent, of that idea itself.'[52] That is to say, the World is, after all, to be extracted from the 'internal meaning' of the idea. That it is, in fact, extracted from the idea as 'embodied,' *i.e.* from the World, is not clear to the author's mind.[53] Were it clear, he would have to ask himself: By what process does any man learn that there is a Universe from which we may tautologically infer the Universe?

"Instead of seriously raising this question and answering it in the spirit of the science of logic, he has recourse to an assumption paralyzing to the plain man and to the man of science, to wit, to the assumption that Everybody is omniscient, but is inattentive — that Everybody knows and wills, at every instant, the whole Universe, but stubbornly determines not to be interested in its details.[54] An uneasy consciousness that all is not quite right with this extraction of the World from every finite idea expresses itself in a concession not easy to reconcile with the course of the argument: 'Of course, my private will, when viewed as a mere force in nature, does not create the rest of nature. But my conscious will as expressed in my ideas does logically determine what objects are my objects.'[55]

"The author does not, then, see clearly that he is simply assuming the Universe and then inferring from it the Universe.

He fancies that he is compelled so to stretch the 'purpose' of a song as to bring within its circuit all there is. And to this end he invokes the mathematician.

"The mathematician can do some things admirably. To those who are not mathematicians, it seems astonishing how much he can deduce apparently from a few definitions. There is, to be sure, still some dispute as to what is the whole ground from which he reasons, and as to the real significance of his results. Of the usefulness of his work, and of the exactitude of his processes as compared with what seems attainable in certain other fields, there can be no question.

"Nevertheless, there are things which the mathematician, as such, should not be called upon to do. He may, not as mathematician, but as man, carry the tune at a religious meeting. But neither as mathematician nor as man can he extract from that tune, by any iterative process,[56] the children of Israel or a map of the other side of the moon. He appears, it is true, in his professional capacity, to be able to start with little and to end with much. Yet the mathematician's 'much' is in no case a 'much' of the sort in question. He is an irrelevant witness and may be ruled out of the court.

"Nor is he of the least help in proving that each self is infinitely complicated, and may implicitly contain an infinity of ideas, thus representing a boundless Universe as an ideally perfect map of England might represent England.

"Let us grant him, for the sake of argument, that, if we have an idea, we may reflect that we can have an idea of that idea, and so on without end. What does such an infinity amount to? Let the idea in question be the idea of a cat. Can the countless repetitions indicated in any wise prove that he who has the idea has in his mind anything save the idea of a cat? The doubtful infinity accorded him is, so to speak, a *vertical* one. It is valued by no man, and is never supposed to indicate broad information.

"If the mathematician is really to help me, let him show me how, from the idea of a cat, I can pass to that of a dog, from that to the ideas of all the animals in Africa, and can thus continue, developing a *horizontal* infinity, which fairly represents the complicated structure of the Universe.

"The assumption of human omniscience and invincible inattention is plainly an assumption and nothing more. It is an assumption denied by our whole experience of men and of things. That it is made can only mean that the author does not see how, without assuming the unlimited Universe, he can demonstrate that there is an unlimited Universe,[57] and can develop its contents deductively. He conceives that the Universe *is* in every passing moment; and yet, manifestly, it is not precisely in every passing moment, but must be developed out of it by dialectic. It is for aid in showing that it is not incredible that the infinite should be developed deductively from the fragmentary and the finite that the author is driven to consort with the mathematician. As we have seen, the mathematician is an irrelevant witness.

"Let us leave these misunderstandings and come back to the real argument. So far as I can see, it amounts only to this: Given this song in an Infinite and Only Universe, then we may be assured that there is an Infinite and Only Universe. The further statement that the Universe is to be conceived as Thought and Will rests, of course, upon the idealistic assumption that everything that is must be consciously known by some one.[58] To some very acute minds this has appeared self-evident.[59] Nevertheless, the assumption is combated by the Realist, who complains here of a confusion of subjective and objective, which, he claims, can very well be avoided, if one will not set up a Realism of straw, and then proceed to demolish it.

"I cannot, hence, admit that reflection upon the 'internal' and the 'external' meaning of ideas guarantees the existence of God at all. But such is my eagerness to get a good view of

the whole doctrine, that I beg you to forget that I have been compelled to withhold my assent so far. Let us assume that we have gotten a Universe, that is to be conceived as Thought and Will, and that it may properly be called God. Show me, I beg, more in detail, how this Universe is to be conceived, and point out the comfort and consolation that are to be had in its contemplation."

It is a good deal to ask, for no great results can reasonably be hoped for in the case of one who seems constitutionally unfitted for dialectic flights. How can he who has failed to assure himself of the existence of God, by grasping the significance of "internal" and "external" meanings, expect to reach by a similar path the comforting truths of human Freedom and Immortality? Nevertheless, the guide is induced to continue the exposition, though the continuation is reserved for another interview.

CHAPTER XV

THE GLORY OF IT

We all accept a World of some kind, even those of us who are by no means clear touching the validity of our title to it. Who can blame us for hoping that it may turn out to be a good sort of a world in the end? But those who have reflected upon the lessons to be learned from the history of philosophy are aware, as was Pepys, that disappointment may follow on the heels of "overexpectation." He who has watched with a pang the sunset splendors of Berkeley's World as Idea fade into the ashen hues of common, if real, cloud, distrusts the shining vision that appears in the west two centuries later. Or, if distrust is too strong an expression, let us say that his attitude toward it is characterized by caution. When a prospectus promises great things, he who has money to invest begins to look narrowly into the question of security.

The new lesson commences, as it should, in the contemplation of Nature. "If we are to understand what we mean by Material Nature," says the guide, "and why we believe it to be real, we must ask: 'What internal meaning of ours seeks an embodiment such that, to our minds, only outer Nature can furnish this embodiment?'"[1] Now, our belief in the material world is inseparably bound up with our belief in the existence of our fellow-men. Nature is a realm known to or knowable by various men.[2] The popular error which assumes that we directly know men's bodies, and only indirectly, and by an interpretation of their words, actions, and expressions, know that men have minds and what their minds are like, must

be abandoned.[3] We know that our fellows are real and have an inner life of their own, because they furnish us with more ideas — they help us to our complete embodiment, our 'full meaning,' our 'hidden Reality.'[4]

"It is, thus, the spread of the 'internal meaning' — to which you demur — that furnishes us both with our fellow-men and with an external world. That the latter is dependent on the former is clear from the following considerations: Take such an object as the Sun. We think of it as external, as independent. What does this mean? It means that other men see the sun when I do not, 'hence, its existence goes wholly beyond that of my private consciousness, and persists in my absence.' While I sleep, men in other lands see the sun, as social communication teaches me. I learn by common report that it shone before I was born. I come to believe that it will shine for future generations. It is, thus, something independent of each, but verifiable by each.[5] And physical nature as a whole is a name for a collection of just such objects — for the series of objects that men have been able 'to agree upon as the common basis of definite acts of coöperation.' It is a conventional something, a socially significant tool, taken up for the purpose of mutual communication."[6]

The physical world, as it seems, then, enjoys an essentially Berkeleyan existence in the New Idealism, as in the Old. Its being is bolstered up by the concurrence of Minds. What more natural than that it should again present itself as our slave and not as our master? It is pointed out that we should not regard Nature as fundamentally mechanical, or its laws as absolutely unvarying.[7] Are not the "seemingly unvarying laws of nature" something agreed upon for mutual convenience?[8] It is indicated that we must not take too seriously the contrast between matter and mind; nor, for that matter, the sciences which occupy themselves with the physical. Have the special sciences a right to pretend to reveal to us the

ultimate truth about the nature of things? Is the contrast between mind and matter ultimate? [9]

"Our internal meanings," continues the guide, "possess a reference to a realm beyond themselves, within which we men find our place. Out of this realm we have come. Into it, at death, we seem to go. This realm is Nature.[10] But what is Nature? There undoubtedly is an apparently material world, and we are aware of a 'more or less regular routine' of phenomena.[11] Nevertheless, evolution bridges the chasm between what we call 'dead matter' and that which indubitably shows signs of mind. They are at heart alike.[12] All nature is alive. Our experience of nature is but a hint of a vaster realm of life and meaning of which we are a part, and of which the final unity is God.[13]

"Thus, the contrast between material and mental depends upon the accidents of our human point of view.[14] In nature in general we have signs of a vast realm of finite consciousness. All is fluent, all seeks ideals.[15] For us the important question is: How are we to conceive the relation between our little selves and the great Whole to which they belong? To this problem let us address ourselves.

"At this point I am compelled to enter into an abstruse matter, but one of the utmost importance to our doctrine. This is our most dizzying flight, and what follows will be easy and reassuring. Be prepared to mount.

"Our idealistic concept of Being implies, as you have seen, that 'whatever is, is consciously known as the fulfillment of some idea, and is so known either by ourselves at this moment, or by a consciousness inclusive of our own.'[16] It has been made clear that our present consciousness is but a fragment of our whole meaning — in us the 'internal' has not as yet absorbed the 'external.' It follows at once that the whole world of truth and being must exist only as present, in all its variety, its wealth, its relationships, its entire constitution, to the unity

of a single consciousness, which includes both our own and all finite conscious meanings in one final eternally present insight.[17] The significance of this I develop at length:

"Every one must admit that we are conscious of *change*, that is, of a succession of events. Together, the events constitute a temporal order. Each event is over and past when the next one appears on the scene. This we may call the *successive* aspect of the temporal order.[18]

"On the other hand, who could be conscious of a succession of events, unless at least two of the events were given in consciousness together?[19] The sense in which the one event is over and gone when the other comes is not the sense in which both events are experienced together. When we reflect upon this experiencing of the events together, we have to do with a second aspect of time. We may, if we choose, when considering this aspect, say that both events are present '*at once*.'[20]

"It is most important not to misconceive this. All that it means is that our consciousness is characterized by what has been called a 'time-span.' The word 'present' has two quite distinct senses, which should never be confused with each other. When we say the two events are 'present at once,' we do not mean, and must not mean, that they have their being in the same moment of time. The one is always past and gone when the other is here. This is a matter of fundamental importance for our conception of time and of eternity.[21]

"Now, we may know time by 'direct experience,' or we may have of it a 'relatively indirect conception.'[22] We directly *perceive* change only as a very brief span; but we may *think of* all the changes that have taken place during a given minute, hour, day, year, or century. No one hesitates to say 'the present year' or 'the present century.' The 'specious present' thus indicated is never, of course, directly included in *our* 'time-span,' which is far too brief for this. We 'think of' these times, as I may 'think of' the State of Massachusetts,

although a very little bit of it can be embraced directly by my present field of vision.

"Suppose, however, that some Being enjoyed a far greater 'time-span' than we do. Would not such divisions of time be perceived by it 'at once'? To be sure, any such division of time is *time*, and the events which take place in it are all of them successive; some of them *no longer* exist, while others *do not yet* exist. Do not forget that the 'at once' above employed does not indicate that any two of the events in question exist at the same time. It has a quite unique significance which, as I have warned you, must not be confused with any other.[23] In the usual temporal sense of the words 'at once,' two events, such as the tick of a clock and the fall of a shutter, may occur 'at once,' or 'be present together.' This is obviously a very different matter. It means that the events in question are simultaneous.

"With this we are ready for a contemplation of the contrast between the Temporal and the Eternal, with all that it implies. According to our Idealism, we men must view the whole World-life as a temporal order. There is no last moment in the evolution of things. All events belong to the series which is characterized by a 'no longer' and a 'not yet.'[24] But the Absolute, the Universe, God, enjoys a 'time-span' which is infinite. God is not shut up to an indirect knowledge of great stretches of time, as we men are. To Him, everything is present 'at once,' in the peculiar sense of the expression that has been made clear above. This is the *totum simul* regarding which men discoursed in the Middle Ages — this is Eternity, as contrasted with Time.[25]

"Thus, all the events which make up the World-life are in a Temporal Order. Nevertheless, since the totality of temporal events can have no events preceding or succeeding it, but is 'present at once' to the 'time-span' of the Absolute, we may also say that all the events that make up the World-life stand

in an Eternal Order. The Eternal Consciousness is not in time; the complete series of temporal happenings may be regarded as an Individual Whole, and, thus, as eternal.[26] The whole of time contains 'a single expression of the divine Will' and hence, 'despite its endlessness,' the time-world is 'present' as a single whole to the Absolute, 'whose Will this is, and whose life all this sequence embodies.' [27]

"At last we have attained the desired height, and may descend at our ease to reap the fruits of our exertions. The Promised Land lies before us. The glory of it is not to be hidden. God's will is eternally accomplished. Man is free. God knows man's sufferings and disappointments, and makes good his deficiencies. In spite of his apparent finitude and failure, man may be assured that his true will, which is God's will, is not left unsatisfied. Death is banished. Immortality is brought to light. 'In Eternity all is done, and we, too, rest from our labors.' [28]

"The Freedom of man need not long detain us, for it can now be demonstrated in a sentence or two. Listen. Causal explanation never has to do with what is individual about events.[29] Every finite fact is a positive part of the unique divine experience, and is, therefore, itself unique. Your own present will is a stage or case of the expression of the divine purpose at a given point of time; it, too, is unique.[30] Whatever is unique is not, as such, causally explicable.[31] If you will at all, it is evident that you must will uniquely. It is, then, you who just here *are* God's will, or who just here consciously act for the whole. You are in so far free.[32] Have no fear that you are laid in bonds by God's foreknowledge. There can be no foreknowledge of the Unique.[33]

"And now for Immortality. Bear in mind that the rational being with whom you deal, when you observe an animal's dimmer hints of rationality, may phenomenally be represented rather by the race as a whole than by any one individual.

The individual animal may be regarded as 'a temporally brief section of a person' — the race is the person, with a span of consciousness far longer than ours; it is the sentence, the individual is the word in it.[34] In some such way must we think of man. As individuals we are differentiations from — temporally brief sections of — a finite conscious experience of presumably a much longer time-span than our present one. This finite consciousness of longer time-span, indicated to us in the phenomena of memory and of race-instinct, is individuated, is rational, is a live being, and is continuous in some sense with our own individuality.[35] The birth or death of an individual man may mean 'the occurrence of something interesting in a shorter or longer time-span' — that of the larger inclusive consciousness.[36]

"But why stop with the race? Why not go on to the conclusion? The Self of the 'finite internal meaning,' the temporal and fragmentary Self endowed with 'our present flickering form of mortal consciousness,' dies with its own moment. Nevertheless, the Self completely embodied, that is, the Self which is identical with the Universe, or God, possesses, in the Eternal World, 'a consciousness far transcending that of our present human type of momentary insight.' 'Our life, as hid from us now, in the life of God, has another form of consciousness than the one we now possess.'[37]

"Physical death seems, of course, to be an undeniable fact.[38] Our problem is: How is death possible at all as a real event? We, as idealists, have a solution. To be, means to fulfill a purpose. Hence, if death is real, it is real only as fulfilling a purpose. But what purpose can be fulfilled by the ending of a life whose purpose is not fulfilled? The answer is at once forthcoming: 'The purpose that can be fulfilled by the ending of such a life is necessarily a purpose that, in the eternal world, *is* consciously known and seen as continuous with, yes, as inclusive of, the very purpose whose

fulfillment the temporal death seems to cut short.'[39] By whom is this purpose known? It is known by some being who can say: 'This was my purpose, but temporarily I no longer seek its embodiment.'[40] 'The life that is ended is thus viewed by the Absolute as followed, at some period of time, by another life that in its meaning is continuous with the first.'[41] Thus, the selective process in Nature is a process involving survival as well as death.[42]

"'Not otherwise, in our Idealistic World, is death possible. I can temporally die; but I myself, as larger individual, in the eternal world, see *why* I die; and thus, in essence, my whole individuality is continuous in true meaning with the individuality that dies.'[43] You see, true Being is essentially a Whole Individual Fact, which does not send you beyond itself, and which is, therefore, in its wholeness, deathless. Where death is, Being in its Wholeness is not.[44] Do I make my meaning quite plain? Remember that the true Self is always the Universe. What dies is the fragmentary, apparent, flickering Self of common experience. The Universe cannot die, can it? Then man is immortal.

"That God's Will is eternally accomplished scarcely needs proof. Does not the Universe exist, and is not the fact of its existence the accomplishment of God's Will? That God knows our sorrows and shortcomings is self-evident. Must not everything that *is*, be *known?* And, since our true will is our will Completely Embodied, or, in other words, the Universe, is not our true will, which is God's Will, also accomplished? 'Arise, then, freeman, stand forth in thy world. It is God's world. It is also thine.'[45] I give you time to reflect upon this doctrine. Behold before you the World of the New Idealism. Is not the vision inspiring?"

"I do not need time to reflect," is the answer. "I have read the Book; I have listened; and I have reflected while you spoke. More than ever am I convinced that your dialectic

flight is only a seeming flight — that you have conjured up a mist of words, and have stood still. Let me sum up in plain language all that you have pointed out to me.

"You have shown me that, given a song in its particular place in an Infinite Universe, we may be assured that there is an Infinite Universe with a song in it. This Universe you have called God.

"You have told me that I am Free, because every individual thing in the Universe, as being that individual thing and nothing else, must be free. I share, then, it seems, my freedom with every rotting apple, which is always some particular apple, and with every writhing worm, which is always just this and no other worm. Upon such freedom I can set no particular value.

"You have informed me that, when I die, the Universe will not die, but that other life will succeed the conscious life that I enjoy. This I never doubted; but this is not what men mean by immortality. Nor does it make my mortality the less mortal to say that God knows my life, and my death, with whatever may succeed that, for me, melancholy event. Keep clearly in mind what God's knowledge amounts to.

"Have you not yourself warned me against confusing the two senses of the expressions 'together' and 'at once'? Have you not told me that the 'time-span' in no wise interferes with the successive character of events in time? What has been, has been, to God and to man. What will be, will be, to God and to man. The 'eternity' you dwell upon does not imply that the 'no longer' and the 'not yet' of the world are abolished. It means only that the one 'time-span' stretches over both, just as my own 'time-span' includes two instants which are, nevertheless, successive, and one of which is gone when the other comes. We really should not say, then, that God sees all 'at one glance,'[46] for that is misleading. The expression suggests simultaneity.

"No, according to your own doctrine, God knows the events which happen in the world, when they take place, and at no other time. He is constituted by the complexity of lesser consciousnesses that make up the world, and has no existence separate from these.[47] The divine act whereby He wills you, the individual, 'is identical with your own individual will, and exists not except as thus identical.'[48] 'God does not temporally foreknow anything, excepting in so far as He is expressed in us finite beings. The knowledge that exists in time is the knowledge that finite Selves possess, in so far as they are finite.'[49]

"In the 'eternal' knowledge attributed to God, it is not implied that God knows at all times the individual happenings which constitute the Universe. By this 'eternal' knowledge, it seems, things 'are known as occurring like the chords in the musical succession, precisely when and how they actually occur.'[50] Thus, God knows my sorrows, in that I know them, and when I know them. He will know the 'section' of consciousness that is to succeed my mortal self, in that that 'section' will know itself. That every 'section' is supposed to have its place in a 'time-span' that covers the whole past, present, and future does not make the mortality of the individual 'section' the less mortal in any sense that interests mankind. Besides, why say God 'eternally knows'? Does not His 'time-span' cover past, present, and future indifferently? Is it not as just to say: God knew? or, God will know? Why give the preference to the present?

"I, then, am mortal — the I of which I am conscious, and in which my neighbors are interested. It is these our mortal flickering selves that are born, that marry and are given in marriage, that fall ill and call in the physician, that shrink from dissolution, that feel that their purposes are cut short by untimely death. To tell one of them that he really is identical with the Universe, if he only knew it, and that, hence, he cannot

die, is to make a mock of his terrors. He knows that the Universe will not die, and he fears that he will. Only by carefully concealing the unpalatable bolus of the truth one wishes to communicate under the bland sirups of an elaborate diction sweetened by comforting, if misleading, associations, can the sufferer be induced to swallow it and to look relieved.

"On the accomplishment of God's Will and of our wills I need not dwell. The dialectic has not really transported me to a new world, where God, Freedom, and Immortality stand revealed. Our whole journey has been an illusion. On the other hand, although I have not moved forward, I am, in a sense, not precisely where I was to begin with. The mist which arose as you discoursed has blurred for me some of the rather unmistakable features of Everybody's World, my old, familiar, somewhat faulty, friend.

"Thus, the physical world recognized by science and by common thought has lost its sharpness of outline. It has been indicated that it exists only in minds, and is something taken up by minds as a convenient social convention. It has been asserted that its laws are only relatively uniform, and that, in general, the distinction between physical and mental, outer and inner, is not to be taken very seriously. That the individual happenings in the world are subject to causality has been denied. My respect for scientific method has suffered a diminution, in that the inductive processes, of which science makes so much, have been first accorded a grudging recognition and then abandoned for a deductive process at which science can only stand aghast. In various places the special sciences have been the object of remarks that sound disparaging.[51] The significance of mathematical reasonings seems to have been misapprehended in a way which suggests a much earlier period in the history of philosophy.

"As to the relations of minds to bodies, and, through these, to each other — these have become highly obscure. It ap-

pears to be indicated that minds can, and yet cannot, be directly aware of the contents of other minds.[52] Everybody, 'completely embodied,' appears to be everybody else; and no one seems to be aware of what he thinks and wills. I have been informed that I am not really as ignorant as I had supposed, but am omniscient and am merely inattentive to the details of an infinite Universe, all of which details I might clearly know if I only would.

"In all this, I have been carried far, surely, from the body of human knowledge, in which men have, and believe they have reason to have, confidence. On the whole, I have lost, and have not gained. I have failed to reach the Promised Land, and the ground actually beneath me has become less solid. With infinite thanks for your patience, I find I must seek some other guide. Should nothing better offer, I may even lay hands violently upon myself and turn Pragmatist. Only assure me that I am not grasping at the rainbow, and I will be discouraged by no difficulties and deterred by no dangers."

Again the revolt of the man to whom the accepted body of human knowledge, admittedly defective and incomplete, still seems a thing too serious to be treated lightly! of the man who is inclined to be mistrustful of the speculations of the solitary thinker, and who is dissatisfied if he cannot, from time to time, feel the ground with his foot. Shall we be with him? or shall we be against him?

That, I suppose, will be decided for the individual largely by his temperament, in spite of what any one may say. There are those who take easily to speculative flights, and who do not find belief difficult.

For my part, as a commonplace man, to whom Everybody's World seems a very undeniable thing, I must admit that my first impulse is to watch from the field the flight of the aviator, filled with admiration of his daring, his ingenuity, and his

confidence in his own power to manage his machine. After that comes a certain curiosity to appreciate the real motives which inspired him to make such seemingly superhuman efforts and to face such unusual dangers. What does he seek? What does he hope to find? Is it an Unknowable? the search is condemned from the outset. Is it that phantom Reality that played hide-and-seek with us in Chapter XIII, but always turned out, when cornered, to be mere Appearance, and no Reality at all? No man who understands the game will find it worth his while to play it. Is the object of the flight to rise, like the lark, into the upper air, to sing a tautological song of illusive sweetness, and to descend upon the selfsame spot which saw the beginning of the flight? Surely there must be some other aim than this.

"Some in one way and some in others," said the Oxford Idealist, "we seem to touch and have communion with what is beyond the visible world. In various manners we find something higher, which both supports and humbles, both chastens and transports us. And, with certain persons, the intellectual effort to understand the universe is a principal way of thus experiencing the Deity." These are not the words of one the mutilation of whose nature has been made whole by the contemplation of a logical abstraction. One reads with unseeing eyes, if one finds in his book no more than the book itself seems to claim.

Nor can one read sympathetically the work discussed in this and in the preceding chapter without seeing that it contains much more than the dry bones of theory. To examine these with care, and to decide whether they are properly articulated, is, to be sure, the duty of other philosophers. It is a somewhat thankless task, as is all criticism; but it is a necessary task, for he who advances a theory of his own leaves his work half done unless he points out that rival claimants to the field have not annulled his own claim. In the present instance, the

ungrateful task of criticism is in part redeemed by the fact that a careful reading inspires the critic with a lively admiration of the boldness of the speculative genius possessed by the author, and with an agreeable sense of the breadth and fertility of his imagination.

Nevertheless, when all is said, it is not the dry bones of theory that constitute the attraction of the book. It is its living spirit. And the connection between the two seems to be so slight that one is tempted to ask oneself: May it not be that the bony structure is a something relatively accidental? May not the premises be a precipitate from the conclusion — a shell secreted to support a life which already existed and asserted its right to be? Philosophers are but men, after all; and some of them are men of strongly religious instincts.

The attitude of the author toward the world in which he finds himself has, viewed broadly, much in common with that taken by philosophers of various schools who find it impossible to admit his premises and to approve of his reasonings. It is not widely different from that of many plain men, who feel that they must accept Everybody's World, although they are more or less oppressed by its presence. Hence, it does not follow that, in rejecting the New Idealism, one must necessarily regard oneself as separated by an immeasurable abyss, in spirit and feeling, from the New Idealist. One may share with him an earnest desire to tread the streets of the Eternal City, while accepting with reservation the adage that all roads lead thither, and denying emphatically that the safest and the surest route is that which tempts the regions of the air.

CHAPTER XVI

PLAYING WITH THE WORLD

"FAITHFUL," said Christian as they journeyed, "we have been, by the inhabitants of the City of Destruction, abominably misunderstood. They accuse us of holding all sorts of wild opinions, of denying palpable fact, of shutting our eyes to the realities which every man of sense must admit. And they shamelessly maintain that we wander aimlessly and without method.[1]

"Now, the one thing that does characterize us as Pragmatists is our method.[2] We do not pretend to be dogmatic; to construct a chart with fixed routes laid down upon it in ink, and to claim that all men must follow directions that we dictate. We allow to others the same freedom which we claim for ourselves. The salvation of the world must lie in an escape from the unendurable regularity of Everybody's World, the City of Destruction, the town upon which we have turned our backs. So much is quite plain. But it is not worth while to set out with a load upon one's back. He travels light who carries with him only one or two easy maxims: 'Wherever you may find yourself, look forward and not backwards'; 'Expect the unexpected'; 'Face the light' — surely a simple matter if a man will only cast his own light before him as he walks.

"The reasonableness of our journey cannot admit of dispute. What a town that was! the sordid monotony of it! Every day the sun rose, climbed to the zenith, and set, running his appointed course with a stupid lack of ingenuity which made him at every hour the slave of every mathematician with pen-

cil and paper. And the clocks which, left to themselves, might have shown some individuality, were drilled into a servile imitation of his wearisome mechanical precision. The men, little better, left their beds by them, worked by them, dined by them, and retired to rest at their command, like recruits under a Prussian sergeant. Everything seemed ordered. The thermometer rose and fell at the bidding of the heat and cold; the barometer played the courtier to its overlord the weather; and even the weather, which has everywhere shown its self-respect by raising its voice for freedom, was, there is strong reason to believe, secretly obeying instructions passed on to it unobstrusively, but none the less imperiously, by some other power. The Future seemed to rise helplessly from the ashes of the Past — a fettered Phœnix, the very color of whose feathers could be foretold. And the past behavior of men and things was anxiously scrutinized before any one had the courage to predict what might be expected from men and things on days as yet unborn. Science raged unchecked, saving some from disaster and death, it must be admitted, but throwing a somber pall over the roseate hopes of the young and inexperienced — a very Juggernaut, careless of the sufferings occasioned by his triumphal progress to any 'happy-go-lucky anarchistic sort of creature'[3] too sunk in his dreams to mark the progress of the fateful car.

"You will remember, too, that there was no real privacy; no man could feel himself quite alone, and truly his own master. Every street was determined in its relation to every other street; every house was on some street or other, and at a fixed distance from some other house; every man had a neighbor whom it was impossible wholly to ignore. He who exhibited his independence by moving out of his house, and taking up his dwelling in a tub, was made a subject of criticism. It was pointed out to him that his tub was a poor one — that the hoops were loose and the staves let in the sun.[4] Nor could he get

rid of his critic by saying that he liked the sun. Some officious bystander was sure to remark that a roof which admitted the sun would as certainly admit the rain, and he would then insist upon an answer to the impertinent question: What does it profit, under such circumstances, to take refuge in a tub at all? As if such things were matters of cold calculation when the sky is blue and the sun resplendent! Nor was there even freedom of speech in the intolerant city. Can we call it freedom of speech when a man is not permitted to use words in a 'large loose way'?[5] When he must haggle over exact meanings, must employ his terms always in the same sense, and must offer proof for all his statements?[6] A poor town, say I: a mean town; a town of prim New England neatness, but with none of the breezy largeness of the West.

"Contrast with the stifling atmosphere of orderly repression, from which we made our escape, the generous measure of freedom which has since been ours. The very road on which we plant our feet we may claim to be our own, although we have never before traveled it. In a sense, it is true, it may be called a highway traveled by other pilgrims; but, surely, only in a loose sense, for no two need follow precisely the same path, nor need any two have before them precisely the same goal. The striking fact that guarantees our liberty and allows free play to individuality is that the whole universe through which our road leads must be regarded as incomplete,[7] as imperfectly unified,[8] as loosely connected,[9] as growing in every part,[10] and as awaiting the additions which we ourselves are about to make to it.[11]

"In the pestilent city which we have left, men would not admit that they made reality, except in that limited and humdrum sense in which carpenters may be said to make chairs and statesmen to make history. When they did not know where a given house was, they nevertheless assumed that it must be definitely somewhere, and that their knowing or not

knowing did not affect its particular street and number, or bring it into a more or a less intimate topographical relation to the other houses on its block, or to the City Hall. They were all inclined to divorce knowledge and reality, and to make it the duty of knowledge to accept dictation and to follow humbly in the footsteps of what they called evidence. Whereas, in our pragmatic world of broader, if more indefinite, horizons, we know that knowledge and reality cannot thus be divorced. In coming to *know*, we are affecting the structure of the universe itself ; [12] building out to greater completion an unfinished world,[13] knitting together what must remain at loose ends until we have brought its floating parts into connection. The world is not a cheap, ready-made unit, but human efforts are daily unifying it more and more.[14] It is imperfectly unified even now, after all the labor that we and our predecessors have spent upon it, and perhaps it will always remain imperfectly unified.[15] Some parts of it may really be very loosely connected with other parts.[16] In our cognitive life, as well as in our practical, we are creative — we *add* to reality, both to things and to their qualities.[17]

"It is inevitable that our doctrine should be misunderstood by those pedants of the schools who revel in abstractions and shun the concrete. By men who talk of 'Truth,' and forget that only concrete truths exist ; [18] who prate of 'Reality,' and overlook the fact that no man can come in contact with anything real save in the shape of individual realities.[19] To appreciate our freedom in contributing to the structure of the universe, and to realize as we should our dignity and responsibility as creators,[20] we must fix our attention upon the concrete instance. Just consider, for example, the South Pole — we may assume it to exist, for the belief appears, on the whole, to be expedient.[21] Do not suppose that I am dogmatizing and insisting that you or any one should believe really and literally in the South Pole, which science has added to the common-sense

world of our ordinary experience. But let us speak *as if* it existed.[22]

"Now, it must be clear to any thoughtful mind that the South Pole is very loosely connected even yet with the Equator. Few women, on coming out of their own doors, could tell how to turn in order to face it; very few men could keep a straight course, even for a day, in marching towards it; no one has as yet reached it as a sensible terminus that can be verified exactly.[23] It remains to some future genius * so to build out this incomplete and loosely jointed world that the South Pole may really be definitely related to the Equator, and knit to it closely — at least as closely as is the North Pole now, though, of course, the different parts of the world will always remain incompletely unified.[24] Should we undertake this work of unification, which happens to be aside from our present duty, you can readily conceive, Faithful, what a dignified task it would be, and what a responsibility would rest upon us to put the Pole in just the spot in which it would, in the long run, be most advantageous to have it.[25]

"The whole conception is an inspiring one — a loose universe, adrift in space, with such as we in it creating its truth and reality;[26] a road which we throw out before us as we journey;[27] and yonder shining light, which we cast freely before ourselves, and which cannot, hence, compel us, in following it, to stumble along stony paths and to wade through doleful morasses.[28] A completely genial universe, that relieves the tedium of the wayfarer by the exhibition of unaccountable novelties, delightful surprises, for which no past experience can wholly prepare a man.[29] A universe, too, in which no truth that too seriously shocks our prejudices, too roughly jolts our susceptibilities, can get itself established as truth.[30] A universe

* Christian is a little behind the times. It is interesting to note that the modest genius who did the world the service in question announced the completion of his task in the words, "We *discovered* the Pole."

in which all truths are either immediately or in the long run expedient, and are true just in proportion to their expediency.[31] We are, indeed, in a fair world and on a goodly road, and we cannot too much congratulate ourselves upon our escape from that dreadful town of red-tape and regularity.

"And what houses of refreshment seem to be provided for pilgrims like ourselves! Think of the homelike informality of the hotel in which we lodged last night. The generous foreigner, Papini, who presides over it, has no rules to torment his guests. His door is always open, and his corridor is as free as the public street. What is done in the several rooms of the house he does not regard as his concern. You will remember that we found in one of its innumerable chambers a man writing an atheistic volume; in the next, some one was on his knees praying for faith and strength; in a third a chemist investigated a body's properties. In a fourth, a system of idealistic metaphysics was being excogitated, and in a fifth the impossibility of metaphysics was being shown. And all of the remarkable men thus occupied circulated freely in the pragmatic corridor, and could not carry on their diverse occupations without it.[32]

"The significance of the various activities which employed Signor Papini's guests becomes luminous only to one who has learned how iniquitous is the divorce between knowledge and reality accepted as a matter of course by the inhabitants of Everybody's World. Having risen to the conception that man is creative even in his cognitive capacity, and that reality is incomplete, and is growing, as a result of human efforts, we can see that the atheist was disintegrating God, while the man on his knees was building Him up again; that the idealist was turning the world into ideas, while the scoffer at metaphysics was lending to it a heavy opacity which helped it to resist transformation; that the chemist was creating the body which he was investigating and was clothing it with attributes

of his own manufacture.[33] Each man, in the measure of his abilities, was modifying the structure of the universe,[34] and was making truth,[35] much as we are making the road on which we now walk together. And they lived in harmony, for none gave serious attention to the results obtained by any other, all having agreed together to have *no prejudices whatever, no obstructive dogmas, and no rigid canons of what should count as proof*.[36]

"By the way, Faithful, did you remark the absence of the commercial traveler? That incorrigible Philistine, who insists upon having his meals cooked in traditional ways, and served at regular hours, who coldly calculates his business chances in the future with an eye shamelessly turned upon his experiences of the past, who nervously studies time-tables, and is irritated at the suggestion that they are mere approximations to truth and are not intended really to indicate with exactitude the time at which trains may be expected to arrive and leave,[37] who is full of prejudices, objecting to the detonations of the chemist in the room to the right and to the audible prayers of the man on his knees in the room to the left, nourishing a suspicion of the atheist, and growing restive under the periods of the idealistic metaphysician — such as he avoid the place, and they refuse to set a foot within the corridor. So much the better for the genial, easy-going comfort of the hotel! High-class hotels are not meant for anybody and Everybody. They are lounging places for men of leisure who can afford to give themselves a holiday.[38]

"But, help! where are we? In talking I have forgotten to watch my steps. Can it be that we have strayed from the right path? This ground is soft; I am sinking; and so, I perceive, are you. Let me have your hand, and let us make for that rising slope opposite. Be quick, Faithful, be quick!"

"Christian," said Faithful, "you surprise me. How can we be on the wrong road? Have we not made our road the

right one as we went along, creating truth and reality with every mile that we put behind us? Have we not steadily believed that we were on the right road? To me it is a shock to think that we are standing in a bog. I cannot adjust this to my previous stock of truths; it jolts me grievously to admit this new truth to be a truth at all; hence, I simply refuse to admit it."

"Faithful, there is no time now to discuss the matter. Believe what you please, but help me. Later we can beat the whole subject out at our leisure. Do give me your hand. So, I begin to breathe again. That was a close shave for us pilgrims! We must not forget ourselves again as we talk. We really must watch our steps a little. Another such slip, and we are done."

"But, Christian, I am amazed. One would think we were still in Everybody's World. You appear to be transformed. How can you reconcile what you have been saying about the freedom of our pragmatic universe and the making of truth and reality with the panic you have just been in, with your recognition of brute fact, surely as brute a fact as any to be met with in the City of Destruction? Do you mean to maintain that our road is *already there?* that we must *find it, not make it?* that we must *study charts*, and admit that we are encompassed with dangers? Is it for this that we have braved the unknown and have unchained our creative energy? If we really can create both subjects and predicates, why may we not dry a bog so that it could pass for a patch on the Libyan desert?"

"Faithful," said Christian, "do you not remember my saying at the outset of our conversation that our old neighbors misunderstood us, and accused us of shutting our eyes to the realities which every man of sense must admit? Far enough is far enough, say I, and too much is too much. Freedom we must have. To secure that we set out on our journey. But

freedom must not be allowed to degenerate into unbridled license. The Pragmatist cannot create things out of nothing — he can only *add* to reality. You are young and impetuous; learn to temper your zeal with caution. So far, I have dwelt upon the positive side of our doctrine only. I see it is time to point out the limitations to man's power which, even in our freer pragmatic universe, must be recognized by a man of sense.

"Now, it is quite true that truth makes itself, with our assistance, as we go;[39] that, if we say: 'this is true because it is useful' or 'this is useful because it is true,' it is all one;[40] that we call a new theory true when it marries new facts with old opinions in a way to jar us the least, and, hence, proves itself most satisfactory to us as individuals with this or that settled habit of thought;[41] but this is only half the truth. No pilgrim would dare to take the least excursion beyond the patrolled and lamplit streets of Everybody's World were he assured that the Beyond which calls him were really a realm of utter lawlessness, in which neither men nor things can be counted upon at all, and where neither prudence nor prevision have any significance. It is, in fact, a realm in which the pilgrim must orient himself with circumspection, and must go about the making of truth in a sensible way.

"He must recognize, to begin with, that there is such a thing as a *flux of sensations* — that such are forced upon him, coming he knows not whence. Over their nature, their order, their quantity, he has little control.[42] Sensation's irremediable flow[43] is not a thing to trifle with, as we had occasion to realize, when we found ourselves bemired a few moments since. It is as important to remark that there is a second part of reality of which our beliefs must obediently take account. This is the relations that obtain between our sensations, or between their copies in our minds.[44] One's beliefs must not play fast and loose with the order which realities follow in his experience.[45]

Finally, there is the whole body of previously accepted truths, which furnish a basis on which every man must stand who will seek new truth.[46]

"Truths are not arbitrary beliefs, taken up recklessly and held with unreasoning obstinacy. They are something to be verified and validated. Our minds are wedged tightly between coercions of the sensible order and of the ideal order. To be true, our ideas must *agree with realities*, whether sensible or abstract, under penalty of endless inconsistency and frustration,[47] that is, under penalty of being proved false. And although we Pragmatists interpret the word 'agreement' in a large, loose way,[48] we by no means rob it of all significance. Temporary and partial agreements will not serve our turn. To be really true an idea must adapt our life to the reality's whole setting.[49] You see, thus, that although the true is the useful, is what works, is the expedient, we escape the calumnies of those who would render us ridiculous, by insisting that we here mean by expedient what is expedient on the whole, and in the long run.[50] How long the run must be it is manifestly impossible to say. Who can prove that it serves man's expediency, or that of any other creature, that a crater on the moon should have a diameter of two hundred and two miles rather than of two hundred and fifty? or, for that matter, that that particular crater should be there at all? But here, as elsewhere, one must have faith, and must fall back, in the meantime, on other sorts of agreement.

"Hence, I reject your reasons for refusing to admit the bog. I felt the brute fact of sensation's irremediable flow as far up as the knees. I was compelled to submit to the coercions of the world of sense. As to the shock you experienced in finding us where we were in spite of previous beliefs, I beg you to observe that a new truth, to justify its existence as such, must not merely derange previous beliefs as little as possible, but *must lead to some sensible terminus or other that can*

be exactly verified.[51] We stood unmistakably in the sensible terminus; the verification was *perception*.[52] Your sense of shock unquestionably presented the weaker claim.

"Be reasonable. Avoid giving a color of justice to the slanderous tongues of the unenlightened.[53] Pragmatism does not stand for irresponsible nonsense. 'Pent in, as the Pragmatist more than any one else sees himself to be, between the whole body of funded truths squeezed from the past and the coercions of the world of sense about him, who so well as he feels the immense pressure of objective control under which our minds perform their operations?'[54]

"Nevertheless, the Pragmatist may still rejoice in regarding himself as a maker of truth and reality. He enjoys a sober freedom. Is he not free to take the number 27 as the cube of 3, or as the product of 3 and 9, or as 26 *plus* 1? Can he not regard a chessboard as white squares on a black ground, or black squares on a white ground? Is not each conception a true one? Even in dealing with what is so remote and seemingly independent of us as the heavenly bodies, can he not call the same constellation Charles's Wain, the Great Bear, or the Dipper? None of these names will be false, for all will be applicable.[55] Thus, although it remains a stubborn fact that there *is* a sensible flux, it is also true that what is *true of it* seems from first to last to be largely a matter of our creation.[56] The affair of the bog I here pass over; under the circumstances, we could do little with that."

"Christian," said Faithful, "the concessions you now make to the prejudices of Everybody's World seem to me to curtail our freedom to an extent which renders doubtful the wisdom of our leaving the City of Destruction at all. Even in that unendurable place men enjoyed what they called freedom. They made changes in their universe by carrying chairs out of one room into another, and they arranged them as they pleased. They felt free to say one dollar, or to say one

hundred cents, quite indifferently. When you asked your way, one man said 'Turn to the right' and another said 'Turn to the left,' according to the position in which it had pleased each to place his body. Nor did they quarrel when one maintained that an umbrella was shorter than a man, and his neighbor insisted that a man was longer than an umbrella. But they all agreed that moving chairs about never created a new chair; that counting in cents did not fatten the purse; that varying one's form of expression in pointing out the location of a house did not transport the house from one street to another; that men and umbrellas have definite lengths which may be measured in feet and inches, and which do not vary with our point of view. They kept one eye anxiously fixed on reality, whatever they did with the other, and they picked their steps in the world as though they were always under dictation. Knowledge they valued; and they admitted, in a general way, its expediency, for they were always pointing out to us that a man could not find his way home if he did not know his street and number. But they made of knowledge a thing to be gained laboriously, and under the rod of the schoolmaster. A real freedom in knowing and in dealing with things they did not enjoy. Do you remember the man who was unable to fit a large cork into the neck of a small bottle, and the contempt with which he received our helpful suggestion that he try regarding the diameter of the orifice as 3 quarters of an inch and that of the cork as only 2 half inches? You give up too much; and, I may add, you detract from the dignity of such creators as are lodged in Signor Papini's hotel. To hear you, one would think they were doing just what Everybody does, which is something very commonplace, and not properly to be called 'creation' at all.

"For my part, I still refuse to accept that swamp. And I go farther than you in the matter of the flux and of our additions to it. We and men like us make practically the whole world

in which we find ourselves — the negligible residue may be left out of our philosophy. By the way, what is that I see in the distance? It appears to move."

"It looks to me," said Christian, "like a lion. Sensations, the relations between them, and the body of funded truths which constitute what is called common knowledge conspire to convince me that it *is* a lion, and that we have escaped from one peril only to meet a worse. It is certainly approaching, and our way of escape is cut off. We are lost men!"

"Now, Christian," said Faithful, "trust to me. Your mild form of Pragmatism is all very well for ordinary occasions, but, in such an emergency as this, one needs to be a Pragmatist in the Second Degree, that is, a Humanist. Observe how, under my 'intelligent manipulations,' that lion, seemingly so 'intractable,' will 'grow plastic,' and become as harmless as a tawny dream.[57]

"I will begin with the flux of sensations. Are not color, shape, and size something perceived by the senses? and are not the senses human — organs relative to our needs? It seems to follow of itself that the objectivity of our perceptions is entirely practical and useful and teleological. Our perceptions have come to exist in order that we may live with our fellowmen.[58] Does this not in itself suggest that they cannot indicate that we are to be killed by a lion?

"Indeed, the flux of sensations, when critically examined, turns out to be, until we have tampered with it, something so nearly nothing that it scarcely merits attention at all. We must accept a basis of initial fact, to be sure,[59] but we must distinguish between apparent fact and real.[60] The original fact is not made, but found, and in so far is independent, I grant you; but, then, as, in its raw state, it is most unsatisfactory, we set to work to unmake it and remake it.[61] As originally given it cannot be taken as 'real fact' or as 'true reality,' for it is really a meaningless chaos.[62] By a process of selection and

valuation we turn this stuff into 'fact' in the stricter sense; and in this making of 'real reality' our interests, desires, and emotions play a leading part.[63]

"Mark, Christian, that without a process of selection by us, there are no real facts for us; and this process of selection is immensely arbitrary.[64] I know very well that the vulgar say that reality must be discovered, not made; but pragmatically this only means that in certain cases its behavior is such that it is practically inconvenient or impossible to ascribe its reality for us entirely to our own subjective activity.[65] The whole matter possesses for the Pragmatist little interest; initial facts or truths are of small importance, and the question about the nature of initial truth and reality cannot be allowed to weigh upon our spirits.[66] 'Methodologically,' as the philosophers say, independent fact can be disregarded; we must conceive every truth and every reality now recognized as evolved from the cognitive process in which we now observe it.[67] Thus, this alien world, which appears to coerce us, grows plastic to our intelligent manipulations.[68] We must assume, as a working principle, *that the plasticity of fact is adequate for every purpose.*[69]

"It only remains to apply these truths to the concrete instance — to the approaching lion. It is evident that the part of him which we do not freely make, the irreducible fact, although independent of us, is as good as nothing. It is a little corner of chaos which we should cheerfully accept. Indeed, it plays directly into the hand of the Pragmatist, for it gives him something to transform.[70] Who can distinguish between the unreal, irreducible, chaotic shred of 'fact' which men, animated by their desires and needs, work up into a lion, and that which they, also for their own ends, work up into a sheep? Hence the lion is just what we make it, and it cannot even be intelligently discussed apart from the interests, purposes, desires, emotions, ends, goods, postulations, and choices

of man.[71] Do you not begin to see the light? Are you not somewhat reassured already?"

"Not yet, Faithful, for the creature roars uncommonly like a lion. I do not seem able to subject it to the intelligent manipulations which should make it bleat. Nor can I feel that its threatening aspect is adjusted to my interests, purposes, desires, and emotions. Make haste, or it will be upon us before you have drawn its fangs."

"Have no fear," rejoined Faithful, "I have but begun. Even though some 'facts' do not look as though they would speedily yield to human treatment, that is no reason for abandoning our methodological principle of complete plasticity.[72] Mark this: no lion is dangerous unless it is a real lion, unless it is really true that it is a lion. Now, the consideration of the nature of truth opens up for us the most hopeful perspectives.

"Truth is peculiar to man.[73] It must have a bearing on some human interest.[74] If an assertion is true, its consequences must be good.[75] Sciences are human constructs, and the truth or falsity of a statement depends upon its relevance to the question raised in a particular science.[76] Statements are true, that is, good, when they conduce to the purpose of the science; they are false, or bad, when they thwart it.[77] And a science is good when it harmonizes our life.[78] Hence, we may say, speaking generally, that the true must be the good, the useful, and the practical.[79] In the present instance, we are not concerned precisely with a science, but the principle is the same. The predication of truth is dependent on relevance to a proximate rather than to an ultimate scientific purpose. The ordinary truths we predicate have but little concern with ultimate ends and realities. They are true (at least, *pro tem.*) if they serve their immediate purpose.[80] Do not forget that truth and its consequences are for man,[81] and that the consequences of a true assertion must be good.[82] I beg to ask you, what earthly

good could it do to us or to anybody that we shall be devoured by a lion of our own creation, incapable of coming into existence without effort and agency on our part?[83] How would that minister to the needs of human life?[84] It would in the highest degree baffle and thwart us.[85] *Ergo*, that is not a lion, but is a sheep. Do you feel better now?"

"Not a bit," moaned Christian, "if I really have made that lion, I seem quite unable to unmake and remake him. He is getting dangerously near. Can you not *do* something? and at once?"

"Surely I can, Christian. Listen once more. Know that truths can only come into being by 'winning our acceptance.'[86] Neither a lion nor a sheep can exist except as a result of our own processes of selection and valuation. This you have seen. And you have yourself dwelt upon man's freedom in *attending to* this or that element in what you call the sensible flux, pointing out the significance of this for human interests.[87] But you have not sufficiently emphasized the truth that 'facts' which do not interest us, 'facts' that we cannot use, tend to drop into unreality. 'Our neglect really tends to make them unreal.'[88] Let us try this selective inattention upon the lion. Turn your attention resolutely to something else. See how the yellow light of the sun loses itself in the shadows of yonder wood. Hear the liquid notes which issue from the leafy depths, where the birds have taken refuge from the sultry heat. The world is a fair world and a joyous. Are you following me?"

"Faithful, this is too much to expect of a mere man. That ominous roar fills the air. And as to the protective value of selective inattention, can you not call to mind the bones on which we chanced three days since, and which, as we were told, were left on the field by an unlucky wight who had the misfortune to be deaf, and who paid no attention at all to the beast of prey that sprang upon him from behind? That lion we

see is a fact, an unpleasant fact, a dreadful reality. Have you no place at all for unpleasant facts in your philosophy? have you no means of dealing with them?"

"Why, yes, Christian, I am not an extremist, and I do recognize unpleasant facts. However, I am thankful to say that I have several ways of diminishing, if not of annihilating, their unpleasantness. To begin with, the true Pragmatist objects to the use of the word 'coerce' which you permitted yourself to employ a little while ago. He does not admit the *coercions* of objective fact; he prefers to conceive the objective as that which he *aims at*, *accepts*, and *remakes*. Coercions are always mitigated by acceptance.[89] When Kate submitted freely to the commands laid upon her by Petruchio, she was no longer a slave. She did what she would, because she would do what she had to do. Again, the Pragmatist may always regard an unpleasant fact as 'the less unpleasant alternative.'[90] There is sure to be something conceivably worse, in comparison with which the unpleasant fact becomes relatively agreeable. Finally, the Pragmatist may accept the unpleasant fact provisionally, with the intention of reducing it to unreality after a while. This entails no serious consequences. It only means a willingness to accept the fact for the time being.[91] You see, I take up a moderate position, and yet I bring comfort."

"Not to me," said Christian, "not to me. In the first place, I object to being freely coerced into the maw of that raging beast. In the second place, I can think of no alternative open to me more objectionable than being devoured. And in the third place, I ask you, as a sensible man, how I can be expected, an hour hence, to reduce to unreality the lion and the fact that I have been eaten? You seem to speak without reflection, Faithful. I find your words as little comforting as they are convincing. We may as well make up our minds that we are lost men! But, hold, what is that I see? as I live, it is Heed-

less stumbling through the hedge right into the path of the lion. He will certainly lose his life, but we can get away. To think that we should be saved at such a sacrifice! Poor Heedless! Poor Heedless! . . . "

"Christian," said Faithful, when they had regained their breath after their headlong flight, "I am not sure that Heedless is so much to be pitied as your last exclamations would suggest. I, too, have been feeling for him a painful sympathy; but I am now convinced that this is an unreasoning weakness that I should unmake and remake. It is not true that Heedless lost his life, and I can prove it. Have you not yourself asserted that 'facts,' as such, are not *true;* that they simply *are?*[92] We have seen that all truths are human truths and can come into being only by winning our acceptance.[93] The *true* means what is valued by us, and, hence, a new truth becomes true only when it is discovered.[94] Now, follow my argument. *We* do not *know* that Heedless has been devoured. We have not *discovered* it. He himself could not possibly have verified the fact; for while he was alive he was not yet killed, and, when he was killed, he was not in a position to verify anything. I do not see, hence, how the truth that he was devoured could possibly have gotten itself verified by this time. Who was there to accept it? As to the chances of other pilgrims wandering into that infested swamp and collecting evidence that can make it true that Heedless died, that is too remote a contingency to plague us. It is, then, not true that he did die; perhaps it never will become true. It is not reasonable to allow mere fact, as such, to weigh upon our spirits,[95] and I, for one, refuse to antedate my sympathy.

"But enough of a disagreeable subject. Let us *look forward* with cheerfulness, and dismiss the past from our minds. Pragmatism 'is not a retrospective theory. Its significance does not lie in its explanation of the past so much as in its *present* attitude towards the future. And so, like life, and as

befits a theory of human life, Pragmatism faces towards the future.' [96] Had Gil Blas been a Pragmatist, he would never have allowed it to weigh upon his spirits that no patient who fell into the hands of himself or of his master, Dr. Sangrado, ever escaped with his life. He would have faced the future with confidence, and would not have abandoned the practice of the medical profession. Pragmatism is a doctrine of *promise*. Let us forget those things which are behind — the bones upon which we happened, the bog, the lion, poor Heedless — and let us press on to the creation of new truth and reality adjusted to the interests, purposes, desires, emotions, ends, goods, postulations, and choices of man. Forward, Christian, we must be up and doing."

With this, Christian and Faithful passed on over the hill and out of my dream. But not out of my thoughts; for their conversation impressed me deeply with the gross injustice that men have done them, both those open enemies who have attacked them with acrimony and those injudicious friends who have encouraged them to submit their utterances to tests of a nature which they are little fitted to endure.

Pragmatism as prophecy, as the encouraging cry of a warm heart to fellow beings in distress, as an admonition to hope, so long as hope is in any way possible, and not to give one's self up weakly to despair — this is worthy of all praise. The prophet is not concerned to describe accurately what lies before his bodily eyes. His "Thus saith the Lord!" gains no advantage from footnotes and from the adduction of authorities. The inner vision of the moral enthusiast triumphs over the banal and often distressing details of palpable fact. The ideal overlays the real, and it conceals from view what the passionate heart of the poet would gladly ignore.

To be sure, even the prophet must live, and to live at all must pick his steps with some attention as he wanders through the wilderness of this world. But he does this as a man — as a

prophet he must not be too hesitating and circumspect. Prophecy has an honored place in the world we live in. But prophecy should not be unequally yoked with logical theory and compelled to drag the plow like any beast of burden. So treated, it has been reduced to base uses, which it can but indifferently serve, strain every nerve as it will.

Nor should the generous willingness of the prophet to submit himself to the harness induce us to take advantage of him. Both Christian and Faithful have, it is true, presented themselves as logical theorists. Every man may be excused for only partially understanding his own nature and the purposes which he is best fitted to serve. Nevertheless, if we, too, are generous, we will not omit to note that they have been unmistakably guarded in their utterances.

A logician who calls himself a happy-go-lucky anarchistic sort of creature, and who expresses himself as indifferent to the fact that the staves of his syllogisms do not hold together, has almost told us in so many words that he claims no kinship with Aristotle. He who informs us that the human reason, ever gloriously human, "mercifully interposes an impenetrable veil between us and any truth or reality which is wholly alien to our nature," [97] has expressly reserved the right either to omit premises or to reject the logical precipitate we call a conclusion. Aristotle and such as he are not dithyrambic.[98] They dance a solemn dance and a tiresome, and their music is monotonous.

It is to bring out the fact that the Pragmatists, the real Pragmatists, should *not* be treated as logical theorists, and should not be held accountable for every idle word, that the above conversation between Christian and Faithful has been reported. The fact seems to have been overlooked, very much, I think, to the detriment of Pragmatism, in a great part of the extensive literature which has made its appearance within the last few years, and through which those of us who read philosophy have felt it our duty conscientiously to wade. In the dense jungle

of articles, enthusiastic, denunciatory, expository, critical, controversial, conciliatory, and apologetic, which has sprung up overnight, a sense of humor is conspicuously lacking. That is treated as seriously intended for science which had its origin in a temperamental revolt against the bloodless reasonableness of science. Various shades of Pragmatism have been distinguished from one another with laborious minuteness. It has become possible for the Pragmatist to say: "We are Thirteen," as Wordsworth's wise child, overlooking reservations and distinctions, found it practicable to say, "We are Seven."

The very generosity and kindly tolerant spirit of the Pragmatist have filled up his camp with men in uniforms of all cuts and all colors; with men, in some cases, indeed, equipped with little save a cartridge belt or a pair of spurs. Those in full regimentals have not turned upon them the cold shoulder, provided only they showed themselves animated with a decent resentment against the "intellectualist."

Perhaps it will be said: Why, if there may be various sorts of realists and of idealists, may there not also be various sorts of Pragmatists, wise and otherwise, good and bad? To this I am bound to answer, I know of no reason. But some distinctions are of minor importance, and it does not seem worth while to dwell upon them unduly. Others are fundamental. Thus, I should regard it as of the utmost importance to distinguish the logical theorist, as such, from the whole body of those who exercise the functions of the prophet. If the latter have preëmpted the name, Pragmatist, the former, in adopting it, seems compelled to take some risk of being misconceived. The legal right to assume a title cannot, of course, be disputed. Things have come to a sorry pass in the United States if a man is not as free to call himself "Pragmatist" as to call himself "Colonel." We all know that the assumption of the latter designation does not compel one to adopt the profession of arms, or even to exhibit a bellicose disposition. Between colo-

nels military and colonels titular there is, however, an important difference. There appears little excuse for confusing them. So it is with Pragmatisms.

Nevertheless, a man of a reflective turn of mind will be impelled to ask himself in all seriousness how it is that Pragmatism as prophecy and Pragmatism as logical theory show a certain tendency to pass into one another, a tendency evident even in the case of the real Pragmatists, Christian, Faithful, and those who stand nearest to them. The explanation of this tendency concerns very nearly the doctrine set forth in this book, and justifies the insertion of a chapter on Pragmatism. For the Pragmatist is a man who has realized, as, indeed, a man should realize, that the world we live in is the World as Phenomenon, and is not presented to us at all except as it is presented to our senses and known by our intellect. It is a human world, our world, not the world of some other creature differently constituted. In Chapter VIII, I have dwelt upon the significance of this thought, and have tried to show that the recognition of the truth in no way compels us to confuse psychology and physics, the subjective and the objective, knowledge and the reality known. It is a truth of which both common thought and science have taken account instinctively all along, and have thus been saved from playing fast and loose with reality and from making shipwreck hopelessly on the rock of pure incoherence.

Now, it is rather easy to slip from the notion that the world is *our* world in one sense to the belief that it is *our* world in another. We are accustomed to think that a man may do what he will with his own. Can we call the world our own so long as we are compelled to remain in bondage to the rules of the inductive and deductive logic recognized implicitly or explicitly by common thought and by science? So long as we must walk slowly and laboriously over uncertain ground, seeking with one foot for a bit of firm sod before we can draw the other from the mud into which it has sunk? That the world is to *some* degree

our own to unmake and remake as we please, even common sense admits. And when it breaks in upon our minds that the World is Phenomenon, our Phenomenon, what more natural than that it should occur to us to claim a larger right? This larger right the Pragmatist as prophet passes over to the Pragmatist as logician. The procedure is entirely natural, and testifies to the generosity of his impulses. That the Pragmatist as logician should receive the gift is not as creditable to his caution.

If there is any sort of Pragmatism as logical theory which wholly avoids falling into this natural error; if there is any which recognizes that the mechanism of our knowing, the volitional character of our mental life, our reasons for wishing to know or to know this rather than that, the utility of knowledge, the disadvantages of ignorance, and so forth, are matters which, while undoubtedly of significance for certain sciences, can wholly be abstracted from when we are concerned with other matters, such as the date of Cæsar's birth, the distances of the stars, the size of the cork which will fit a given bottle, the question whether two witnesses observed the assault alleged to have been made on the plaintiff on Wednesday — if, I say, there is any form of Pragmatism as logical theory which can and does distinguish thus clearly between objective fact and our knowledge of it, how we come to know it, and how we like or dislike it when known, then there is nothing in this chapter that can be construed as a criticism of that particular sort of Pragmatism. It may retain the name, for me. To its emphasis upon the truths that the World is Phenomenon, that all creatures do not experience the same phenomena, and that our mental life is pervasively volitional, I make not the least objection.

But a Pragmatism that finds it difficult to walk thus soberly, and prefers to claim a larger freedom — the freedom of such hostelries as Signor Papini's hotel — must, I think, be accused, if,

indeed, we take it as logical theory and think it worth while to bring a formal accusation against it, of *playing with the world*, of treating with levity the body of knowledge that the long travail of the ages, not yet accomplished, has laboriously brought together for the enlightenment of mankind. It does injustice to Everybody's World, and that is an offense committed against Everybody. As I have said, however, I consider it a wrong to bring Pragmatism into court in this way at all. The spectacle of an officer of the law coercing a prophet must be distasteful to every man of feeling. The true prophet is a useful creature, and worthy of no little respect. He should be allowed to go on his way unmolested. I shall come back to him in the last chapter of this book.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WORLD OF SOBER EARNEST

He who has traveled far and has seen much should surely not come home quite empty handed. The voyages we have made in the realms of the philosophers have, I hope, brought us back rich in experience, if in nothing else, lighter by the loss of some prejudices, more willing to look with appreciative eyes upon the old home in which dwell most of our friends and acquaintances, solid men who, whether they travel or not, appear to make a good deal of their lives and to be by no means void of discretion. Are we in a position to tell them things that they did not know before? Can we point out to them excellencies or defects in the constitution of their state, to which they have remained blind or of which they have been only half conscious? Certainly many of them look to us for such information. Some of them expect of us more than we are, I fear, in a position to impart.

But we can certainly do something. Let us see what we can do. First of all, we can banish from the light of day that threatening but bodiless specter, the universal skepticism which, standing upon no ground itself, tries to cut away the ground beneath the feet of established knowledge. He who would get anywhere and do anything at all, must be somewhere or other to begin with. The universal skeptic is nowhere — neither on land, on the water, or in the air. We need not fear him, for there is nothing against which he can push or pull. To be sure, his visits are more apt to plague the philosopher in his cell than the busy citizen of Everybody's World, who works by day and sleeps by night. He is an ethereal creature, and the

unwholesome phosphorescent light by which he faintly shines is rendered well-nigh invisible by the rising of the sun. Still, he pays an occasional visit even to men of robust nature and with blood in their veins. He suggests to them the unnatural suspicion that the whole body of human knowledge rests upon an insecure foundation. Usually he does this by calling attention to the fact that certain bits of human knowledge, or what have passed as such, appear to the critical eye far from satisfactory. He is careful not to draw attention to the fact that no statement can be shown to be unsatisfactory save by an appeal to other statements, which, if his general contention is correct, never ought to be appealed to at all. I may remark, in passing, that the best friend of the universal skeptic is the thoroughgoing mystic, who delights in rendering absurd definite and systematic knowledge in order that he may hoist upon the pedestal from which he has dethroned it some reality too simple to formulate and too abstract to have any real significance. The step from the belief in the indescribable, which can only be made the subject of discussion at all by mentioning all the things it is not, to the belief in nothing at all, is a short one, and seems to consist chiefly in the dismissal of an emotion.[1]

In the second place, I hope we are in a position to make clear that man is not condemned to pass his life fingering second-hand knowledge, gazing upon the copies of things dogmatically assumed to be copies, and confessing with futile regrets that he does not know whether the copies are anything like the things and cannot even present any reasonable evidence that there is a real world of things at all. In Chapter II, I have shown how this superstition took its rise. It is entirely natural that it should have taken its rise, and not surprising that men should tenaciously cling to it in theory, while disregarding it in practice. But it is the duty of a clear-minded man to emancipate himself from it. He should resolutely

strike from his chart those Isles of the Blessed, spoken of with bated breath as the shrines of the Great Unknowable, but to which, as it is admitted, no conceivable route can lead. If we know things at all, we know them directly, and we know them just as they are under the particular conditions under which they are known. The relativity of human knowledge is not a thing to play with. Both things and the conditions under which they are known are open to investigation. Science is not rendered impossible by the truth that both things and conditions change. This has been so abundantly proved by the actual progress of science that it seems scarcely worth while to discuss the matter. And it is absolutely taken for granted in everyday life, where conditions and the change in conditions are allowed for with much practical good sense, and where the relativity of knowledge, tacitly accepted, is not found to stand in the way of the only truths men care to establish.

We are, then, not put off with "mere appearances," though it is with appearances that we have to do. The world in which we find ourselves is a Cosmos, an orderly system. We are at the very heart of things, or as much so as it is conceivable that we should be. But just so long as we give ourselves up to the baseless superstition that we are fed upon echoes and shadows, we will view with suspicion the best that man can do, and will long for a better country in which man has only to open his mouth that he may grow fat upon Absolute Knowledge without taking the risks of those who for themselves pluck the fruit of the tree.

In the third place, we may utter a note of solemn warning against those who believe that they possess some magic formula which may transform the world before our eyes. The alchemist is out of date. He has made way for the plausible stranger with the gold brick, whom experience justifies us in suspecting. Among those who have believed that they possessed some secret which could transmute the choir of heaven

and the furniture of the earth into ideas, and set the whole world to revolving respectfully around man, have been the choicest and noblest spirits of the race, high-minded men, the singleness of whose aim and the acuteness of whose intelligence we lesser men will do well always to revere. But we may love them while refusing to follow them. They may stand to us as a melancholy proof that it is possible to discover a truth, a great truth, the truth that the only world given at all is given in experience, and yet to be so carried away by the greatness of this truth as to make of it a fruitful source of error, in spite of the unmistakable protest of common sense and of science. We do not change the constitution of the world by calling it idea or will.

The philosopher would not be so interesting a creature as he is were he completely dehumanized. Those of us who have watched the intellectual and emotional currents which have stirred our country during the last thirty years have noticed how rich a harvest has been gathered by such movements as spiritism, theosophy, and Christian Science. They have not appealed primarily to philosophers; but, on the other hand, they have not appealed to those who care chiefly for their three meals and for their station in society. They have appealed to those who have a weakness for short cuts to a knowledge of great subjects, who are not devoid of imagination, and who welcome a strong stirring of the emotions; in some cases, because they find this last decidedly helpful in getting through life. It would be strange, indeed, if we found no tendency at all analogical to this in the field of philosophy.

As a matter of fact, we do find such a tendency. The philosopher who promises us the moon and the stars attracts our attention. He interests us, and we hurry into the reviews to discuss him, even when we do not take his promises seriously. We turn to look at the man who has raised the cry of "Fire!" although we feel sure that there is no conflagration

in the vicinity. Similarly, we read the works of the moralist who tells us that obedience to the law is little better than bovine, and that murder and robbery are the virtues of the blond. Is not what he says "original"? "vital"? "suggestive"? Shall not philosophy aim at the complete satisfaction of man? even at the satisfaction of his love of the sensational? But the sober philosopher, who is absorbed in the endeavor to get and to impart to others clear notions of the constitution of Everybody's World, feels himself very much under objective control, and he hesitates to announce startling discoveries which he secretly feels that he cannot substantiate in detail.

This brings me to the doctrine discussed in the last chapter, namely, that the world is ours to unmake and to remake. That the pragmatists, I mean the undiluted pragmatists, have startled men by raising the cry of "Fire!" I think there can be no question. Yet the world does not burn, as we all know. It is well for the philosopher who takes his duty seriously to reassure his neighbors on this point. As for the moderate pragmatist, who supports the pragmatic thesis that things burn by pointing out that there really has been fire, since some one indubitably struck a match to light his cigar — he need cause little uneasiness to our commonplace Everybody. We have only to call attention to the fact that it has on all sides been admitted that men can and do strike matches, as also to the fact there is a consensus of opinion touching the propriety of striking matches on certain occasions and not doing so on others.

The philosopher should, then, come back to Everybody's World rather as a quiet guide than as a setter up of new notions and a revolutionist. He should insist that the world is Phenomenon — the very stuff of experience — but he should not forget to indicate that we have had to do with this all along, and are really very well adjusted to it. He should be willing

to admit that there is much good sense and dependable information in Everybody's World. Men know a good deal about the system of physical things and something about minds. That their knowledge is in certain respects indefinite, and that reflective knowledge is difficult of access to all, and impossible to some, does not mean that there is no settled knowledge, nor does it invalidate the usually accepted methods of proof and make verification a thing to scoff at. The long experience of the race is not to be despised.

To be sure, the old order is changing. Knowledge begets knowledge; some beliefs are discovered to be erroneous; new facts present themselves. But this phenomenon is not a new one, and has long been discounted in advance. The old order always has been changing, and men have all along been making new adjustments. The more quietly they can do so, the better it seems to be for the progress of science.

All this the philosopher knows, and this he should bring to the attention of his fellows. But it is not his function to dwell unduly upon the limitations of science. There is much that is settled, so settled that it is wise for us to tell those whom we are called upon to instruct that they must adjust themselves to it under penalty of perishing miserably. And that which we seem under obligation to accept as settled does not necessarily depend for its truth upon what is as yet uncertain. When we are in a mood to degrade science and exalt philosophy, we are apt to point out that little is known of remote regions in space, of the distant past and future of our world, of the intimate constitution of matter. Yet our ignorance in these fields in nowise affects a multitude of other things which we know, and which it is of the utmost importance for us to know. Moreover, if we ever do extend our knowledge in these fields, it will be by frankly accepting and using as a basis the information which we have so far had the good fortune to acquire. It will not be by looking forward and refusing to take into considera-

tion the experience which lies behind. In science, the admonition to look forward must be most carefully guarded.

From the injurious superstition touching what, by the irony of fate, have come to be called Ultimate Truths, it is time that both those who inhabit Everybody's World and those who make excursions beyond its confines should be set free. He who has traveled far and has kept his eyes open is not much impressed by what some travelers on their return say about Ultimate Truth. Must the man of science apologize to the philosopher for believing that the sun shines by day and the moon by night? that water seeks its own level? that arsenic should not be a bulky ingredient in foods intended for human beings? Must he be ashamed of his "approximations," and stand ready to admit that no science capable of improvement may properly be called science at all? Must he say: "I do not mean to be taken literally; I am merely speaking, for convenience, *as if* the moon had another side, and *as if* a ton of coal weighed more than the mote in a sunbeam"? He who is not bent double under the weight of his own learning has surely had it brought before his eyes that truths not supposed to be ultimate — the plain truths recognized by plain men and men of science — are often truths generally accepted, constantly verified, based upon indubitable proofs, testified to by sensation's irremediable flow and by the coercions of the world of sense; while the truths fondly spoken of as ultimate are too often truths of such a complexion that he who enunciates them can scarcely get any one else to admit that they are truths at all or that what he urges in their support is properly to be called evidence.

I say this, not with any intention of disparaging the philosopher. I have spent my life in philosophy, and I love it. But it is of no small importance to recognize that the philosopher is not a being whom we should put in a niche and before whom we should light a lamp. He is a man whose duty it is to

get a clearer and more comprehending view of Everybody's World; a man with a difficult task before him; a man peculiarly liable to the error of confusing what he sees with what he merely imagines. He should speak with diffidence, and when the bold features of Everybody's World plainly give the lie to his utterances, he should be willing to withdraw them. Of that world he may not speak with contempt. Were it not there, he would be deprived of his occupation.

To sum up. The world we actually live in, the world of our experience, is a world of sober earnest. It has no place for the baseless skepticism that will not recognize truth at all, nor for the childish credulity that is incapable of discrimination. It would unhesitatingly eliminate those unwise enough to carry into practice the doctrine that the men and things we daily meet with are shadows and unrealities. It stubbornly resists transformation, however gracefully the magician may wave his wand. It is too big to be bullied, and it must be accepted, in great part, as it presents itself. It cannot properly be said that we unmake and remake it when we avert our eyes from one thing in it and turn them upon another.

There is a body of human knowledge to which it is prudent for us to adjust ourselves. There are ways of adding to human knowledge, approved by the experience of centuries, and certainly not discredited by anything that has been discovered in our time. And whether man is concerned to make use of that which he already knows, or is concerned to press forward to new knowledge, he appears to live under the reign of law. The world we live in dispenses with sovereign power rewards and punishments. It does not reward ignorance, nor does it deal tenderly with the petulance that refuses to recognize that it stands under authority. Surely a wise philosophy of life will counsel a man to adjust himself as cheerfully as he can to what is known, making the best of it for himself and for others, and to walk through life with open eyes, that he may increase his knowledge and not be overtaken by calamity unawares.

The body of human knowledge indisputably accepted is, however, limited. Even the realm of the physicist has an indefinite boundary, where no man can walk with confidence. The layman into whose hands falls the volume published at Cambridge in commemoration of the centenary celebration in honor of that great citizen of Everybody's World, Charles Darwin, is brought to a vivid realization of the fact that there is much dispute in the sciences which occupy themselves with the study of the manifestations of Life. Who has a right to dogmatize in the realms of psychology, æsthetics, ethics, sociology, epistemology, metaphysics? Who is justified in laying down the law and severely condemning differences of opinion in that fascinating domain assigned to religion? To what we definitely know we can with more or less accuracy adjust ourselves. But may a philosophy of life embrace within its view only what we definitely and certainly know? may it ignore all else?

As a matter of fact, neither the plain man nor the scholar shows a tendency to limit himself in this way. He reaches out, as a rule, to the Beyond; sometimes with boldness; sometimes with a painful sense that he has not attempted to justify his right to do so; and sometimes in a half-hearted and inconsistent way born of his lack of confidence. It is of this Beyond, and of man's adjustment to it, that I shall speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE WORLD OF BELIEF

When William James published his lecture on the "Will to Believe," that declaration of the Rights of Man which has attracted so much attention in recent years, a sigh of relief was breathed by a vast number of persons who were oppressed by the sense that, even if they claimed freedom, they had no real right to do so. Some were philosophers; some were men who had little direct acquaintance with philosophy. The door to a legitimate freedom seemed to be set open, and the sweeter air of the outer world tempered at once the atmosphere of the prison house. Some, chiefly philosophers, objected to the draught which was set up, and at once entered a protest. But, on the whole, men rejoiced, and men continue to rejoice.

The fact is, that the bold assertion of the right to permit faith to rise to a height unattainable by indubitable evidence seemed to strengthen a claim very dear to the heart, and which mankind has urged from time immemorial. Men have always guided their lives in accordance with the principle; here they find themselves justified.

What men have done, and what men do, we have only to open our eyes to see for ourselves. In the gradual evolution of a social order which has resulted in making the life of man something different from the existence of the brute, conscious reasoning has undoubtedly played its part. No one would dream of denying that. Nor, I suppose, would any one care to deny that it is desirable that men should see clearly, and should be capable of regarding critically their own lives and the social order in which they are imbedded. But to suppose that

there ever has been a time in which the social, political, and ethical faiths which have animated men's actions have been based wholly upon marshaled evidence, and have been given their distinctive outlines as a result of explicit reasonings, is to betray an ignorance of man that seems little excusable. Man lives first and thinks afterwards; he desires, and he then becomes partially conscious of what it is that he desires; he wills, and it is only with effort that he attains to a clear realization of what it is that he wills. All is not in the foreground of the picture, all lines are not sharp and hard; there are mysterious depths and shadowy outlines which he feels rather than sees, but which cannot be left out of account by one who would appreciate justly the significance of the whole.

Take men as they are. How many men are in a position to give explicit reasons for the implicitly accepted maxims which guide their daily lives? for the exceptions which they make in the applications of such? for their likes and dislikes? for their approval of certain innovations? for the instinct which warns them that certain others will result in loss and not in gain? When they are asked to justify their attitude, they usually adduce reasons which really have very little to do with motives which actually impel them — superficial reasons, plausible reasons, reasons which sound well in discussion, but are of little actual sign ficance. The complicated system of forces, the total outcome of which is the social order which embraces us and supports us, does not lie wholly in the light of day. To throw light upon it, so far as we can, is a manifest duty; to ignore all that is not brightly illuminated, and to reason consequently upon such a basis, argues a keen but a narrow and unsympathetic mind, and a courage not easy to differentiate from obstinacy.

Sometimes individuals, ignoring the actual nature of man and the place which he now occupies in the evolution of things, suggest the arbitrary conversion of the City of this World into

a New Republic, where inherited prejudices shall be put away, and where pure reason shall reign supreme. They had better legislate for possible inhabitants of the planet Mars. We know little of such, and we can assume that this airy and ideal legislation *may* fit the conditions which obtain among them. But we do know something of men, and we know that their future and their past are knit together in a way that cannot be safely disregarded. Those to whom is intrusted the responsible task of governing men are better aware of this than are those who view them from a distance, and whose immediate dealings are with ink and paper. The fact is not without its significance. And when a whole people decides to forget its past, and to construct for itself a future of an impossible radiance based upon reason, falsely so called, the result is something like anarchy. It would be complete anarchy were it not that it is impossible for man to forget completely. No civilization could survive a chronic French Revolution in every European and American state. The worst of Asiatic despotisms would outdistance us. Neither the state nor the individual can get on without what the unsympathetic call historical prejudices. The purely rational anatomist conceived by the immortal Jean Paul stands lower than the savage. The latter is at least to some degree adjusted to tribal needs and to tribal regulations. The former is fit only to be marooned.

It may be said that all this applies only to the unreflective. That the philosopher is a soul that dwells apart, and is above human weaknesses. Perhaps this prejudice of the vulgar is due in part to the fact that the philosopher is apt to speak in such a way that few can understand clearly what he is saying. Were the philosopher really so independent and unprejudiced a creature as we are sometimes given to understand that he is, the history of philosophy could be read backwards as conveniently as it can be read forwards. System would not rise out of system as it manifestly does. There would be no schools in

philosophy. That there are such cannot be attributed to the fact that a philosopher leaves behind him a basis of indubitable truth upon which his successor, if he is to build at all, must perforce stand. Men of equal intelligence embrace widely diverging doctrines, and there is no unquestionably objective control, no irrefutable verification, which can coerce them into agreement. Here again let us look at the actual facts. Why is one man a scholastic, another a Hegelian, a third a positivist, a fourth a Spencerian, a fifth a pragmatist? He knows the philosophers little who supposes that each is an impersonal mouthpiece through which the passionless voice of reason communicates to us its colorless utterances.

That the philosopher is a man, and like other men, is swayed by the impulse to believe even where there is not present such evidence as men generally would admit to be scientifically coercive, appears to be a patent fact. That he *tries* to be objective, so far as he can, let us freely admit. But let us recognize that he is a man. And he is, as a rule, a man influenced by his emotions, and in need of some satisfying outlook upon life.

The philosopher has, in his day, bowed down to gods many and to lords many. He is still to be found on his knees before a variety of shrines. Think of the "One's," the "Absolute's," the "Ultimate Reality's," the "Unknowable's", the "Over-soul's," the "Super-individual Ego's," the "Nature's," the "Cosmic Will's," that have compelled his adoration! Devout he has almost always been, in his own way. And he has defended with zeal and ingenuity the God or Pseudo-god which he believes himself to have freely chosen, setting forth, often with much feeling, His nature and attributes, adducing reasons why other men should come to share his allegiance, persuading them to bow the head in the twilight of the same fane.

When those who have not been schooled by him in their youth come to examine his account of the object of his wor-

ship, they are sometimes filled with admiration of his speculative genius, and often with wonder at the transparent emptiness of the Abstraction upon the altar. They ask themselves how it is possible that a man of such clear vision has found it possible to balance himself upon his bridge of a single hair, and, nevertheless, to persuade himself that his feet have never left the solid ground.

All honor to the philosopher. He reflects, and men generally reflect little. He tries to be independent, and he partially succeeds. We cannot severely blame him for lacking an independence which appears to be unbecoming to a civilized man. "An ill-favored thing, but mine own," said Touchstone; "*Not* an ill-favored thing, *because* mine own," says, in effect, the philosopher; and he is in some danger of forgetting that certain of his colleagues have put upon the credulity of human nature a strain at least equal to that laid upon it by the theologian when at his worst. Independence may, in general, be said to make for progress; but an irresponsible independence, in a field in which objective control is not everywhere to be met with, may easily degenerate into eccentricty which does not aid progress at all.

The philosopher is, then, a man, even if a reflective creature. I cannot see why he should not acknowledge the same obligations to society which are openly or tacitly admitted by other men. "I stand absolutely alone," said an eminent German artist, who happened to be at the same time a man of science and much interested in religious problems; "my opinions are wholly independent, and uninfluenced by those of others." To this I was obliged to answer: "Such an independence must give an agreeable sense of freedom; but, were it adopted by men generally, there would be no such thing as society." Nor was there lacking the further reflection that, if the words of the speaker were literally true in a broad sense, he would long before have been eliminated by society altogether.

Pure reason can precipitate nothing out of the void. May we sweep our net in empty space to collect notions of what is meant by justice, by a fair wage, by the courtesy which one human being may expect from another? What aberrations may not be expected of those who would insert the knife of their pitiless logic and make a sweeping cut between what is and what ought to be! I have heard an eloquent speaker, at a meeting called in one European country to protest against an act of tyranny perpetrated in another, urge upon four thousand of his countrymen the introduction into elementary schools of the teachings of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. To be sure, he thought that, for the very young, the milk of human kindness drawn from these sources should be partially sterilized in the laboratory of his own intelligence.

The Will to Believe is everywhere. Neither the plain man, the man of science, nor the philosopher can justly claim to be uninfluenced by it. And its influence is so overwhelming, so significant for human life, that it becomes of no small importance to ask what checks should be set upon it, what rules of a general character, at least, it should be expected to observe.

It seems the first duty of one, revolving in his mind the problem of what it is wise for a man to believe, tentatively at least, in the broad region not yet inclosed by fences of scientific evidence strengthened by measured props of probable error, to bear in mind that the present has grown out of the past, and derives its significance from it. One point is not enough to determine the direction of motion. The man too modern to recognize that there is a road behind him cannot know whither he is tending. It is to the present and to the immediate future that the mass of men are called upon to adjust themselves. Of the remote future we know too little to give it a serious claim upon us. It is not our duty to cultivate in ourselves vices which may pass as virtues in some remote and highly problematic age which may have little or nothing in common with the age

in which we are called upon to live. If any one wishes to speculate regarding such, let him speculate, and let him remember that his speculations should not be allowed to stand in the way of the serious business of life as it is carried on in our time. This truth is, I think, fairly well recognized by most men of sober mind who occupy themselves with social and ethical problems and are not concerned to create a sensation. They furnish, as a rule, little material of journalistic interest.

Is it otherwise in religion? Men find themselves in the presence of certain historic faiths which claim the allegiance of whole nations. Faiths weighted with the authority of an august past, rich in the associations which feed helpful emotion, provided with rituals which give concrete expression and a certain stability to conceptions and ideals which without some such aid seem in danger of proving elusive and evanescent. Faiths which draw man close to man in a common hope, and awaken a sympathy in which many may have their share. They have grown as the state has grown, and have survived the shocks of successive revolutions. They seem to embody a Life, contact with which has been prized by countless multitudes, and in approaching which men have sought and found consolation.

This sphere has always been the sphere in which the Will to Believe has obtained especial recognition. So important has it been deemed that it has been urged as a duty, and not infrequently has been treated as the proper subject of rewards and penalties. The abuses to which this has given rise are recorded in the pages of history. Such records one may read with mixed feelings. On the one hand, they speak to us eloquently of the intolerance of man; on the other, they bring us to a vivid consciousness of the fact that it has always been regarded as of the utmost importance that man should *believe*, should cherish hopes and ideals which seem not of our commonplace everyday world, as also of the fact that belief has been recognized

to be partly an affair of the will and not merely of the intellect. The doctrine of the Will to Believe is nothing new. In the time to come, the historian of philosophy will recognize in what has recently attracted so much attention from the philosophers only a local revival of interest in what has always tacitly been accepted as a fact by men generally, but has sometimes been allowed to slip out of view by those who make a profession of thinking.

What shall be our attitude towards the historic faiths? Shall the Will to Believe be exercised quite independently? or shall it be urged that they have some especial claim upon it?

Men generally decide the question much as they decide the question touching their social and ethical beliefs. They distrust the whim of the individual. They value the sense of solidarity. They think that what has come to be as a result of an evolution from the past, has, in so far, the prior claim. Undoubtedly this may result in the retention of ancient abuses, but it at least makes for stability in the evolution of society. That all men are conservative, no one could maintain, nor that conservation reigns equally in all places or in all ages. It does, however, play a very considerable part in making it possible that there should be religions and religious observances to which men may turn, in place of a countless swarm of bodiless opinions bewildering to the plain man, and as perplexing even to the more thoughtful as the history of philosophy is to the average undergraduate.

Should men be conservative in this field? Why hold to ancient superstitions instead of cheerfully accepting new truth, when there are so many who offer it freely? To this I append the remark that "superstition" is an abusive epithet. Its use indicates that we have already condemned the belief to which we apply the name. But I shall not quarrel with the word. I shall merely point out that prudent men, even when

rather unreflective, are not without some justification in their instinctive distrust of what are called new superstitions. There are those to whom mere newness is a recommendation — who like the stimulus of novelty, who take pleasure in the thought that they are in all respects abreast of the times.

But the more reflective and the more cautious remark that there is apt to be something crude and acrid about a new superstition. The intemperate enthusiasm of its votaries has not yet been moderated by the realization of the fact that beliefs must adjust themselves, under penalties, to the demands of experience. We are supposed to be in the realm of the "Beyond," to be discussing beliefs lying beyond the borders of science in the strict sense of the word, and where evidence is not a thing to be measured and accurately estimated. Manifestly, if such beliefs trespass upon the domain of science, and deny that for which we have palpable evidence, they must undergo transformation or cease to be. As a rule, they do undergo transformation. What is realized to be harmful is eliminated, or is given but a formal recognition and is deprived of its power to do hurt. What is found to be helpful and stimulating is given emphasis. The implicit reason of the race justifies itself with the progress of time. The sharp and jagged edges of the newly broken fragment of quartz, subjected to the attrition of the passing hours, are worn away, and the smooth round pebble no longer wounds our fingers.

It has been well pointed out that what present themselves as new truths recommend themselves to us, aside from the question of the quantity and quality of the objective evidence upon which they appear to rest, in proportion to the insignificance of the derangement which they occasion to common sense and previous belief, and to the feebleness of the "jolt" to which they subject us. In fields in which the evidence submitted is indisputable and susceptible of rather accurate measurement, the question whether the new or the old shall triumph seems to

be no more than a trial of strength between two bodies of evidence. The old is admitted to have weight, *not* because we happen to be adjusted to it, but because it can be shown to be proven in certain definite ways. Many a man has been compelled to recognize truth that has "jolted" him intolerably; that has, indeed, deranged his previous beliefs in such a way as to render necessary his seclusion and retirement from an active participation in the affairs of men.

But, in the field of which we are speaking, the matter of the "jolt," in itself considered, seems to take on a somewhat different complexion. The Will to Believe does not stand alone and supreme. It is the handmaid of the Will to Live. Faith soars, not aimlessly, but that it may catch glimpses of some light which may serve to guide the weary and faltering steps of Life. Men generally do not feel that they live most satisfactorily when they rise up and lie down with arms in their hands. He who must hold himself ready to embrace a new faith every day is as little fitted to adjust his life to any faith as is the man who expects hourly the attack of the enemy to devote himself to the arts of peace.

It seems, then, that something can be said for the man of conservative instincts, who distrusts revolutionary innovations, and whose impulse is to accommodate himself, more or less, to what is. To be sure, if peace be his only object, he runs the risk of accommodating himself to what has wholly outlived its usefulness, to what is dead or moribund. In that case, he will seek out the garden of the sluggard, and will stretch himself in a sunny spot on a bed of weeds. But there is no principle which may not be misapplied by those disposed to pervert it; and it is worthy of remark that those who have recently disturbed our philosophic calm by a clamorous insistence upon the rights of the Will to Believe have not been sluggards at all, but very restless fellows, who would keep open the eyes of the most somnolent in their vicinity.

It will be observed that I have above spoken generally. I have said nothing to indicate that what are now old beliefs were not once new and that it was not the duty of the prudent man to weigh them carefully before accepting them. I have not meant to insist that all of those systems of belief and practice which have succeeded in holding the allegiance of great masses of men stand upon the same level, nor that it may not be the duty of those capable of critical reflection to pass sometimes from one to another. I have not intended to maintain that he who exercises the Will to Believe must forswear the right to give reasons for his belief and to point out that one belief may be more reasonable than another. Nor should it be supposed that I desire to put all men upon the same level — the strong and the weak, the intellectual and the uncritical, the learned and the ignorant. It is not to be expected that a man of broad information and vigorous understanding will hold, even toward a system of belief and practice from which he regards it as wrong to cut himself off, and which he sincerely values, just the same attitude as that taken by men whose guide is instinct unenlightened by criticism. If, on that account, men see fit to cast him out from among them, he can wash his hands of the matter. In our day it is not difficult for him to find another refuge, and he is not compelled to walk quite alone. But I have meant to make it clear that the Will to Believe is a social phenomenon, and that even a being so exalted as the philosopher may not feel free to forget that he is also a man. Sometimes he is in danger of letting the fact escape his memory.

It is with rather reluctant feet that I have wandered into the subject of the present chapter. The ground I tread seems to belong, of right, to the prophet. Yet how could the excursion be avoided? How can one discuss the World We Live In without recognizing the fact that, both in Everybody's World and in the World of the Scholar, there are dim distances,

shadowy outlines, subdued and faintly apprehended radiances, which give soul to the picture? Can such be left out of our World-vision? Have they no significance for a Philosophy of Life? I have said in the first chapter of this book that what thoughtful men burn to attain to is not merely clarity of vision. They desire a Rule of Life which will not seem unworthy of confidence, and to which they may commit themselves with some degree of consistency.

And, to content the sober-minded, the Rule of Life sought must not rest upon some dazzling misconception of the nature of the world as it is actually revealed to human knowledge. Everybody's World must not be allowed to drop wholly out of sight, and its features to be expelled from our minds. It must be honestly accepted, and its shadows as well as its bright places frankly recognized. Nevertheless, we must have courage, and must make the best of the World We Live In. Our task appears to be a threefold one: to adjust ourselves seriously to what is definitely known of reality, while keeping our eyes open to possible sources of new light; to face life bravely, giving play to hope and confidence in the Heart of the World; to avoid, in willing to believe and in daring to hope, the deadening extreme of bigotry and willful blindness.

Is this threefold task one which may successfully be accomplished? I believe there are vast numbers of men and women, many of whom have little learning and make no pretensions to philosophy, who yet are accomplishing it with varying degrees of success. Their attitude toward the world, raised by reflection to the dignity of a philosophy of life, may be described as a sober philosophy, which regards the body of human knowledge as too weighty a thing to be blown hither and thither by every gust of speculation; a serious philosophy, to which the problem of the nature of the world is something more than a matter of intellectual curiosity; a tolerant philosophy, which, possessing no magic formula of its own and looking for none

from others, speaks without dogmatism and holds its conclusions tentatively.

It is not every one, as was pointed out in the opening chapter of the book, to whom such a philosophy appeals. I offer it to those only who care to accept it, and can make some use of it. He who wishes to try his wings may reject the staff which I, with some hesitation, hold out to those who prefer walking.

NOTES

Chapter I

[1] See the admirable discussion of "Naïve Realism," by Professor Dickinson S. Miller, in "Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James," London, 1890.

Chapter II

[1] For Plato's theory of sense-perception see Siebeck, "Geschichte der Psychologie," Gotha, 1880, Bd. I, 2, S. 208–228.

[2] Siebeck, Ibid., Bd. II, 1, 2.

[3] Aristotle's "Metaphysics," III, 5, 6.

[4] For the epistemology of the Stoics see Zeller, "The Philosophy of the Greeks."

[5] Zeller, Ibid., on the epistemology of the Epicureans.

[6] See Diogenes Laertius, "Pyrrho"; Professor Raoul Richter's "Der Skeptizismus in der Philosophie," Volume I, Leipzig, 1904, contains an extended and interesting exposition and criticism of the Greek skepticism. I must confess that I cannot give the Skeptics credit for so much consistency as does the author. See Zeller, "The Philosophy of the Greeks," under "Pyrrho and the New Academy."

[7] "Soliloquia," II, 1; "De Trinitate," X, 5, 6, 13–16; "De Civitate Dei," XI, 26; XIX, 18.

[8] Siebeck, "Geschichte der Psychologie," II, IV, 2.

[9] For Occam's position see Baeumker, "Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie," "Kultur der Gegenwart," ed. Hinneberg, Teil I, Abteilung 5, S. 369; Siebeck, "Occams Erkenntnisslehre in ihrer historischen Stellung." "Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie," Bd. X, S. 322; Stöckl, "Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelalters," II, S. 994.

[10] "Libri Sententiarum Questio Prima."

[11] Descartes, "Discourse on Method," IV; "Meditations," VI.

[12] Locke, "Essay," Book I.

[13] Descartes, "Meditations," III; Locke, "Essay," Book IV, Chapter XI.

[14] See Zeller on the Atomistic Doctrine, "The Philosophy of the Greeks," under "The Pre-Socratic Philosophy," Part II; cf. Locke, "Essay," Book II, Chapter VIII.

Chapter III

[1] See Zeller, "The Philosophy of the Greeks," under "Plato and the Old Academy." Zeller emphasizes the fact that the Platonic Ideas are in no sense

psychical. See also Windelband, "History of Philosophy," Part I, Chapter III, § 11: "The Platonic conception of immateriality is in nowise coincident with that of the spiritual or psychical, as might easily be assumed from the modern mode of thinking." (Eng. trans., New York, 1901.)

[2] "Essay," Book I, Chapter I, § 8.

[3] "A Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," § 4.

[4] Ibid., § 6.

[5] Ibid., §§ 28–33.

[6] "An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision."

[7] "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," III, at end.

[8] Ibid., II.

[9] "Principles," §§ 25–32.

[10] Ibid., § 141.

Chapter IV

[1] "Principles of Human Knowledge," §§ 3–4.

[2] Ibid., §§ 45–48.

[3] Ibid., § 94.

[4] Ibid., § 3.

[5] "An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," Chapter XI.

[6] "A System of Logic," Book I, Chapter III.

[7] Professor Mach's views have been so much discussed that it seems scarcely worth while to give references. The reader will find a good brief account of them in *The Philosophical Review* XIV, 5.

[8] "The Grammar of Science," second edition, Chapter II, §§ 11–12.

[9] The most earnest of realists should admit that it is unfair to include all who enroll themselves as idealists under the ban of one common condemnation. The realist is compelled to concede that some of those writing at the present day appear to be as anxious to recognize an objective order of things as he is himself. He may claim that a certain habit of thought and speech, due to the influence of the idealistic tradition with which they have not broken, seems to add to the difficulty of treating the objective as sharply and unequivocally such. But confuse such objective idealists with writers like Mach and Pearson he may not. To me some of them appear to be on the highroad to a sober realism. Compare, for example, with the authors above criticized, such writers as Bosanquet, Albee, Creighton, and Bakewell. The title which a man accepts should not blind our eyes to what he means to say.

Chapter V

[1] Hume, "Treatise," Book I, Part IV, § 2; "Enquiry," § XII.

[2] This was Kant's case. The "Critique of Pure Reason" appeared in 1781; Garve's criticism in 1782; Kant's rejoinder, the "Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysic," in 1783; and the second edition of the "Critique" in 1787.

[3] "Kritik der reinen Vernunft," "Allgemeine Anmerkungen zur transscendalen Aesthetik," ed. Hartenstein, Leipzig, 1867, Bd. III, S. 78–79. All German references to follow are to this edition of Kant's works. For the convenience of the English reader I shall give references also to Meiklejohn's translation of the "Critique" (London, George Bell and Sons), which is likely to be within reach of all. Thus: "Critique," "General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetics," III, p. 42. It is scarcely necessary to say that I have everywhere made my own translations, and am alone responsible for the expressions used.

[4] "Prolegomena zu einer jeden Künftigen Metaphysik," Anhang, Hartenstein, Bd. IV, S. 122. For the convenience of the English reader I give references also to E. Belfort Bax's translation of the "Prolegomena" (London, George Bell and Sons), Bax, Appendix, p. 124.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid., S. 122–123; Bax, p. 125.

[7] Ibid., S. 123; Bax, p. 125. I have rendered "schwärmerisch" by the use of the word "extravagant." Earlier in the same work Kant characterizes Berkeley's doctrine as "mystisch und schwärmerisch" (see S. 41; Bax, p. 40). Another of Kant's expressions for his own doctrine is "transcendental idealism"; see the "Critique," under "The Antinomy of Pure Reason," the section entitled: "Transcendental Idealism as the Key to the Solution of the Cosmological Dialectic."

[8] Among these we may class those who insist upon treating the first edition as authoritative, and who republish it as a text or make from it their translations.

[9] "Prolegomena," Theil, I, § 13, Anmerkung, III; Hartenstein, IV, S. 42; Bax, p. 40. Ibid., Anhang, S. 123; Bax, pp. 124–125.

[10] See the footnote in Kant's Preface to the second edition of the "Critique," in which the author tries to make it clear that his "Refutation of Idealism" really is what the title indicates.

[11] "Critique," first edition, "Deduction of the Pure Concepts of the Understanding," Part II; Hartenstein, III, S. 567.

[12] Ibid., S. 573.

[13] "Prolegomena," Anhang, S. 123; Bax, pp. 124–125.

Chapter VI

[1] "Prolegomena," I, 13, Anmerkung II; Hartenstein, IV, S. 37–38; Bax, pp. 35–36. Kant refers to Locke's making the secondary qualities of bodies subjective, and says that he affirms the same of the primary, without, on that account, denying the existence of the thing.

[2] It seems almost a waste of time to try to prove that Kant did not discard the "thing-in-itself," but really supposed it to be of some positive significance. The opening sentences of the "Critique of Pure Reason," sentences which appear both in the earlier and in the later editions of that work, and are supported

by the doctrine of the "Prolegomena" (see the preceding note), are quite characteristic: "In whatever way and by whatever means knowledge may refer to objects, nevertheless, that through which it is directly related to them, and upon which all thinking must ultimately rest, is *intuition*. But an intuition can only exist in so far as the object is given to us; and this, again, is, in the case of human beings, at least, only made possible by the object's affecting the mind in a certain manner. The capacity for getting presentations through the mode in which we are affected by objects is called the faculty of sense. Hence, it is through our faculty of sense that objects are given us, and that faculty alone furnishes us with intuitions. These intuitions are thought by means of the understanding, which faculty is the source of conceptions."

The situation which Kant here tries to bring before us he endeavors to make still more clear in the recapitulation given in his "General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetics": "We have meant, then, to say, that all our intuition is nothing else than the presentation of phenomena; that the things given in intuition are not in themselves constituted as they appear to us, nor are their relations in themselves of such a nature as they seem to us to be. Furthermore that if we abstract the subject, or even the subjective constitution of the senses, the whole constitution of objects in space and time, all their relations, nay, space and time themselves, would disappear. These things, as phenomena, cannot have an independent existence, but must exist merely in us. How it may be with the objects in themselves, and abstracted from all this receptivity of our faculty of sense, remains quite unknown to us. We know nothing but our way of perceiving them, which is peculiar to us, and must belong to every human being, though not necessarily to every creature. With this alone do we have to do." Hartenstein, III, S. 72; Meiklejohn, pp. 35–36.

[3] See, for example, what Kant has to say about the noumenon taken in the negative sense: "On the Ground of the Division of all Objects into Phenomena and Noumena," Hartenstein, III, S. 219–222; Meiklejohn, pp. 185–188.

[4] See the definition of "body" given in the citation adduced just above in the text of Chapter VI.

[5] See the Preface to the second edition of the "Critique," where it is insisted that the word "object" may be taken in two senses: first, as standing for a phenomenon; second, as indicating a thing-in-itself. It is held that the object as thing-in-itself cannot be *known*, although it may be *thought*. Compare "Prolegomena," III, § 52, c; Hartenstein, IV, S. 89–90; Bax, p. 90.

[6] "Prolegomena," II, § 14; Hartenstein, IV, S. 66–68; Bax, pp. 68–70.

[7] "Critique." See the discussion referred to in note 3 (above).

[8] "Kritik," "Der transscendentale Idealismus, als der Schlüssel zur Auflösung der kosmologischen Dialektik"; Hartenstein, III, S. 346–347; Meiklejohn, p. 307.

[9] Ibid., S. 347; Meiklejohn, p. 307.

[10] Ibid., S. 348; Meiklejohn, p. 308.

[11] "Prolegomena," Anhang, Hartenstein, IV, S. 122–123; Bax, pp. 125–126.

[12] See, for Berkeley's doctrine of "real" things, what has been said in Chapter III.

[13] "Critique." See Note III in Kant's "Refutation of Idealism."

[14] Ibid. See the paragraphs immediately preceding the "Refutation of Idealism" incorporated in the second edition; the paragraphs in question appear in both editions.

[15] "Prolegomena," III, § 49; Hartenstein, S. 84–85; Bax, p. 85.

[16] "Kritik," Hartenstein, III, S. 198; Meiklejohn, p. 167.

[17] Ibid.

Chapter VII

[1] "Kritik," "Allgemeine Anmerkungen zur transscendentalen Aesthetik," Hartenstein, III, S. 73-74; Meiklejohn, pp. 35 ff. In these "General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetics" Kant makes it very clear that all significant distinctions fall within the limits of the phenomenal world.

[2] "Principles," §§ 33–36.

Chapter VIII

[1] The term "Monism" cries aloud for accurate definition. If the man who uses it only means that the world is "somehow" one, he tells us nothing of his doctrine. The only question that can interest us is: One, in what sense?

[2] The term "Pluralism" stands in equal need of definition, if it is to have any value in distinguishing between philosophers. In one sense of the word, every man must be a pluralist, if he utters an intelligible sentence; in another, no man can be pluralist, not even the proprietor of the "Hotel de l'Univers et de Genève."

[3] See the chapter entitled "The Distribution of Minds," in my "System of Metaphysics." Also my papers on "The Doctrine of the Eject," in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Methods*, Volume IV, Nos. 19, 21, and 23.

[4] See my paper: "In What Sense Two Persons perceive the Same Thing," *Philosophical Review*, Volume XVI, No. 5.

[5] "Critique," "Transcendental Æsthetics," near the close of the discussion of Space. Hartenstein, III, S. 62; Meiklejohn, p. 26.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid., § 6, Hartenstein, S. 68; Meiklejohn, p. 31.

[8] Ibid., § 8, Hartenstein, S. 72; Meiklejohn, p. 36.

[9] See, in the "Critique," "General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetics," IV, and "On the Ground of the Division of all Objects in general into *Phenomena* and *Noumena*," near the end. Hartenstein, III, S. 79, 221; Meiklejohn, pp. 43, 186–187.

[10] See my paper: "The Influence of Darwin on the Mental and Moral Sciences," in Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Volume XLVIII.

Chapter IX

[1] See, for an extended discussion of the relation of mind and body, my "System of Metaphysics," Chapters XVII–XXIV, and my "Introduction to Philosophy," Chapter IX.

[2] See the article: "Is the Mind in the Body?" in the *Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1907.

[3] That we are not concerned with the question of truth or falsity, when we contrast the experience of the world enjoyed by one creature with that enjoyed by another, is admirably brought out by Count von Keyserling in his "Prolegomena zur Naturphilosophie," München, 1910.

[4] Representative knowledge is recognized as a fact, as, indeed, it must be, both by the plain man and by the scholar. The philosopher is under no obligation to assume that, whenever we use the expression, we mean to indicate that "ideas" represent a something by hypothesis so cut off from them that it becomes inconceivable that it should be "represented" in any intelligible sense of the word. The analysis of representative knowledge has been undertaken, naturally, in somewhat different ways by different writers. Compare, for example, Professor James's "A World of Pure Experience," in the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*, Volume I, Nos. 20 and 21, with chapters I–III in Part III of Professor Hobhouse's "Theory of Knowledge."

Chapter X

[1] Locke, "Essay," Book II, Chapter VIII, § 17.

Chapter XI

[1] See Chapter IX.

[2] See the accounts of this philosophic survival in Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics."

[3] "Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James," p. 173.

[4] Ibid., p. 169.

Chapter XII

[1] In justification of this judgment I must refer the reader to my two works: "The Philosophy of Spinoza," New York, 1894, and "On Spinozistic Immortality," Philadelphia, 1899.

[2] For a detailed discussion of Clifford's positions see my "System of Metaphysics," pp. 298 ff., 307–312, 325 ff., 382–383, 438–440, 514–517.

[3] "Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James," London, 1908, "Substitutionalism," by C. A. Strong, p. 173.

[4] Ibid., p. 169.

[5] My own position touching the relation of mind and body I have set forth at length in my "System of Metaphysics," Chapters XXIV, XXXI, and XXXII; and in my "Introduction to Philosophy," Chapter IX.

[6] It should be noted that, if the panpsychist does not make the external world idea or percept, but accepts a world really external, only insisting that all matter is animated, I should have no quarrel with him save in his extension of the distribution of minds. But such a doctrine can scarcely, I think, be called panpsychism, since it admits an external world that is not psychical.

[7] W. Wundt, "System der Philosophie," 3te Auflage, Leipzig, 1907, Bd. I, S. 27–34, 87–92.

[8] Ibid., S. 31, 89, 370 ff.

[9] Ibid., S. 115.

[10] Ibid., S. 325.

[11] Ibid., S. 382–393.

[12] Ibid., S. 391–393.

[13] Ibid., S. 376–382.

[14] Ibid., S. 402–406.

[15] Ibid., S. 434–436.

[16] Ibid., S. 376–382.

[17] Ibid., S. 434–436.

[18] Those curious to trace the history of the gradual sublimation of the mind into that transcendental shade "apperception" may be interested in the discussion of the subject in Chapter V of my "System of Metaphysics."

[19] Wundt, "System," I, S. 433–434. It is just to bear in mind that Wundt's "System of Philosophy" is in no sense the product of his ripe and scholarly old age. It was adopted in his youth, and has since undergone little change. See the Preface to the first edition, Leipzig, 1889, and compare that edition with the third, issued in 1907.

Chapter XIII

[1] Bradley, "Appearance and Reality," second edition, London, 1897, Introduction, p. 5. I take Mr. Bradley's doctrine as it is presented in this volume. It does not appear to me that he has made any significant modifications of it in the articles which have since been written by him. The book is, moreover, within the reach of everyone, whereas scattered papers, which might here and there have been cited in place of the book, are not so easy to come at.

[2] Ibid., pp. 5–6.

[3] Mr. Bradley cannot, I think, object to my changing somewhat the order of the material presented in his book. He states that he has himself followed no rule of progress (p. 135), and that the order of the book seemed to him a matter of no great importance (Appendix, p. 553).

[4] Ibid., Chapter XIV, p. 144.

[5] Chapter XXII, p. 275.

[6] Ibid., pp. 275 ff.

[7] Chapter XXII, pp. 273 ff.; XXIII, pp. 305–307.
[8] Chapter XXII, pp. 284–285.
[9] Chapters II and III.
[10] Chapters IV and XVIII.
[11] Chapters V and VI.
[12] Chapter VII.
[13] Chapter VIII.
[14] Chapter IX, p. 75.
[15] Chapter XXIII, pp. 305–307.
[16] Chapter XXIV, pp. 362–363.
[17] Chapter XXII, pp. 279, 267, and 283.
[18] Berkeley, "Principles," §§ 109, 146.
[19] "Appearance and Reality," Chapter XIV, p. 145: ". . . a vicious abstraction whose existence is meaningless nonsense, and is therefore not possible."
[20] Chapters IX, p. 122; XIV, p. 157; XXV, pp. 422–423, 448–449; *et passim.*
[21] Chapter X, p. 132, *et passim.*
[22] Chapters XIII, p. 140; XIV, p. 153.
[23] Chapter XXIV, p. 370.
[24] Chapter XXIV.
[25] Chapter XIV, pp. 147–148; cf. p. 158.
[26] Chapter XIII, p. 135.
[27] Chapter XII, p. 132.
[28] Chapter XIII, pp. 138–139.
[29] Chapter XIV, p. 144.
[30] Chapter XXII, pp. 278–279.
[31] Chapter XXVII, p. 529.
[32] Chapter XXVI.
[33] Chapter XXIII.
[34] Chapters IV, XVIII, and XXVI, pp. 498–500.
[35] Chapter XVII, p. 203.
[36] Chapter XIV, p. 160.
[37] Chapter XXVII, p. 520.
[38] Chapter XXVI, p. 472.
[39] Chapter XIV, p. 144.
[40] Chapter XXVII, p. 529.
[41] Chapter XXVII, p. 511.
[42] Ibid.
[43] Chapters XVII, p. 204; XX, p. 244; XXVI, p. 488.
[44] Chapter XVII, p. 204.
[45] Chapter XXVII, pp. 527, 524.
[46] Chapter XVI, p. 260.
[47] Chapter XXVII, pp. 511, 551.
[48] Chapter XXVI, p. 487.

[49] Chapters XIV, p. 160; XVI, p. 196; XVII, pp. 201–203; XVIII, p. 205; XX, pp. 243–244; XXII, pp. 266, 281; XXVI, p. 468.
[50] Chapter XXVII, pp. 531 ff.
[51] Chapter XXV, p. 419.
[52] Chapter XXVII, p. 533.
[53] Chapter XXVII, p. 534.
[54] Chapter XXV, p. 445.
[55] Chapter XXV, p. 454.
[56] Chapter XXV, p. 445.
[57] Chapter XXVII, p. 550.
[58] Chapters XIV, p. 160; XXIII, pp. 305, 345, 358; XXVII, pp. 520, 522, 544.
[59] Chapter XXVI, p. 482.
[60] Chapter XXV, pp. 427–428.
[61] Chapter XXVI, p. 500.

Chapter XIV

[1] "The World and the Individual," by Josiah Royce, New York, Volume I, 1900, Volume II, 1901. The work has been reprinted a number of times. I take Professor Royce's Idealism as it is set forth in this book; he regards it as essentially the same as the doctrine presented in his earlier works, beginning with his first book, published in 1885 (see the Preface to Volume II). The reader has small excuse for failing to grasp Professor Royce's reasonings, whether he may be inclined to assent to them or not. The argument is presented in detail at least six times (Volume I, Lecture I, pp. 19–43; Lecture VII, pp. 265–342; Lecture VIII, pp. 349–360; Lecture IX, pp. 385–396; Lecture X, pp. 433–460; Volume II, Lecture VI, pp. 270–277). Moreover, the briefer returns to the argument, or to single aspects of it, are numberless.
[2] Volume I, Lecture I, p. 19.
[3] Ibid., pp. 22–23.
[4] Ibid., p. 25.
[5] Ibid., p. 26.
[6] Ibid., p. 27.
[7] Ibid., pp. 27–31; Lecture VII, pp. 271–272.
[8] Lecture I, pp. 26–42; Lecture VII, pp. 335–342; Lecture X, pp. 441–466; Volume II, Lecture VI, pp. 270 ff.
[9] See the detailed discussion in Volume I, Lecture VII, pp. 300–342.
[10] Ibid., p. 325.
[11] Ibid., p. 327.
[12] Ibid., p. 328.
[13] Ibid., p. 329.
[14] Lecture I, pp. 39–40.
[15] Ibid., p. 38.
[16] Ibid.

[17] Lecture VII, pp. 297–299.
[18] Ibid., p. 298.
[19] Ibid., p. 298.
[20] Ibid., p. 297.
[21] Lecture IX, p. 386.
[22] Lecture VII, pp. 337–342; Lecture IX, pp. 385–391; Supplementary Essay, pp. 571 ff.
[23] Lecture VII, pp. 329–330.
[24] Volume I, Supplementary Essay, p. 581.
[25] Ibid., p. 545.
[26] Ibid., p. 501.
[27] Volume I, Lecture VI, pp. 260–262.
[28] Lecture VII, p. 341; Supplementary Essay, p. 566.
[29] Supplementary Essay, p. 567.
[30] Lecture VII, pp. 341–342.
[31] Supplementary Essay, pp. 505–506.
[32] Ibid., p. 511.
[33] Ibid., p. 533.
[34] Ibid.
[35] Ibid., pp. 526, 534.
[36] Ibid., pp. 537–538.
[37] Ibid., pp. 512–519; Volume II, Lecture X, pp. 445–452.
[38] Volume II, Lecture X, p. 446.
[39] Ibid., pp. 451–452.
[40] Ibid., p. 452.
[41] Volume I, Supplementary Essay, pp. 502–507.
[42] Volume II, Lecture II, p. 56.
[43] Ibid., pp. 56–57.
[44] Ibid., p. 57.
[45] Ibid., p. 59.
[46] Ibid., p. 62.
[47] Ibid., p. 63.
[48] Volume I, Lecture VII, p. 281.
[49] Ibid., pp. 283, 290.
[50] Ibid., p. 286.
[51] Ibid., p. 297.
[52] Ibid., p. 320.
[53] Ibid., pp. 324, 327.
[54] This doctrine of human omniscience and invincible inattention is not a passing thought, taken up and forgotten again by the author. See Volume II, pp. 53–63; also pp. 149, 307.
[55] Volume I, Lecture VII, p. 334.
[56] Supplementary Essay, pp. 494 ff.
[57] There is adduced, to be sure, an argument to prove that "fragmentary"

being cannot be the Whole of Being; but, as it appears to me to have no necessary connection with the problem of the infinite spread of the finite, or with the self-representative systems that interest the mathematician, I omit a discussion of it here. I have criticized the argument elsewhere; see my "System of Metaphysics," pp. 585 ff. In "The World and the Individual" the argument is presented in Volume I, Lecture VIII, pp. 369–374.

[58] Volume I, Lecture IX, p. 396.

[59] *E.g.*, Berkeley, "Principles," § 24; Bradley, "Appearance and Reality," Chapter XIV, p. 144; Chapter XXII, pp. 278–279.

Chapter XV

[1] "The World and the Individual," Volume II, Lecture IV, pp. 164–165.
[2] Ibid., pp. 165–166.
[3] Ibid., pp. 170–171.
[4] Ibid., p. 172.
[5] Ibid., pp. 177–178.
[6] Ibid., pp. 181–182.
[7] Ibid., pp. 186 ff., 225.
[8] Ibid., p. 193.
[9] Ibid., p. 197; Lecture V, pp. 207, 224.
[10] Lecture IV, p. 202.
[11] Lecture V, p. 208.
[12] Ibid., pp. 209–213.
[13] Lecture IV, p. 204.
[14] Lecture V, p. 224.
[15] Ibid., pp. 226–227.
[16] Volume I, Lecture IX, p. 396.
[17] Ibid., p. 397.
[18] Volume II, Lecture III, pp. 113–115.
[19] Ibid., p. 115.
[20] Ibid., p. 116.
[21] Ibid., pp. 116–117.
[22] Ibid., p. 113.
[23] Ibid., pp. 126–130.
[24] Ibid., pp. 133–138.
[25] Ibid., pp. 138–147.
[26] Ibid.
[27] Ibid., p. 147.
[28] Lecture X, p. 445.
[29] Lecture VII, p. 325.
[30] Volume I, Lecture X, p. 464; Volume II, Lecture VII, pp. 292–294.
[31] Volume I, Lecture X, p. 467; Volume II, Lecture III, p. 148.
[32] Volume I, Lecture X, p. 468; Volume II, Lecture VII, p. 293.

[33] Volume II, Lecture VIII, p. 374.

[34] Volume II, Lecture V, p. 232.

[35] Ibid., p. 233. The expression "time-span" does not appear to me to be here used in a sense identical with that explained earlier. As the matter does not affect the argument for immortality, I pass it over.

[36] Ibid.

[37] Lecture X, pp. 435–436.

[38] Ibid., p. 437.

[39] Ibid., p. 440.

[40] Ibid., p. 441.

[41] Ibid., pp. 441–442.

[42] Ibid., p. 442.

[43] Ibid.

[44] Volume I, Lecture VIII, p. 380.

[45] Ibid., Lecture X, p. 470.

[46] Volume II, Lecture VIII, p. 374.

[47] Ibid., Lecture II, p. 102; Lecture VII, p. 298.

[48] Ibid., Lecture VII, p. 327; Lecture III, p. 148.

[49] Ibid., Lecture VIII, p. 374.

[50] Ibid.

[51] Ibid., Lecture IV, pp. 197–204; Lecture V, pp. 207, 214–219, and pp. 224 ff.

[52] "Now as a finite being, confined to this instant, you do not experience my experience, nor in the same finite sense do I now and here experience your experience. . . . Whoever asserts, then, that human experience exists, as a body consisting of the many experiences of various human observers, asserts what no finite human observer ever has, at any moment, experienced. For I insist, no man ever yet at any instant himself observed that mankind as a body, or that any man but himself, was observing facts." Volume I, Lecture VIII, pp. 363–364. Compare: Volume II, Lecture IV, pp. 168–180; Lecture V, pp. 228–229; Lecture VI, pp. 256–258, 260–265.

Chapter XVI

[1] "Pragmatism," pp. 66–67, 233–234. How far the dialogue reported in this chapter does justice to the philosophies of Christian and Faithful, I am willing to leave to the judgment of the attentive reader of "Pragmatism," by William James, London, 1907, and "Studies in Humanism," by F. C. S. Schiller, London, 1907. Naturally, no one has a right to make either of these writers directly responsible for anything that he has not actually said in so many words. A very large number of things thus said have, however, been incorporated into the conversation, and references have been given. That they are citations has, in most instances, not been indicated, to avoid disfiguring the text and annoying the reader who may be willing to take my words on trust. Why I have not thought it worth while to quote from or refer to later controversial articles is

made clear in the latter part of the chapter. It is also made clear that I myself regard it as an injustice to hold the writers in question literally responsible even for the quotations from their works. In William James's latest volume, "Some Problems of Philosophy" (London, 1911), I find much that is interesting and stimulating, but nothing that leads me to modify my sketch of his pragmatism. Nor have I thought it worth while to quote from Dr. Schiller's "Formal Logic" (London, 1912). This interesting work is largely a polemic. It does not, I think, bring forward any new arguments for Humanism, nor does the author in it retract any statements that he has made before.

[2] "Pragmatism," p. 54.
[3] Ibid., p. 259.
[4] Ibid., p. 260.
[5] Ibid., p. 215.
[6] Ibid., p. 79.
[7] Ibid., p. 257.
[8] Ibid., p. 161.
[9] Ibid., p. 166.
[10] Ibid., p. 259.
[11] Ibid., pp. 256–257.
[12] Ibid., p. 259.
[13] Ibid.
[14] Ibid., pp. 134–138.
[15] Ibid., p. 161.
[16] Ibid., p. 166.
[17] Ibid., pp. 256–257.
[18] Ibid., pp. 239–243.
[19] Ibid., pp. 261–264.
[20] Ibid., p. 257.
[21] Ibid., pp. 222–223.
[22] Ibid., p. 216.
[23] Ibid.
[24] Ibid., p. 161.
[25] Ibid., pp. 222–223.
[26] Ibid., pp. 260–261.
[27] Ibid., pp. 8, 218, 224, 256–259.
[28] Ibid., pp. 79–80.
[29] Ibid., pp. 79, 118–119.
[30] Ibid., pp. 59–64.
[31] Ibid., pp. 222–223.
[32] Ibid., p. 54.
[33] Ibid., pp. 252–257.
[34] Ibid., pp. 258–259.
[35] Ibid., pp. 218, 224.
[36] Ibid., p. 79.

[37] Ibid., pp. 56–57.
[38] Ibid., pp. 73–75.
[39] Ibid., p. 242.
[40] Ibid., p. 204.
[41] Ibid., pp. 59–61.
[42] Ibid., p. 244.
[43] Ibid., p. 186.
[44] Ibid., p. 244.
[45] Ibid., p. 205.
[46] Ibid., p. 245.
[47] Ibid., p. 211.
[48] Ibid., p. 215.
[49] Ibid., p. 213.
[50] Ibid., pp. 222–223.
[51] Ibid., p. 216.
[52] Ibid., p. 245.
[53] Ibid., p. 233.
[54] Ibid.
[55] Ibid., pp. 251–253.
[56] Ibid., p. 255.
[57] "Studies in Humanism," XIX, p. 444.
[58] "Humanism," by F. C. S. Schiller, London, 1903, II, p. 31.
[59] "Studies in Humanism," VII, p. 186.
[60] Ibid., pp. 186–187.
[61] Ibid., p. 187.
[62] Ibid.
[63] Ibid.
[64] Ibid., p. 188.
[65] Ibid., XIX, p. 430.
[66] Ibid., p. 432.
[67] Ibid., p. 433.
[68] Ibid., p. 444.
[69] Ibid., p. 445.
[70] Ibid., VII, p. 190.
[71] Ibid., I, p. 11.
[72] Ibid., XIX, p. 445.
[73] Ibid., V, p. 143.
[74] Ibid., I, p. 5.
[75] Ibid., p. 6.
[76] Ibid., V, p. 151.
[77] Ibid., p. 152.
[78] Ibid., p. 154.
[79] Ibid., p. 155.
[80] Ibid., p. 156.

[81] Ibid., I, p. 5.
[82] Ibid., p. 6.
[83] Ibid., VII, p. 182.
[84] Ibid., p. 183.
[85] Ibid., I, p. 6.
[86] Ibid.
[87] "Pragmatism," pp. 245–255.
[88] "Studies in Humanism," VII, p. 188.
[89] Ibid., p. 189.
[90] Ibid.
[91] Ibid.
[92] "Pragmatism," p. 225.
[93] "Studies in Humanism," I, p. 6.
[94] Ibid., VIII, p. 195.
[95] Ibid., XIX, p. 432.
[96] Ibid., VII, p. 198.
[97] Ibid., I, p. 11.
[98] "Pragmatism," p. 257.

Chapter XVII

[1] See the sympathetic account of Mysticism in Royce's "The World and the Individual," Volume I, Lecture IV.

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